

THE
ORIGINAL
LETTERS
FROM THE
SPIRIT WORLD

by
Carlyle Petersilea

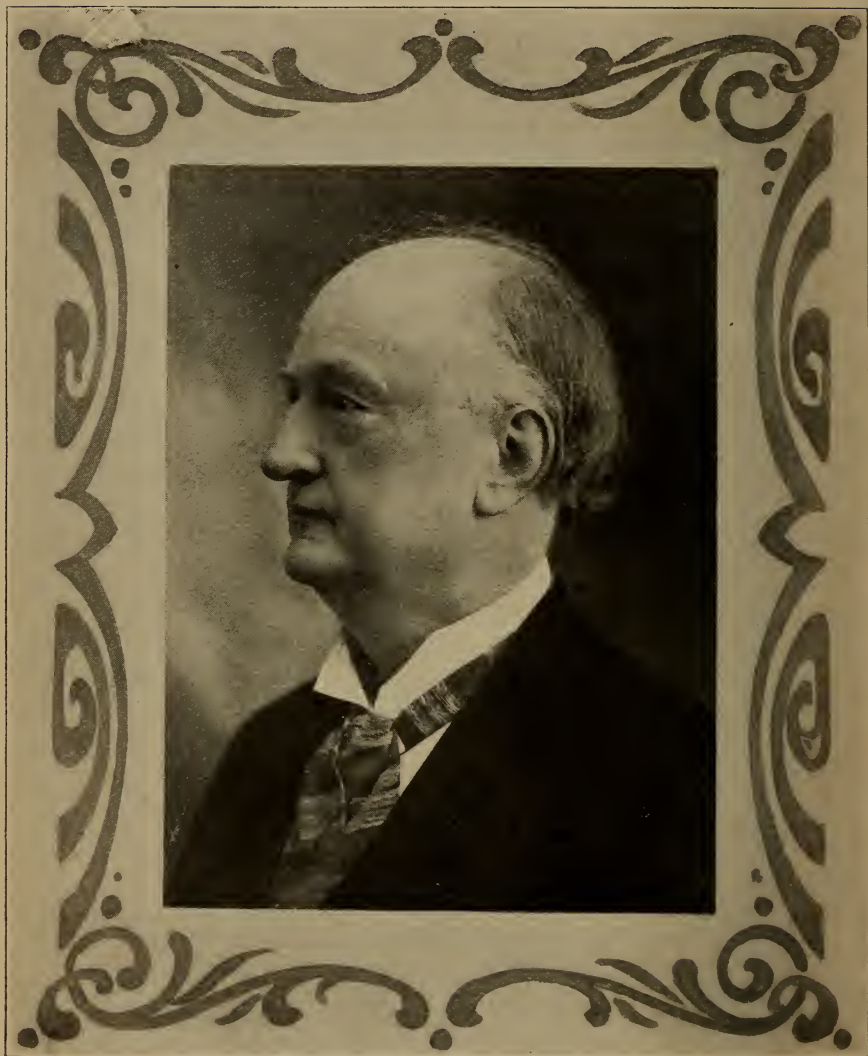


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CARLYLE PETERSILEA

LETTERS

FROM THE

Spirit World.

Written Through the Mediumship of

Carlyle Petersilea,

BY HIS FATHER, FRANZ PETERSILEA,

And Other Spirit Celebrities.

CHICAGO:

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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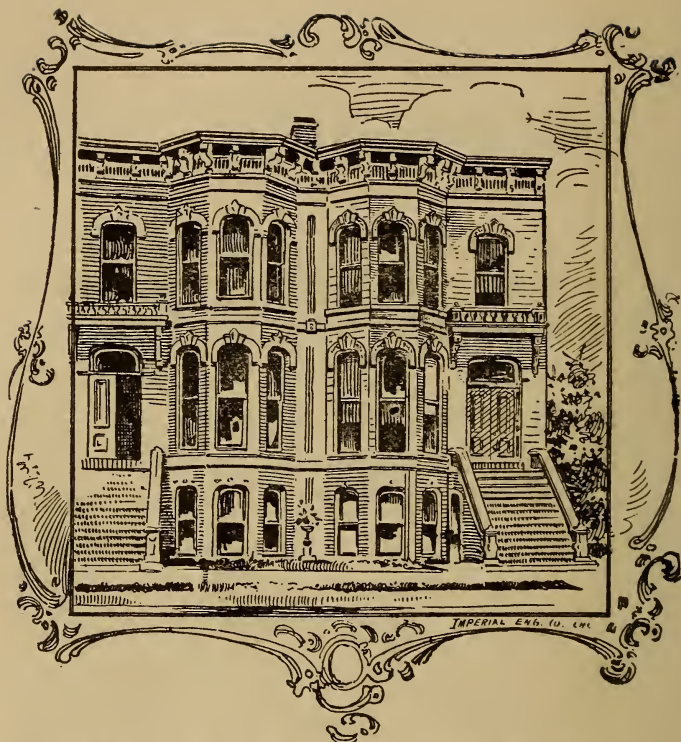
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PUBLISHER'S INTRODUCTION.

In Presenting these "Letters From the Spirit World," the publisher thinks he is filling an important niche in the literature of Spiritualism. Carlyle Petersilea was a most remarkable medium, and his writings have always met with the cordial approval of Spiritualists generally. There is a peculiar fascination in all his works, that interests and instructs, and leads one to a higher plane of thought. These "Letters From the Spirit World" are the crowning triumph of his career as a medium, and they are presented with confidence in their uplifting and entertaining qualities.



HOME OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

40 Loomis St., Chicago, Illinois.

The above illustration represents the beautiful home of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is situated on the west side of Jefferson Park. There is no lovelier locality in the city of Chicago.

LETTER NUMBER ONE.

Carlyle, My Dear Son:—Some twenty years ago, according to your earth's division of time, I passed out of my material body, and entered the celestial world.

We call our world here the celestial world because, being freed from the earthly form, we are at liberty to move among celestial bodies if we choose; and I have chosen so to do. Still, this world may also be properly called the ethereal or spiritual world—celestial, ethereal, spiritual. You are well aware that all space is ether or ethereal; that this ether is filled by spiritual, celestial and material bodies or forms; that these forms differ both in shape and density.

Not long after leaving my material body, finding that I was yet alive and not dead, I returned to you and succeeded in writing a small book. We agreed to call this book "The Discovered Country," for the very good reason that I had discovered a country about which I knew little or nothing—in fact, a country that I knew nothing about, for I had not taken the slightest trouble to inform myself on the subject of a life after so-called death. Like the dear brother who has lately joined me here—Robert G. Ingersoll—I believed that death ended all. If I occasionally had a hope, I knew nothing, believed nothing, and as Mr. Ingersoll, who now stands by my side, says, it was far better thus than to believe a mass of falsehoods—our spiritual minds being like the unwritten pages of a book, clean and ready to be put to the best use possible.

Dear Carlyle, I tell you no falsehood when I say that my dearly loved friend and coadjutor, Robert G. Ingersoll, now stands by my side, and together we shall dictate these letters. Let those jeer who care to. Scoffs and jeers never yet accomplished a great deal; they do very little, even, to break down error. Far better is it to place

beautiful truth by the side of error, and let the observer and student discover the difference between the two.

In the book which I wrote, called "The Discovered Country," I gave you a detailed account of the first few months of my life and experiences here in the celestial world. Having now been a resident within this world for twenty years, I certainly can tell you much more than I was able to at that time; still, all that I then wrote you is true, and now I shall add to that the experience of twenty years.

But first I would like to tell you a little about our friend Robert. His experiences and mine were not at all alike, for no two souls can tell precisely the same story.

When I was born into the celestial world, my father and mother received my spirit, although they concealed from me the fact that they were my parents, and accompanying them was the other half of myself, the complement of my own soul—all three unknown to me at the time. All who have read "The Discovered Country" will remember the account; but our friend Robert was received by a multitude of disenthralled beings, with loud acclaim and waving banners. These people, together with their banners, were real and visible to his sight, and upon these banners were words, sentences and emblems, for everyone who bore aloft a banner, his or her soul had become disenthralled of an error—in other words the herculean arm of our friend Robert had struck a chain from off them, letting their souls go free, and thus the host met him with banners and huzzas.

At first he thought he had fallen asleep and was dreaming, not knowing he was free from the body, and really he was not at that time when the vision first struck his spiritual sight, but gradually things took permanent shape and clearness. The colder his earthly body became the brighter and bolder the celestial scene was to his sight; and presently he was able to read many of these banners. As I was present myself, I will tell you what was upon some of the most striking of them. "Welcome to the Land of Hope, Dear Bob;" upon another, a large star glittered brightly, and beneath were the words: "A Star is a Real World, and Hope is as Real as the Stars;" upon another, "Hope On, Hope Ever," and beneath these words a circle: "Have you found the end of the circle, dear brother," and yet another, the symbol of the cross, an ex-

act representation of a cross with Jesus nailed to the tree, together with the words, "I die that you may live."

Robert's eyes took on a wide expression as they rested on this symbol, for he was intensely surprised. The standard-bearer came and stood directly by him.

"Wouldst know the meaning of this symbol, Robert?" he asked. "You have said in the past, 'When I die.' I is dead, dear friend, and You live. I die, that You may live. The body of man is his crucified savior, for if his body never died his spirit could not go free." Upon another banner a blazing fire, representing Hades, and the words, "Burn up the Chaff and Preserve the Wheat," and a beautiful spirit escaping from the charred form of a man within the flames. Upon another, a serpent, a woman, and the tree of life.

"Oh, I never believed that garden of Eden story," murmured Robert, and neither did I, but now I do. It was an ancient symbol, and its meaning—a woman represents life, for through her or the female element, life comes into being. The serpent represents the beginning of wisdom. At first wisdom is low and crawls on its belly upon the earth; but, as the ascending ages roll on, wisdom becomes a beautiful woman, knowing good from evil, for she has eaten of the fruit of knowledge of both good and evil, or rather, life was at first ignorant, but at last wise. She only not gives life to man but shares equally with him in wisdom and knowledge. She also being first in spiritual wisdom is the first to pluck the fruit of knowledge and give him to eat thereof, and the spiritual voice, or their own spiritual wisdom, which is called the Lord God, called to them in the restful part of the day, saying:

"Now thou hast reached an altitude where thou hast sufficient wisdom. Go forth and till the soil that thou mayest live above the beast, for thou art now one of us, or one with the angels or spirits. Go forth and till the soil that thou mayest eat and be clothed."

And they went forth, the man and his wife, or otherwise, men, together with their wives and families. The old Hebrew version is plural and not singular. All this came upon Robert like a flash of light. He looks at me now, saying:

"I wish I had studied the Bible more, until I had obtained a key to the hidden meaning of the old Scriptures, as well as the more modern New Testament. But, as I

did not, I will do so now. It is wisdom and knowledge I want, and will have."

There were many other banners, but we will not stop to describe more of them just now.

It is not my intention, dear Carlyle, to write of Ingersoll's private reception by his more immediate relatives. This, as yet does not belong to the world in general. Whenever I speak of him, or he herein speaks for himself, it will be in connection with his public work, his universal thoughts, and such truths as he may wish to give to the lower or earthly world in general; and he now says:

"I, Robert G. Ingersoll, am now ready to give a portion of my experience in the spiritual or celestial world."

You remember, my dear son, at my last writing, I had visited the sun of your earth and the various planets composing that system. I had also met the so-called Christ. I had talked with Aristotle, and other eminent men, in their day on earth. I had also been joined to the other half of myself. Now, after all this, you would naturally suppose that I would soar away to countless other worlds; but, the fact is, they are so numerous and countless that at length I wearied of so doing, feeling somewhat as a child might who begins to count the grains of sand on the seashore and finds it an impossible task, so gives it up and turns its attention to that which it is able to do. I found that the work which lay nearest to my hand was to become acquainted with the laws governing, not only the celestial and spiritual world about me, but those which governed the earth from which I had come—the earth whereon I had been born and passed some sixty odd years of material life—and the inner voice, or the voice of the Lord, plainly said to me: Franz, your work must be for the benefit of the earth you have left; in fact, you must not leave it. There is a great natural law which compels the spirits to work, each for the earth it has left, and the spirits must live and work for these earths, until there is no further need of their care. This, after all, is really more pleasing to me than visiting countless other worlds that I have no especial interest in, for the countless millions of worlds are something like the grains of sand on the shore, and I do not care to fritter away my time sailing aimlessly about without chart, rudder or compass.

After I had sailed about among other worlds I wearied of them and returned and joined a company of progressed

beings, who, as fast as they discovered great natural laws, set themselves to the task of impressing the brains of sensitive persons within the body, that the earthly world might grow in wisdom and consequently be better and happier. I wish it here to be distinctly understood that all progressed angels are joined to the other halves of themselves—the true male and female forming the angel—for all that I wrote you in my former works regarding this law is true. I shall not enter largely into this great natural law, for I do not wish these letters to be a reiteration of my former works, but give new truths, new laws not mentioned in those books; I say new laws, new truths, but I mean lately discovered by me and others like me. The laws are without beginning and without end for all things exist in circles, and circles have neither beginning nor end.

I shall not speculate about anything, but everything related in these epistles will be absolute facts known positively to myself and other angels who have reached my altitude. Thousands on the earth-plane may differ from me and think they know more than I do, but a fact is a fact and will remain regardless of all differences.

Now one of the first facts which I shall herein state is that a spiritual being forgets nothing that ever transpired in his life on earth—no, not the smallest detail, but quite the contrary. He even remembers every thought he ever evolved, everything which ever met his eye, every sound he ever heard, every sensation he ever felt, every being he ever came in contact with; all are stored in his memory, to be unrolled like a scroll whenever he so desires; not one little thought or event is in the least blurred or indistinct, but as clear and bright as the **noonday sun** on one of the sunniest and brightest of days.

Now, how do I know?

I know because it is a fact within my own individual consciousness. I know because I am a spiritual being, freed from the earthly or material body, and because I do remember all that ever transpired in my earthly life, even to the smallest, most minute detail. All this I may not be able to give through the dull brain of one who is yet within the form of flesh and blood, but that does not alter the fact of my own memory.

When one talks, as one supposes, most learnedly, and as one thinks, most philosophically about vibrations—

higher vibrations—that one forgets there are other laws constantly stepping in, or counteracting the vibratory law. The great law that steps in to counteract the vibratory law is the law of photography. When a thought or thing is once photographed on the spirit of a man, woman or child, it is set there forevermore, throughout eternity. Spirit is composed of something more than vibrations and is governed by every law pertaining to the universal whole. Even stalks and stones retain the images, or impressions of all that has ever passed before them within the range of the shadow cast upon them; and the day is not far distant when many will know how to reveal these photographic pictures, and if the impression, or in other words, the memory of all which has ever transpired before the insensible rocks, woods and walls, are to be reproduced when man shall have attained the requisite knowledge, what can be said of the immortal, intelligent spirit of man?

Moreover, the ethereal atmosphere is a vast reservoir or storehouse—one grand picture gallery of all that takes place on the earth, and when one throws aside the material body he can read all that ever has taken place in past ages, all pictured with greater distinctness and more vividly than when they actually transpired on the earth. These pictures are not stationary, but they are moving as if endowed with life, and you of earth are just beginning to grasp this law, but, as yet, very crudely to what will be attained in the future. If even the ether retains everything within its memory—as one may call it—think you the spirit of the immortal ego will forget?

No! We do not forget—from the least to the greatest, all remain indelibly stamped upon the soul of man forever and aye. The angel takes cognizance of all that ever was, or is, or ever shall be. One might as well say that God forgets. Who can imagine God forgetting anything? and are not the eternal spirits but drops within the Eternal Spirit of the whole which is God? Now, my friend Robert, who stands by my side waiting his turn, laughs long and heartily as he says:

“Let me speak a word here, if you please. I have not forgotten that I was called by many, Bob; or old Bob Ingersoll, the Infidel.”

LETTER NUMBER TWO.

Our vibrating philosophers may say, "Ah, but the photographer must depend on the vibrations of light." Very true. I admit that fact, at the same time the image is pinned there on the plate and it takes many years of earthly time to dim or wipe it out. If this is true of earthly photography, what shall be said of the photographic pictures of eternity?

My friends, they are as enduring as eternity itself. If the spirit of man is eternal and immortal, the pictures impressed by time within his soul are also eternal and immortal.

Think of a mother passing into the celestial world and forgetting the babes she has left behind. I am not a mother, but I am a father, and I could no more forget my child, left on earth, than I could forget my own existence. And, now my friend Robert smiles benignly as he says, while raising his hand upward, "When I forget my wife and children, then let me become oblivious to all things—let me forget heaven itself and all I have learned of immortality since I left them. Left them, did I say? Not I. Not I. Dears, I am only behind the curtain, that is all. I am standing here by this good friend, just now, learning how to control this medium to write—watching him to see just how he does it, for I want to write a book myself as soon as these letters are finished. So don't mind if I put my fingers in his pie occasionally. We are good friends and he is perfectly willing I should do so. Suppose I do put in a plum now and then? All the better."

A few more words on this subject and I will leave it.

If the soul of man forgets everything connected with his life on earth, where is the wisdom of his having lived

on earth at all? Why need he have toiled up through the material if all the lessons he has learned, by thus toiling, are forgotten as soon as he leaves it—moreover, what would he be worth as a spirit? Certainly his spirit would be idiotic—a perfect blank—no memory of anything that ever transpired and, consequently, no knowledge of anything—empty shell—a mere shadow—not knowing as much as a new-born babe. But, thanks to higher laws, such is not the case. Man's spirit is a receptacle, a vast store-house, and not the slightest thing goes to waste. His soul makes use of everything which is stored within himself. The economy of nature is wonderful indeed, for not even an atom can be lost within the great whole—not a thought or an incident fades, disappears, or is lost.

The ethereal atmosphere is the essence of refinement and endureth forever. It is the essence of beauty and fadeth not. One incident more and I am done with the subject for the present.

Carlyle, my dear son, you remember a time, in the past, when you came very near drowning. As you lost consciousness of your watery surroundings, or was fast becoming oblivious to them, the panorama of your whole life passed like a flash before your mentality, even to the minutest detail—things you supposed long forgotten, became clear and distinct.

This was owing to the spirit becoming partly disengaged from the body. You were seeing and remembering as spirits see and remember, and if you had been wholly disengaged from the body, and your soul had really entered the celestial world, these visions, and this memory would have been as vivid and bright as the beautiful celestial world is brighter and more vivid than the earthly world. So, dear friends, one and all, do not alarm yourselves by the thought that you will forget anything of your earthly life on entering the celestial sphere. No doubt many who have led evil and wicked lives would like to forget, but this is not vouchsafed to them, for here the worm of remorse dieth not and the fires of memory are not quenched. "Yes," says Robert, "you will find a hell here, sure as fate. I was mistaken about that hell. The fires of some of these hells are pretty hot I can tell you. I have my hand on the head of a poor wretch this moment, who has crawled to me for relief from his burning, for a drop of water cannot quench his thirst or cool

his parched tongue. This spirit, here crouched beneath my hand, was a libertine and a drunkard, and he is burning—burning within the flames of his desires that water cannot cool, and to indulge them is but to feed the flames into raging fury.

“Poor wretch! His hell is so hot he has crawled to me for relief.

“‘Bob,’ he says, ‘you told us there was no hell and so I said to myself, ‘There is no hell. I can do as I like. Death ends it all, and I shall soon be dead. Life has nothing for me, and I don’t want to live. So I poured the liquor down and debauched myself as much as possible, and here I am Robert, and I swear you are somewhat to blame for my condition.’

“My friends, if weeping tears of blood could do me any good, I would try to shed them. Not only do I remember all, but this man remembers as well and now reproaches me. Am I guilty or not guilty? Answer me, my soul, and my soul replies:

“‘Robert, thou art guilty! Behold the consequences of error—in other words—ignorance. You said, ‘I don’t know,’ when it was your business to find out. What would you think of a lawyer pleading a case, and continually saying to the judge and jury, ‘I don’t know anything about this. I don’t know—I don’t know?’ The judge would be justified in reprimanding you sharply and saying to you ‘Go and find out—make yourself acquainted with the details of the case before you stand here talking to me and this jury, trying to clear the defendant, constantly telling us you don’t know—you don’t know! You ought to be sentenced for not knowing.’

“Well, friends, here am I and here is some of my work. What shall I do for this man? It won’t do now, to say, I don’t know, for he has told me and I do know. Great God! and I was so well satisfied with my life! Man—man! Tell me what I can do for you. Shall I say to you, as one of old said to the woman of Samaria, ‘Go and sin no more?’ I know of little else to say to you—and the man clings to my garments and weeps. Perhaps your tears will cool your spirit.

“Ah! who is this lovely angel coming toward us? Your mother, do you say? Oh, my friend, she may be able to help us out of our difficulty.

“O! I am ashamed to look my mother in the face,” and

he covers his face with his hands, to shut out the lovely vision, still crouching at my feet; but the mother presses forward; she lifts her son to his feet. 'Look at me, dear boy,' she says in silvery accents. 'I have not forgotten thee. I have thus far, been powerless to save thee, but now I will snatch thee like a brand from the burning,' and she gently leads away his shivering, cowering form.

"My friends, there is a heaven and a hell after the death of the body, for the soul of man is immortal. Yonder wretch is in one degree of hell and I am in another. This hell may be the hottest, but the worm that dieth not is gnawing briskly at my vitals and all this is memory—memory of that which transpired on earth. Why, my friends, without memory, a man could not be a thinking, immortal being; he would be nothing but a shade. I know that we have grass, flowers and trees here, but, of course, they are but thoughtless shades; very beautiful in themselves, but devoid of memory and intelligence."

My dear Carlyle, Robert G. Ingersoll, when in the body, wanted proof of a future life. So did I. His thoughts and mine were very much alike, as you are well aware, and now that he is here in the celestial life with me, we are very much attracted to each other. There is a great correspondence between his life line and my own, although I preceded him to this life some twenty years or more. As I have already said, my surprise was very great on finding that I still lived after the death of the body. I had not heard as much of Spiritualism at the time of my departure as had Robert. I think if I had I should have given it much thought; but it is positive evidence that the earthly world now needs more than anything else. The great universal cry is "Proof! Give us proof;" and the proof will soon be forthcoming. Every member of every church in your land wants proof.

"O, that we could know positively," is the one great, wailing cry. That is why the fakirs and frauds are reaping a rich harvest. They pretend to give this proof. There are those through whom proof can be given.

Now, I should like to give this positive evidence to you, my son. All the fathers and mothers this side of life want to do the same. Friends here desire to tell their friends there all about themselves. Children here want to tell their parents on earth of their life here. All who have lived and toiled for the good of mankind in general,

want to tell those in the earthly world that they still live and still work for the good of all.

The great cry of earth is, "Tell us of the other life;" and the great cry here is, "O, we want to tell you about ourselves."

Now when things have come to a pass like this, one can no more stop the results than one can stop the waves of the ocean, or the wind from blowing, or the sun from shining, or the rain from falling; but, if Spiritual beings had memory of earth and the former lives there, the earthly world might cry forever and the cry remain unanswered. Natural law does not work in this way. If there is a want, or a cry representing a want, there is, and always must be a corresponding supply or answer to the want or cry.

A child cries for nourishment. It is a natural want of its being; and the mother's breast is there, filled with the requisite supply to the want; and all nature works on this plan. There is no exception to the rule.

Man could not desire immortality—the want of a future life would not be felt within him—if there existed nothing to supply this natural want of his being. Man desires food, and the earth gives him a supply—he desires raiment, and by a natural law he fashions and obtains it—and there is no want of his being that cannot find a corresponding supply—and after all bodily wants are supplied, his soul cries out for immortality, and the everlasting heavens await him. He loses his dearest friends by so-called death, and his tearful soul cries out: "Come back to me, my beloved; tell me if you are happy and content—do you still love me—do you remember?" and the answer to his cry is ready and awaiting him, but soul must be answered by soul and through soul and in no other way. There is no way by which soul can answer soul except by the exercise of memory. The friend on earth remembers the friend he has lost—the lost friend also remembers the friend he has left. The memory of one coalesces with the other and the two souls are joined to each other once more through memory and memory alone. But for memory a mortal nor a spirit could not even have the power to think at all. A child remembers a former mishap and has become wiser in consequence. Memory says, "Now you stumbled here once; don't do so again." A child remembers its letters—also by putting a and b together he

forms a syllable. All knowledge whatever is obtained by the use of memory, and the greater the memory the more knowledge. Take away a spirit's memory and it would remain a hollow, drivelling idiot.

LETTER NUMBER THREE.

We will now return to the subject of Evidence.

That which is evidence to one is not to another, so that evidence must come to each distinct individual, and each one must have his or her evidence in a different way from another. One person tells another that he has actually beheld his father's or mother's spirit form; the other replies: "You probably imagined you did. You think so, no doubt, but I do not feel convinced that you really did. I have never seen my father or my mother. Don't believe anyone ever saw a spirit; but, I'll tell you what, my friend, I believe my father and mother have both written me messages through a slate-writing medium."

"A medium!" replies the other. "You were cheated. Don't believe a message was ever written without human hands, on a slate." And so it is with every phase of Spiritual communication. This very letter, which I and my friend Robert are writing now, will be doubted.

Many will say: "We don't believe a spirit or spirits ever had anything to do with it," and thus it is. That which is evidence to one is no evidence at all to another. There are those who say, "when science proves spirit return to be true, we will believe," but what will these do with the fact, that what science proves to be true one day, some other scientific law is discovered which counteracts the first and sets it one side. If science had arrived at all truth, progress in that direction would be at an end; but, when all have been convinced of the fact of immortality, and the return of the departed spirit, in his or her own way—the way that appeals directly to himself or herself and forces the truth home to each; then all the world will be convinced of the great and eternal truth of the com-

munion of the inhabitants of the celestial world with those of the mundane sphere.

My friend Robert, have you a word to say on this important subject?

"Well, not much, I think; but if I could have seen a good lively ghost, when I was in the body, I might have believed my own senses, yet I cannot say that any other man would have believed me. I thought, at one time, that when I came to die, I should like to retain my consciousness to the last breath, and tell my secretary, together with those nearest and dearest to me, all that I might see, feel, or hear, of the other life, if there were one; but, when I came to think more about it, I concluded that most people would say, 'Oh, he was delirious,' or 'he was weakened by sickness—he had been taking opiates,' and I now find that would have been precisely what a great many would have said. It really could have proved nothing, after all. As it was, I did not even have time to tell my wife that I believed I was dying, much less to tell her what my sensations were. I now find that mortal lips cannot speak when the spirit is removed from them, that mortal eyes cannot see when the spirit eyes are withdrawn, that mortal ears cannot hear when the spiritual sensorium has escaped, that the mortal heart cannot beat when the spiritual rhythm has departed. My beating heart seemed to escape from a shell or prison, flying away gladly like a bird from its cage; yet that spiritual, immortal heart never ceased to beat for a moment; the rhythm, or beating, simply left the body, that was all; just as my sight left it; and when I had gotten entirely out of it, it fell like a clod of cold clay to the floor, or would have done so if it had not been supported by those who had loved me—loved me, but they could no longer love that sodden thing. I had left my former body, so they burned it as they should. Lift the veil, dear ones; I am just behind it."

The earthly world has never been so far advanced in true spirituality as at the present day, consequently the celestial world finds it much easier to communicate with the dwellers of earth than formerly. If a person cannot, or will not, receive truth, it may not be forced upon him by the angels, and even if it were, he would throw it aside as false, and that is what Jesus meant by the parable of

the stony ground. Truth cannot find root and grow when one will have none of it.

My son, you have often asked me the question, "Did such a person as Jesus Christ ever live on earth?" and I have invariably answered you in the affirmative. Jesus of Nazareth did live, move and have a being on earth. But you say to me: "There are many here on earth at the present day, who say that no such person ever lived." My dear son, such persons are mistaken. But you say, "Father, how do you know they are mistaken?" and I answer, I, personally, have seen and talked with Jesus of Nazareth—the Christ. Christ simply means the anointed one, or one who has been anointed as a priest.

Nothing very wonderful in that fact, is there? You have been ordained as a minister or teacher of Spiritualism, and are trying to benefit the world in that direction. Jesus, in his day on earth, did the same. People misunderstand you—they also misunderstood him. Words that you have said have been misinterpreted—misconstrued; so were his words, many of them.

I have had many interviews with Jesus of Nazareth, have talked with him face to face, hours at a time, and he has treated me most graciously. I have also met and conversed with many other great, good and renowned men who once lived on earth. Is there any good reason why I should not have done so? My life here would have been to very little purpose if I had not. I have made a point of visiting all the great and good men that I had ever heard about when I lived on earth, and I have visited very many others who lived so far back in the remote ages of the earth, that their names are not known on your earth to-day. Of these I may speak later on; but it is of Jesus I would speak now. The questions which are agitating the minds of men at the present period of the earth's history are the ones I wish to answer more particularly.

The wrangle seems to be, "Did Jesus live, or did he not?" and many are at loggerheads over the question. I do not think that those who think he did not live will believe me more than they do other spiritual beings who have said he lived. There are very many spirits here who do not believe he ever lived, and if he were to visit them and say, "I am he who was once called Jesus of Nazareth," they would say, "We don't believe it. You are an im-

postor. You desire to take credit to yourself which does not belong to you," therefore what matters it?

Spiritual beings will control mediums and declare through them that no such person ever lived. These spirits are, perhaps, honest in their convictions, and, will not take the trouble to find out; moreover, they are like many men who are still on earth, they like adulation, they want to be taken as authority, and some of them get mightily puffed up with pride and feel that they are great, very great indeed; but, my son, as I said before, I have taken very much pains to visit this man of Nazareth and hear from his own lips his testimony.

But for the great fact of spirit memory I could never have done this. If there had been a Jesus and on coming to this world he had been unable to remember anything about his past life on earth, all would have been to no purpose; and if I, as a spirit, had not remembered all that I ever heard about Jesus of Nazareth, the very great pleasure of finding him and conversing with him would have been impossible. But when I met Jesus, he remembered all about his earth life and was most willing to give me the information I wanted.

Now I wanted proof that he was that very same Jesus; and but for memory, I never could have received it. Jesus called to him some of his former disciples; then he made me acquainted with many others who had lived at Jerusalem during his life there; and, one and all agreed that this was the veritable Jesus; and, as through many witnesses a thing may be considered established, I am certain that he was Jesus, and all those whom he and I met addressed him as that very same Jesus. There was not a dissenting voice, so I felt perfectly safe in listening to what he might have to say to me, for bear in mind that I remember.

I asked this man of Nazareth if he would give me a private interview—if we could be alone and undisturbed for a time? He smilingly assented and we were left to ourselves.

Perhaps, my son, you would like to know first, something about our surroundings. When I found him he had just dismissed a large audience of spiritual beings, and they were now slowly leaving one of the grandest halls of learning I have ever seen since I have been in this world. This hall was large enough to hold about one

thousand souls and appeared to be of the finest white marble veined with gold. The roof was domed, its color was pale blue, flecked here and there with fleecy white clouds. Within this dome a complete system of worlds was represented—sun, moon, planets and stars. It was our own sun's system, Carlyle, my son, and words cannot give you an adequate idea of its beauty and grandeur.

There were regular seats in this beautiful hall, for spiritual beings, when quiet and attentive, seat themselves as you do on earth. The chairs were apparently of shining gold, cushioned with red velvet. The windows were of fretted and stained glass, most enchanting to behold. There were three marble steps leading up to the rostrum, the floor of which was covered by a carpet of green plush, and here and there in its patterns were tufts of violets and small bunches of roses. The wall of the rostrum was a half circle with a surpassingly beautiful stained window in the center of it. I looked at this window in surprise, for upon it was pictured a crucified savior, nailed to the cross, and below the cross a representation of Mary with the infant Jesus. A large open Bible lay upon an elegantly cushioned desk—the desk being of gold and precious stones. The chair in which Jesus seated himself was, apparently of gold and crimson velvet, and I took another wherein blue and gold predominated, for he had said, "Be seated, Herr Franz," in mild, gracious, silvery accents.

Now I was exceedingly surprised at all I saw, but not as much so as I was at many other incidents which had happened to me since I had joined the heavenly host.

"What wouldst thou of me?" he asked, turning his luminous, heavenly eyes full upon me.

I caught my breath, for I wanted to ask innumerable questions, and so I made reply: "I have so many questions that I would like you to answer, I hardly know where to begin."

I had met this son of man previous to this, but that had been in an elysian field, where he was seated at table with many other of his disciples, if not his former ones, they were his present disciples.

"Suppose," he suggested, "you begin at the beginning."

"The beginning of what?" I faltered.

"The beginning of the beginning," he made answer.

"The beginning of the beginning? Well," I said,

slowly inhaling my breath, "can you tell me anything about the beginning of the beginning?"

"No," he made reply, and as his eyes met mine their magnetic power was wonderful indeed.

"Then, if you can tell me nothing of the beginning, perhaps you can tell me something about God?"

"Perhaps I might be able to tell you something about God," he answered, if you were to inform me just what kind of a God you wanted to know about."

"What kind of a God? Why, it is supposed there is but one God."

"I know nothing about one God," he answered.

"But you said on earth that you were the only begotten son of God, did you not?"

"I never did," he made reply. "I simply said, I and my father are one."

"Well, even that is a curious saying. You have told me before what you really meant by that, but I would like to tell my son, and others, about it once more."

"I said, I and my father are one, meaning that I was co-existent with that which had produced me, and as that which had produced me never had a beginning it could have no end. I also said that I should go to my father or to that which produced me. I did not refer to my earthly parents in any sense, for I was teaching of heavenly or spiritual things. I distinctly said my heavenly father."

"Well, it is just this point that I should like to know more about. What did you mean by your heavenly father?"

"I meant that I originated within the heavens—that the first cause of my being was there and not of the earth earthy."

"Did you say that you were begotten of the Holy Ghost?"

"I did," he replied.

"What did you then understand by the Holy Ghost?"

"I understood then, as now, that ghost is spirit, although ghost was not the word I used, but as you do not understand ancient languages, I will simply say, ghost means spirit, as the people of earth understand it to-day. Holy ghost simply means pure spirit."

"You meant, then, that you were begotten by pure spirit?"

"I did. I meant that I—the ego—or the real essence

of my life—the real cause of my life—was pure spirit; that I had taken on a material form, through the law of gradual growth, of course, for it is through gradual growth that all form is taken on. I meant that I came from the Spiritual world, to return to the Spiritual world, which was my father, or the first cause of my being. The people who lived on earth, at that time with me, could not understand me, for they had no idea of any other than a personal potentate. I, however, had learned many things of the Brahmins of India. I had also been a natural mystic from my birth—and I mean by this what men on earth mean by sensitive or medium—that is, I was a natural sensitive or medium, that I stood between my father, which meant the spiritual or heavenly, and mankind in general, interceding for them, which simply meant praying for light and truth that it might be given to them.”

“Did you, when on earth, perform miracles?”

“I performed many things which were then called miracles; but the word miracle simply means wonderful—that which causes surprise or astonishment.”

“Did you heal the sick?”

“I did.”

“Did you raise the dead?”

“I did not. I distinctly said, they are not dead as you suppose, but sleeping. In the words of your time they were cataleptic or sleeping an unnatural sleep—in a trance—and this was true.”

“By what power did you restore them to life and health?”

“By the power of the spirit or spiritual power, for, I said, ‘It is not I who do these works, but my father in heaven who doest these things through me,’ and I have already told you what I meant by my father in heaven.”

LETTER NUMBER FOUR.

My eyes now rested on the crucifix. "Were you crucified?" I asked.

"As you see," he replied.

"Were you crucified between two thieves?" I again questioned.

"I was," he answered.

"Were they with you that same day in Paradise?"

"They were, and their death agonies were equal to my own; yet, those on earth waste no pity on them. They were to be pitied even more than myself, for they had not my hope."

"Did you appear to the disciples and others, after your so-called death?"

"I did," he answered. "I loved them so much and was so anxious they should know my teachings were true, that I was enabled to show myself to them. I wanted them to know I had simply left my body but was still alive and with them; and when I said, 'I ascend unto my father,' I meant that shortly I could not be visible to them for I should be more ethereal or heavenly; for the spiritualized beings who had met me had told me this; they were with me at the time, but were too ethereal to be seen by those who saw me."

"Why do you have this cruel looking picture on the window?" I asked. "I should suppose you would wish to forget anything so repulsive and terrible."

"I could not forget if I would," he said. "I dislike the picture as much as you do, perhaps more, but I am called to this hall often to teach and to show myself to the spirits yet in prison."

"Spirits in prison?" I asked. "That will surprise many on earth."

"Very true, and those who come to this hall to hear me,

and others, cannot believe that they are in prison."

"How so?" I asked.

"First, I must tell you how this hall was erected and for what purpose. It appears to you a beautiful building, does it not, real and enduring?"

"It certainly does."

"And yet you are well aware that it is not material?"

"Certainly; I know that it is a building within the heavens and not made with hands."

"And yet it has been created, not by hands, but by thoughts. You know already, my dear Herr Franz, that thoughts are real things or entities?"

"Yes, I have long since discovered that to be true."

"Well, this beautiful hall has been erected by a large concourse of spiritual beings, as a suitable and convenient place wherein to teach the spirits yet in prison. Everything about this building symbolizes something else. It is a hall of marble, which is strong, beautiful and enduring; its whiteness, purity; the gold veining, true worth; the elegant windows of stained glass in all colors, symbolize that all do not perceive alike; the chairs of gold signify that all are of worth; the red cushions, that Eternal Love holds all souls in an eternal embrace; the three steps leading to the rostrum, symbolize body, spirit, soul; the rostrum itself, the higher plane from which spirits or souls look down and give forth teachings to those not yet arrived at their altitude. The dome with its revolving planets, we use as symbols to teach many great truths, and we may have occasion to use them for your edification, my dear Herr Franz.

"At last we come to the picture that you questioned me about. The picture means sorrow, agony and death of the material body, that man may attain to the glories of heaven, or become an immortal, spiritual being, dwelling within the heavens or the ethereal world. The woman and the babe mean that we all must be born into the flesh before we can attain to wisdom and self-consciousness; then, from the flesh, to sorrow, agony and death, before reaching the glorious happiness of self-conscious, wise, immortal angels, dwelling forever within the ethereal or celestial world."

"You spoke of spirits in prison. Perhaps I do not quite understand your meaning. Will you kindly explain to me exactly what you do mean by that expression?"

"My dear friend," he said, "I do not now come in direct contact with the men of earth, but I teach spiritual beings who do. Like yourself, for instance. You come in direct contact with your son who is still an inhabitant of the earthly sphere. You have come here to me to be taught—to ask important questions and receive truthful answers. Many other spirits come here for the same purpose. The greater part of them having left their mortal bodies, firmly established in the beliefs taught in the Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and various other denominations, they are still bound in these chains—they are bound hand and foot—and are in prison; their souls are dark—they do not understand the truth—they all, to a man, woman or child, expected to see God directly, and when they were told that no one had ever seen God as a male, personal potentate, many could not, or would not, believe; and they cry out for Jesus Christ—the Savior of Mankind! 'If we cannot see God, let us see Christ—the beautiful Christ. Jesus lived and died for us. Let us see him at least,' and when they are informed that Jesus of Nazareth is within the heavens, their delight knows no bounds; and when kind friends bring them to this hall—and other halls like this—for there are many, very many of them here, they enter, their features take on a satisfied, pleased and often enraptured expression; they feel at home in a hall like this. It is somewhat like the ones they have left on earth, and yet exceedingly more beautiful. They take their seats in silence as of old in the church, and are ready and eager to hear. This is one of the numerous ways in which many of the spirits yet in prison are taught, and as soon as their minds are enlightened they go to their friends in the mortal life, as you will shortly go to your son, and tell them that which they have learned, and when they cannot tell their friends direct, they inspire some sensitive, or medium, to teach from the rostrums of earth the same truths which they have thus learned."

My dear Carlyle, it is well that mediums should be educated and understand grammar, but because many of them do not is no evidence that they may not be controlled by high intelligences. Many of the even very great spirits who control mediums, never spoke the English language at all, and know nothing of its grammatical rules. Jesus, himself, knew nothing of the English language.

Spirits photograph incidents and thoughts upon the

sensitive brain of a medium; the medium then expresses the thought in his or her language, which is often uncultivated. I, myself, for instance, was a German by birth and education. No one ought to expect that a German born and bred would on all occasions be able to adhere strictly to the rules of orthography and syntax of the English language.

Many complain and say, the spirits do not do themselves justice. We beg to differ from them. Spirits have given through ignorant sensitives about all the world knows at present of the celestial spheres, thinking it better to give truth to the world through vulgar lips, than not to give it at all. Spiritual beings could not give the light through highly educated people at first, for they were too well grounded in the ideas they had received with their education. As I look now to this man of Nazareth, he says to me:

"I, myself, was a poor, ignorant carpenter, at first, for carpenters, in my time on earth, were not educated at all. I afterwards became, with my followers, a fisherman, a calling even still lower than that of a carpenter. I knew little or nothing of the rules of my own language in those days, in fact, I spoke a smattering of two or three different languages and was not correct in any of them. It is the thought and not the language that should be considered."

I will go on with my subject. As the man of Nazareth sat there together with me, he clasped my hand in his, and his beautiful eyes rested with interested complacency upon me—those beautiful, magnetic eyes! I can never, never forget them. I feel their glance even now, although this particular interview was many years ago.

"When sensitives say they receive teachings from Jesus, they are right," he went on slowly and thoughtfully. "It may be compared to pouring water down through several vessels before it reaches earth. Do not think that my interest for the inhabitants of earth has abated one jot or tittle since I entered this life. My interest is greater now than ever before. Those on earth may call this my second coming if they choose. I am able to go to them now with power and great glory, for I, together with a multitude of enlightened spirits, do descend to the earth, and they say truly, it is the second coming of Christ; for the things which I did, they now do also."

In my native land, Germany, I was taught to call all

great teachers Master, so now I address this man of Nazareth as Master—or Dear Master—which really here means nothing more than teacher—great teacher.

“Dear Master,” I said, “I wish I might be able to make the people of earth understand just how it is here. If I could it would make them better and happier. I know many there seem to think we have no objects—no abiding places—something like as if we were roaming around through space at will and when they read about this beautiful hall they may not believe it. How can I bring these truths home to my son and others?”

Jesus sat in deep meditation for a space:

“My Dear Herr Franz,” he said at last, “I know of no better way than to state the exact truth about these matters. Some will believe, others will not. Some on earth believed me when I was with them, others did not. I fear, my dear pupil, that you will be obliged to bear this burden even as I did—even as I now do.”

“When I first came to this life,” I said, “I was greatly surprised to find that animals existed after the death of the body, just as I did; and, in my book, ‘The Discovered Country,’ I stated that fact. A howl of derision and disbelief came up to me; but, Dear Master, it is a fact, as you and I both know.” It is just as impossible to destroy the life of an animal as it is that of a man. Life is life, wherever found, and life cannot be destroyed. The ego within an animal sees, hears, feels and thinks as does man; he also breathes and has various organs like those of man. Strange that man should suppose that he alone was immortal. The animal’s thought may not equal the thought of man, but that counts for nothing where immortality is concerned and many on the earth, since that book was written, have come to know the truth. The earthly world is fast coming to understand more how it is with us here. If the people on earth could once understand that there is no limit to space, that the ethereal world extends forever and ever, they would see that there is room enough—and to spare—for all the earthly worlds are capable of producing. The earths do not endure forever and forever, but when an earth has produced all that it is capable of doing, it becomes old and dies, or is disintegrated, returns back into its former elements, what there is left of it that is not capable of covering spirit with matter.

We cannot get beyond earths and their influences, and

they cannot get beyond our influence. We influence nearly everything that takes place on the earths. Men get a new thought or a new invention and it is some spiritual being who impresses that thought on his mind. We progress in wisdom and return and give it to earth's children. We discover great natural laws, we then impress these truths upon the minds of men, women and children, that the earthly world may be benefited thereby. The spiritual essence, or life principle, of all that the earths produce, lives on forever. The life essence of a tree is still a tree—a flower a flower—and thus of all natural objects. Man as a spiritual being rises to a world of spiritual objects. Man creates homes, halls and temples of learning on earth; he also creates them here. They first exist in his mind or spirit as a thought, he clothes his thought with material substance; these things also exist here within his soul or spirit, he clothes them with spiritual substance, they thus become objective and useful to him and others, as they do on earth.

So in this communication when we speak of houses, halls of learning, spiritual temples and so forth, do not be surprised, for we certainly have them. When we speak of animals, do not think it false, for they do actually live here as there, in their spiritual forms. How mankind ever came to believe that animals did not exist in the spiritual world, is a mystery, certainly; but we think it rests on a few words found in the Bible, to this effect.

"Can you tell me, Dear Master, the true meaning of those words—'the spirit or soul of a man goeth upward, that of a beast downward?'"

"Yes," he replied with a smile. "I can tell you. Surely the meaning is this: A man's spirit is above that of a beast or animal, his wisdom is above that of every other creature on earth, consequently his spirit rises above that of the animal, the spirit of the animal forever remaining beneath that of man. This is the true interpretation of that passage in the Bible, and if the former language in which the books were written had been rendered aright, such a mistaken idea would not have found lodgment in the minds of men. Does it not in those same books speak of beasts in heaven bowing before the throne of God together with the elders? and were not the prophets—in other words, mediums—constantly speaking of beasts, seeing them in their visions, and so forth?"

"How often do you lecture in this hall, Dear Master? I desire to come and hear you."

"This hall is very near to earth," he replied. "I teach in many others far above this. When I do speak here I am obliged to bring my subjects down to the comprehension of those who assemble here, and they are those who, as I said, are in prison, bound in the chains of a former creed, looking with distorted vision on all things spiritual. Therefore if you were to report one of my lectures to the people of earth, they might deride you. But we are accustomed to derision, are we not, Herr Franz?"

"You speak truly, Dear Master."

"There will gather another assemblage here very shortly. You can remain if you like. I will do the same. There will be others here who will speak to the spirits in prison, as well as myself, others far wiser than I am, having been in the celestial world for many thousand years. You may not be able to repeat to earth's children all that is said, but many of the truths uttered you will remember, and will be able to impress upon them, or photograph them on the brain of a sensitive, or perhaps many sensitives or mediums."

"Dear Master, one word more before we separate. Tell me, is reincarnation true?"

LETTER NUMBER FIVE.

"Is reincarnation true?"

"It is not," Jesus replied. "It is an error, and there will be some here assembled who are still bound in the chains of this ancient superstition." He now looked at me with his great, penetrating, lovely eyes, intently.

"Can I return to earth and take on the form of a babe once more? Could I thus waste my acquired wisdom and my spiritual powers? Surely, my earthly life must have been in vain if I were to become once more an infant and toil up again into manhood; moreover, what good could it possibly do me? Earth is dull and crude, while the celestial world is filled with wisdom, gladness, beauty and goodness. I can learn more here in a day of earth's time than I could there in a year—it may be in a century. But, aside from all this: When once an immortal being is developed from a germ it can by no possible means return to an undeveloped one, and no developed entity can ever become an undeveloped one. Natural laws do not work in that way. Forms constantly arise, but they invariably are new, not old ones made over.

"Herr Franz, you and I both know that we could not become undeveloped germs again."

"It is said on earth, that some remember a former reincarnation."

"They are mistaken," he replied. "A spirit, or perhaps various spirits are holding them in subjection, and it is the memory of these spirits impressed upon the minds of these sensitives and not the memory of the sensitive himself. Children are very susceptible to such apparent memories, for sensitive children are very early influenced. I was but a child of twelve years when spiritual beings first made use of my brain with which to confound the rulers in the temple. Anything that spirits desired to

say, they could have said through me at that early age before my own mind had developed enough to understand what was being said through my lips."

I have had many interviews with Jesus since that time, and I remained to hear his discourse, which was given shortly afterward. There were two other spirits with him, at the time, to aid him and corroborate all that he might say. I shall not, at this time, give a detailed statement of that which was uttered by these grand and noble teachers; but return to matters which more nearly concern my present intentions. It would be impossible to tell those of earth a tenth part of that which we have experienced, or have been taught by those above us in wisdom, but as much as those of earth can make use of for the benefit of the world. This is all that we can do. The earthly world is moving on gradually and slowly toward truth. Little by little we give as fast as it can be assimilated. Twenty years ago a man or woman was considered insane who believed that animals existed after death. I wrote "The Discovered Country" some twenty years ago, and that was as soon as it could by any possible means have done any good, and my son has had to suffer to the extent of thousands of dollars for allowing my book to be published; but oh, how much I desired to make the world understand this great truth. My son did not believe it himself; but now more than half the Spiritualists in the world believe this great truth, and very many who are not Spiritualists.

This is one long stride toward wisdom and truth. My soul sings for joy that I have been able to accomplish more, even, than I expected.

Now when men of science begin to understand that the spiritual germs of all things exist within the ethereal atmosphere and are not propagated down—or up—through generations, they will strike the great root of eternal truth—when they can be made to understand that the male parent inhales living germs and holds and makes use of a few of them because of his positive male element he is able to do so, and that a man never was evolved from a monkey or any other animal except merely the gradual evolution of his material form—that the germs of every thing in existence reside within the atmosphere to be breathed in by all and held by the male parent, each in its own kind or species, and that the flowers of all vegetation

attract and hold the germs corresponding to their own species. When science sets itself right in this respect, the earthly world will move on faster than it does at present.

This truth has not been accepted as readily as the fact of animal existence after death. It seems very strange to us here, that man cannot see this great truth: But all life, of whatever kind, exists first within the heavenly ether as germs, and without these germs there would be no life whatever on the earth and no developed forms within the celestial world.

It is not our intention to elaborate these great truths here, for we have already done so in "The Discovered Country," "Oceanides," "Mary Ann Carew," and "Philip Carlisle," also in my other stories which have been published from time to time in various periodicals and weekly papers.

We do not write in vain, or simply to tickle the public ear or fancy, but for the great eternal, everlasting truths of heaven, and to help to eradicate erroneous ideas. It is better always, to know the truth than to believe error, for the truth shall make men happy and free. If there were no errors of opinion on earth all men would be happy—there would be no sorrow, all would be joy as it is in the higher heavens.

Men and women both say: "O, our lives are hard and sorrowful;" and every error that is removed from earth brings happiness that much nearer to mankind; for every misery that people endure let them think well what is the cause of that unhappiness, and they will invariably find that some great natural law has been transgressed by themselves or others. I will not here undertake to specify the laws thus transgressed: This has already been done in the books and stories that have been written by myself and other spiritual beings, and we hope to be able to write many more, for each law needs a large book written to expound it, and, even then, it is but just touched upon. The ocean is made up of drops, and so we must never tire of giving little by little as opportunity presents itself.

Very much more might be known of the life within the celestial world, and will be known when natural laws are fully understood. If there are those on earth who can tell what kind of men and animals lived thousands or it may be millions of years ago, simply by joining remnants of bones together which have become fossilized, how much

more ought man to know and fully comprehend of the life after the death of the material body; and yet mankind has, after all, arrived at something approximately the truth. He has said: "Man lives after the death of the body." In this he is right. He says, "There is a heaven and a hell for the spirit of man after death," and in this he is also right, for by heaven and hell he really means happiness and unhappiness and a wise and good spirit is happy after death, an ignorant and degraded one unhappy. His mistake has been in supposing the fate of the souls of men were unalterably fixed. This is not so. Another fatal mistake has been in thinking that the atoning blood of Christ could cleanse from sin. But I need not enumerate. There is much truth and many errors in the present belief of mankind, but the time has now come when he wants to know positively—when he must have proof—and that day is not far distant; but whether on earth or in the celestial world no soul can be happy, or perfectly so, until every vestige of error has fallen away from it. So, do not be in a hurry to come here in an undeveloped condition and be more unhappy than you are in the earth life.

Natural law intended that a man should live until he was, at least, three score and ten years of age. The experiences of earth life are absolutely necessary for him in order that he may be wise and happy.

Of course, I am well aware that children, youths and middle-aged persons die and come to this life; but they really ought not, and if natural laws were thoroughly understood and obeyed they would not.

It is thought by some that spirits who have been in the celestial world for many thousand years, lose all interest in material earths and the affairs of men, but this is a great mistake.

Carlyle, my dear son, go out some fine evening and look at the countless host of suns, moons, earths, planets, and then think, as is the truth, there is no end to these. All those stars which I see are but suns to other systems of worlds which I cannot see, and after my sight has reached to the uttermost limit of its power the countless hosts still exist beyond all human sight. Now a spirit goes out into the ethereal world, it cannot get beyond the countless hosts of earths, moons and all other heavenly bodies; the material and ethereal are forever blended. No spiritual

being can possibly get beyond being interested in earthly and material things. If spirits are not interested in one earth, and its affairs, they are in another; and can anything be more natural than for a spirit to be interested in the earth on which he himself first came into conscious existence? Now, my dear son, I shall tell you precisely how it is in the celestial world, you, and others, may not accept what I say as truth; but, nevertheless, it is the truth and it will be scientifically demonstrated sometime on earth, for spiritual beings will impress men of scientific attainments with the facts which they will at once act upon and give the results to the world.

The higher or more progressed spirits from various planets, often meet together, midway between the various planets, in immense conclaves, something after the style of an enormous camp meeting; they thus remain together for an indefinite period and those who have attained to great heights in wisdom ascend what might be called a rostrum and impart their knowledge to all the spirits there assembled. Now at these conclaves there are great masters in all the various branches of knowledge and whatever new law or new truth has been discovered is then and there revealed to all assembled, and when each one has imparted his knowledge to all, in this way, they break up and go their several ways; each one has his own work to perform; they scatter and again return to the various earths to impress men, women and children with the great truths which they have learned. That is the way the lower is forever receiving from the higher. Many on earth think that all thought emanates from their own brains. This is not true. Nearly all higher thoughts and ideas are given them from the spirit world.

My dear son, you know that I have been away from you for quite a length of time; and, during my absence from you, I have attended one of these conclaves, and I never can express to you the joy and satisfaction I have experienced while there. Think, my dear son, of a vast assemblage of spiritual beings—all of the wisest and best who have lived on quite a number of different planets—meeting together and each giving to all the new truths that they have discovered—all the natural laws which they have learned more about.

Now spirits there have ties which attract them, one and all, back to some earth. There may, possibly, be long

intervals of time between their visits, or there may not be, according to the work which they wish to accomplish, and there is no end to this work and no cessation whatever. I do not mean by this that spirits do not have periods of rest, but these periods are only for the purpose of being able to do more and still more. There never will be a time, throughout eternity, when it will not be necessary to work for the good of those who are coming on after us, for creation never ceases her efforts, and no angel whom I have ever met can think of a time when it will. After spirits have met in these large conclaves, far removed from any planet, they return into the spheres of the different earths, or one may call them planets, and within these spheres, as I have before stated, there are beautiful halls and temples of learning; schools for the young; homes, and all spirits have homes—they can make homes wherever they wish to—and here they work continually, teaching, lecturing, impressing, photographing, and are engaged in all sorts of employments.

There are those here who study agriculture, and they study the laws appertaining to tilling the soil of earth, then they put themselves en rapport with intelligent farmers and impress them how to work to the best advantage and bring forth the best results. There are others here who have mechanical ingenuity, they study the laws appertaining to mechanics and then put themselves en rapport with mechanics; and thus of every trade and employment that the earth knows anything about; and so with all great musicians, and even those who are not great; so of all artists of whatever kind; so of all great inventors, whoever they may be, and of small inventions as well; in fact, everything which interests the spirits still within the body interests the spirits out of the body; everything which you have on earth we have something here which corresponds to it.

You have camp-meetings there—we have large conclaves or camp-meetings here—and we meet in celestial fields of heavenly beauty. If you have music there, we have grand orchestral choirs here, which often make the heavens resound, and the ethereal atmosphere vibrate with exquisite harmony.

Let no one on earth get at all discouraged under any circumstances whatever, for nothing more can happen to any one than to leave his material body and as soon as he

leaves it behind he may go right on toward the accomplishment of his desires, all but the getting of money; he can never obtain, by hook or crook, a single penny after he leaves the material form; but he can obtain all that money could possibly bring him on earth.

LETTER NUMBER SIX.

If a spirit wants a beautiful home here in the heavens, he has only to create it himself; and if his soul is beautiful and his thoughts are beautiful and his desires pure, his home here will be according to his desires. If he wants exquisite clothing, if his soul is beautiful, pure and clean, his clothing will be correspondingly lovely. If he desires love and companionship, the true other half of himself awaits to be joined to him. He meets here all that he has lost on earth—wife, children, father, mother and friends, and he can be forever united to them if he so desires, or he can be united to whatever is congenial to him. One can be in heaven and still remain on earth if one desires; and this is really the one great cry of the inhabitants of earth: "Oh, we want to be happy!" for happiness is heaven, whether found on earth or within the celestial world.

Well, why are you unhappy? What is wanting to make you happy? One says: "I want more money!" Well, money is of no value whatever. You mean you want the things which money would buy. Well, you can never have anything more on earth than food, shelter and clothing. Have you a shelter which is comfortable? Have you food sufficient to nourish the body? Have you clothing to keep it warm? The most of you will say: "Yes, we have all this."

Then, if you have, look about you and see who has not, and when you cease to find anyone who has not, and you have helped everyone to get them that you have found who has them not, then you may commence to desire more elegant clothes, a more beautiful home and more delicate

food. But do not make yourselves at all unhappy about it, for the most unhappy souls we come in contact with are the very rich; their food doesn't agree with them, as a rule; the objects of beauty, by which they are surrounded, they did not create, and, consequently, do not appreciate; for beauty must exist within the soul to be held at its true value; and it is the beauty created within one that gives true happiness.

You may wish that your clothing was more fashionable and elegant. The ugliest and most unlovable people whom we ever come in contact with are, as a rule, dressed in the extreme of fashion, which usually cramps and renders miserable both body and soul; and the most beautiful beings we have ever met, have been attired in a loose, flowing garment of simple texture, soft and modest in color, and wholly inexpensive.

Now there are spirits who come to this life who are in hell or unhappiness, plenty of them, and many are a long time in learning how to be happy. The most unhappy spirits whom I have ever met were exceedingly wealthy when on earth. Money, and the position it gave them, was about all they thought of. When there they were authoritative to those they considered their inferiors. About all the talent they possessed was that of acquisitiveness, how they might overreach somebody, in other words, rob some one. They had no ennobling qualities whatever. All the grandeur and beauty about them they had purchased for money, it did not originate within their souls; so, when they come here they are cold, shelterless and hungry. They have no money to buy anything with, and if they had, nothing could be bought; everything they possess must be within themselves and their outward clothing will correspond to what they are within themselves. Now perhaps it would interest you to know how some of them are clothed.

A hard, avaricious, grasping man, enters this life. He has never felt pity or commiseration for the sufferings of others. He passes through the gate of death, enters the spiritual. He has been wholly bound up in self and what he could gather to himself. He may have spirit friends here, but he had no love for anyone but himself, so his spirit friends are not particularly attracted to him, and even if they would benefit him his soul is hard and repellant; and, so, oftener than otherwise, he is all alone; there

is no beauty within him, so his surroundings are bare and barren for he naturally gravitates to a plane corresponding to his inner self; his countenance takes on a fierce, scowling, ugly expression; his hair corresponds and is stiff and wiry and naturally takes on a dark, black color; his hands correspond to his inner nature and they take on the appearance of grasping claws; he is usually stooped in his shoulders; his legs are thin as his body, also his arms; his feet are often very large and deformed, for he is of the earth earthy, consequently his feet become flat and large.

Now his natural spiritual garment is shrunk and shriveled up, for the spiritual garment corresponds to the soul, the mind or the spirit. His legs and arms are, as a rule, covered with bristly hair, for the nearer a soul approaches the selfishness of the brute creation, the nearer the spirit's appearance approaches the appearance of the brute.

I have seen many a man and woman, too, who had been, on earth, worth a million or more, with spiritual clothing so shrunk and shriveled that it was scarcely sufficient to cover them. I also said that some spirits here were cold; and this is true, for if a man has been devoid of warmth of soul and generous feeling, his spirit corresponds and becomes cold and chilly and has not warmth enough in it to be comfortable.

Now there are no houses or shelter of any kind here that can be purchased for money, consequently a spirit can have no shelter except that which it creates for itself, or is created for it by some loving spirit who is deeply interested in him, and if he is incapable of creating anything he is often left without shelter of any kind; so, you perceive from what I have said, that the very rich man who comes here is often cold, naked and shelterless, and his starving soul is so hungry that he is nearly like a ravenous wolf and that which is offered him he will not accept, for love and wisdom are the true foods with which to nourish the soul, and if one has not love within his soul he is starved, and if one has not wisdom he hungers unceasingly. So, man of earth, seek not wealth more than will make the body comfortable; after that, add to your spiritual riches, for the wealth of the spirit you can take with you into the celestial life. Your life on earth is very short at the most.

Now all these things that I have said are strictly true

as one will find when one arrives here; and there is a large concourse of people coming here from the earth all the time. It never ceases for a moment, no more than the waves of the ocean cease to beat the shore.

It is a great pleasure to us, my dear son, to be able to write you concerning our life here. We know more or less about your life there on earth, but people of earth do not, as yet, know so much about our life here. This is not as it should be, for according to natural law the knowledge should be reciprocal. If we have the power of knowing of your life, there is no reason why you should not know of our life—no reason except not understanding the laws which govern the interchange of thought, or thought transference. Hypnotism, telepathy and thought transference are great eternal laws and will soon be better understood, and those who are the first to understand them hold a great power for good in their hands.

How happy one ought to be who holds this power, for cannot one do much toward bringing all the world into an understanding of it? I knew very well when I wrote "The Discovered Country," that most of the world at that time would hold you up to derision; but derision and sneers seemed of little moment to me compared to the incalculable good which the world would derive from it sooner or later, for not a truth which I wrote in that book will ever die, and I did not, knowingly, write a single untruth. In every story I have written since that time, all the principles embodied in them are true and the most of the incidents. I have, sometimes, taken the privilege of the novel writer, and strung the incidents together to suit my purpose and have often placed the incidents to the credit of the hero or heroine to keep up the interest of the story or the plot; but whenever I have done so, I have invariably called the book a psychic novel or romance, for I would deceive no one. My object in writing is truth and only truth. Of course I can give these truths in a much more interesting form by using the freedom of the novelist. Many novelists write pernicious or untrue things; the principles underlying them are false; the reasoning of very little account; and in their stories they try to cater to those who are in power, or influence the imagination of the sensualist, or to please and excite the baser element in mankind—to please the multitude and fill their books with as much sensational matter as possible. These

things I have not done. It is not necessary; for where I hold the knowledge obtained from my experience in both worlds in my hands I find a greater amount of truth which I can make use of than could be found in untruths or false principles which lead downward toward destruction.

While I was engaged in writing my books, other spirits became deeply interested, desiring to do the same, as the psychic whom I used was one of the best for this purpose; and there were those who would have liked, very well, to have pushed me to one side; for many here have not forgotten the habits of earth-life; but to these I turned a deaf ear, for I had full control of my medium. I was your guardian and teacher in the form of matter and I have constituted myself the same since leaving the earth and ascending higher, consequently I have allowed no one to gain control of my psychic but those whom I knew would not abuse the privilege.

When in London, Charles Dickens' spirit became interested in you, and I also became intimately acquainted with him. He is so noble and good, desiring only to benefit humanity, that I gladly gave up my place to him for a season, that he might write a few books or stories.

"A Celestial Wanderer" is a true account of his entrance into the spiritual world, and he therein tells of his experience for quite a length of time. His other works have been written somewhat as mine were, to elucidate some great truth or spiritual principle; and we both have succeeded much better than we at first anticipated, and we hope to succeed far better in the future.

Some have said that Mr. Dickens' style was not the same as when on earth. In "A Celestial Wanderer" he explains the reason why it is not. First of all, he is writing through another personality. Second, he does not care to retain the same style he affected on earth; and that particularly humorous style he affected more whilst he was a young man; in later life he became more spiritual and pathetic, and now that he has crossed the silent river he is thinking more deeply of the great truths he has to give to the world in all seriousness, than how he may please the people by affecting the humorous, or, as he now looks at it, holding up immortal souls to ridicule; and, after all is said, it is but the thought which he transfers or stamps on the brain of the psychic; but, whatever sneers

may come up to us will not deter us from our great and most important work.

Now another grand soul, whom I love and who I have reason to think loves me, desires to write a book, and I shall be only too glad to step one side and allow him to do so—and this grand being once bore the name of Robert G. Ingersoll.

Now he and I are both aware of the incredulity, jeers and sneers, by which we shall be assailed, but it will not hinder us in the least.

If he stood before the world with his battle axe, striking down error, for so many years in earth life, meeting incredulity, insult, jeers and sneers, he has the courage as a spirit to fight a little longer.

“Yes,” he says to me, for he is again standing by my side, “yes, I will fight error and battle for the truth and right throughout eternity, if I am permitted to do so.”

Mediums, as well as spirits, are often frightened and deterred from doing all that might be done, by the cry: “Oh, some deceive. Spirits affect to be some one who was great on earth.” If the great ones of earth are not allowed to communicate through mediums, who should be allowed? Must they pretend that they are simply John Smiths, that they may be able to give a message to the lower world? They do not wish to falsify or prevaricate, but if they cannot be allowed to give their messages they must do so in order to be heard. We are well aware that there is an immense amount of fraud, also that what is called drivel comes through the lips of many so-called mediums; but every sensible man or woman ought to be able to tell chaff from wheat. Even a school boy does not call husks corn, or think they are. A medium may be ever so illiterate and yet be a sensitive upon whose brain a renowned man or woman in the celestial world may be able to impress some great thought, thinking it better thus to do than not to give it at all. If you separate the chaff and the wheat too soon, the wheat may decay in consequence, for, sometimes, apparent fraud covers a great and eternal truth. A great, grand thought may be given through illiterate lips, in ungrammatical sentences, which are the husks or covering of the wheat. Sometimes a remarkably fine ear of corn is concealed by shriveled and unsightly husks, so, for a season at least, the spiritual world think it best for the chaff and the wheat to remain

together; the time for the winnowing is not yet, and in pulling up the tares the wheat may be destroyed.

A thousand minds are turned toward Spiritualism by its phenomena; much of this is fraud pure and simple, but the mind begins to inquire and at last arrives at a great deal of truth—moreover—spiritual beings always stand ready to manifest if possible. None of these things will deter Robert G. Ingersoll from writing his book. Nothing ever deterred him from saying what he thought when on the earth, and nothing will deter him now.

LETTER NUMBER SEVEN,

Perhaps, my dear son, it may interest you to know something of my surroundings. At the present time it pleases me to have a beautiful home—to live quietly in it with my lovely wife who, as you well know, is my own other self or the true counterpart of my being. Of course our children are all married and living for each other in whatever way pleases them best. All our grandchildren are situated in the same manner. We have arrived at that time in our career when we leave the care and teaching of our children to those not so far advanced as we are. Our home is more beautiful than anything you have ever seen on the earth, and yet it corresponds with many things you have there. It is a large building, for we often take helpless new-born spirits in and care for them until they are able to care for themselves. Helena busies herself in caring for unfortunate and helpless women, teaching them right and true principles, thereby rendering them strong and able to take care of themselves, or fitting them to care for helpless children who come here before they ought. Our home is built out of what appears to be the finest mother of pearl. Imagine the most beautiful sea-shell you ever saw, and then imagine it many times more beautiful still, and you will get a just conception of the material used in the construction of our home. It has a great number of rooms and they are all large and grand,

for I loved, when on earth, all that was grand and beautiful. We have an immense music-room filled with all kinds of musical instruments, another large hall given up to teaching and instruction of all kinds, in their various branches of knowledge and art; we also have an immense parlor, or reception room, wherein we receive spiritual visitors; and whenever we desire to see a person of note, we have only to earnestly wish or will, and immediately the vibratory waves set up in our ethereal atmosphere reach the sensorium of the spiritual brain or camera and, if convenient, the spirit will come to us, or if not, we go to the home of the one whom we wish to see.

Now, Carlyle, I am not writing you a tissue of falsehoods, but the real and exact truth.

Spiritual beings would not be happy floating around through space without object or home of any kind any more than people are or would be on earth. Human beings can thus float around, if they desire, without home or shelter, picking up what stray stuff they may be able to find; but when they do they are called tramps or vagabonds; and it is the same here with this exception—all who will receive wisdom, it is ready for them for the taking or asking, nothing compels them to remain in poverty if they do not desire to, but our poverty and riches are of the mind or spirit.

Now we have something here which corresponds to eating or sleeping; so we have a large and elegant dining-hall wherein we receive many guests. We do not cook food and eat it as you do, but we are seated at table together with our guests and while we daintily partake, apparently, of bread and fruit, water and wine we hold long and animated discussions on all the questions which interest mankind, also all those which interest spiritual beings, and you may be sure we have enough to talk about.

Our rooms take on the appearance of beautiful apartments in earth life, for all beauty in art originates here first and is transmitted to sensitives on the earthly plane; that is how you get models of beauty there, except what nature furnishes you; and our musical instruments are made—or are so delicately constructed—that the vibrations of sound only vibrate the ethereal atmosphere, consequently the sounds are not audible to dull, earthly ears. Our rooms appear to be carpeted with soft carpets of richest texture and exquisite pattern. I forgot to mention

that we have also a large library of valuable books, for good and true books exist here as on earth—so, be careful, authors, that you write nothing to be ashamed of when you arrive here. We have elegant seats, tables, and beautiful furniture of all kinds. Our sleeping or resting rooms, are fitted up with couches and misty, white draperies; but all these things we create with our minds and the thoughts become objective things which we can enjoy and others with us. So, dear ones of earth, exercise your creative faculties to their fullest extent; it will well repay you to do so, for they are some of the treasures which one lays up in heaven or within the heavenly or celestial. One can no more live here, within the ethereal, without creating or thinking than one can on earth; the difference being that one's thoughts become objective or visible and one is surrounded by them. It really is so on earth, but the duller senses do not take cognizance of them. One is surrounded by one's thoughts, and most sensitives feel, or perceive these things clairvoyantly.

How often you will hear some people say: "I don't like this or that one; I detest him or her; I feel creepy all over when in their presence." How often those in earth life, who do not heed these things, are deceived, betrayed or finally robbed or ruined because they did not heed them.

I wrote to you in "The Discovered Country" that the spirit existing within all things which have life, ascends to this life, when those things appear to die or decay on earth; and this is true; consequently, we have everything here that you do there; we have vast forests, plains, mountains, rivers, seas, oceans, vegetation of all kinds, animal and insect life in their various forms, flowers, shrubbery, rivulets, ponds; nothing at all is left out, but on the contrary much is added that you have never seen, for we have also all that the past can give.

Now it has been said on earth, and we have heard these sayings, that there would not be room enough within the celestial spheres to hold all these things. We think those who can say this must entertain very cramped notions of eternity. Do such minds ever stop to consider that eternity has no bounds or limits—that it is forever and forever?

I know it is hard for one to conceive of this, but how can one put boundaries to never-ending eternity or space?

Still, there is a limit or end to the forms that the earth produces, but the limits are so vast that a mind on earth could not possibly take them in.

Eternity is filled with forms of all kinds, and eternity has no beginning or ending bounds or limits. So, when I tell you, Carlyle, that our home is situated near a beautiful lake, it need cause you no surprise. The lake bears the same correspondence that lakes do of earth. The ethereal water is just as much heavier than the ethereal air as the water on the earth is denser than the atmosphere, and within the waters here, glide beautiful fishes—the spirits of those that have died on earth, and it is the same with our animals, they arise up more and more beautiful, one sphere above another, but nothing propagates its species here. All propagation is on the material earths and the earths cannot and do not propagate more than the celestial worlds need—moreover, nothing is crowded here and there are vast areas of space—so vast, indeed, that the mind of man cannot even conceive of them—wherein no form yet exists.

When wild animals die on the earth, their spirits rise into great spiritual forests which are so wild and gloomy that human spirits seldom or never visit them; when great sea monsters die, or smaller fish, their spirits ascend and find homes within boundless spiritual oceans. Your globe of earth, that seems so vast to you, is but a small speck, or like a grain of sand, compared to eternity and its eternal heavens. It is simply that the mind of man cannot grasp these things.

Forms come up through the material, not that they may perish, but that they may be conserved to fill eternity with beauty and intelligence—not only the intelligence of mankind, but the lesser intelligence of beasts, birds, reptiles and fishes—these forms to nature are just as beautiful as is that of man. Do you ever stop to think, my dear son, that there are other earths, or planets, in space, whose inhabitants are so much beyond the men of earth that a man to them would appear as a reptile does to man on earth. Such is the fact, however; but the dwellers of those planets are too wise altogether to say: “Oh, the reptile man, on that small, insignificant earth cannot be immortal”—for they well know that all forms whatever are immortal and imperishable. Why the forms of everything you have on earth are contained within a small ethe-

real germ—spiritual germ—which must be held within all earthly seed, whatever its kind, and each after its kind—and right here is where man makes a fatal mistake, for the spiritual germs of everything in existence or that ever did or ever will exist are forever within the ethereal atmosphere, and as this ether penetrates through the material atmosphere the flowers of all vegetation attract and hold, each its kind; so of all animals, so of all men. Men and animals breathe or inhale these germs; the male, or positive element, holds what can be made use of, the others escape—for they are indestructible in the exhalations of the breath or through the pores of the skin or through any or all organs of the body. The first form of anything does not hold the seed of all that is to come after, within itself. Such an idea is absolutely ridiculous, but the parent of anything forms the seed of that which is to immediately follow, by having the power to hold the spiritual germ. Forms have gradually evolved one after another, but they do not evolve the spiritual germs, but each male form is able to hold germs, which he inhales from the atmosphere, for the next generation which is to follow; this, then, completes the circle. At the age of puberty the next generation inhales and holds other germs which are the seeds of a future generation, and this is true of all vegetable and animal life.

Now you ask me about heredity. The spiritual germ has nothing to do with heredity. It is absolutely pure and undefiled, but as it takes on its first material clothing from the being who holds it, the flesh inherits all, or at least many of the traits of the parents. The father first clothes the ethereal germ in his blood and if his flesh is filled with vileness he clothes the germ accordingly and is even more responsible for the hereditary tendencies of the child than the mother. She does not furnish the life or the living principle—the germ—she is negative and has not the power to hold them—she is female—but she furnishes the egg, or ovum; the germ therein finds lodgment and is nourished by the contents of the egg until it has taken on sufficient material to be hatched or thrown into the material world. If the germ is that of a mammal the egg falls, after a short time when it is ready, into the womb, there it is nourished by the blood of the mother until ready to be born.

Heredity is simply that which is inherited from the ma-

terial with which the father or mother has clothed the germ. This is also the reason why children resemble their parents, but the soul, the inner principle, is not tainted in the least, for sooner or later, either in the material, or spiritual, or celestial life, it becomes perfect as at first and has progressed up through the material, the spiritual, the celestial gradually throwing off all impurities on its course until it is a God-angel, or arch-angel, or the wisest and best angel that man can possibly conceive of and man cannot conceive of such an angel while yet he is so small and unprogressed as to be a man within a material body.

But nothing is mean—nothing is insignificant—nothing can ever be. We are not the makers of anything that exists, consequently we have no right to despise anything whatever, not even the smallest insect or worm. Life does not originate with man; he simply observes it, and the nearer he approaches angelhood the less he feels like despising anything that exists within the universe, for all is God; All is God!

LETTER NUMBER EIGHT.

There is no innocent pleasure or happiness that is denied to the spirit of man, and he can also indulge in vicious pleasures if he is so inclined; but, when one once thoroughly comprehends that all vice, of whatever kind, leads directly to misery, unhappiness—in other words, hell—he will not indulge in vice nor break natural laws if he understands them. It is the spirit or soul which really enjoys anything and not the material body, as some seem to think; and as the soul ascends higher and higher in the spheres its pleasures are enhanced more and more.

The material earth is but one sphere, yet it is not the first sphere or beginning. The germinal sphere within the ethereal atmosphere is the first sphere—that is, as far as I myself know. The earth sphere is the second sphere; the celestial sphere is the third sphere; and from thence the spirit rises into many spheres which are not necessary to be enumerated here; but our world is filled up with details like your own. Man lives on earth perhaps for three score years and ten, possibly more. It seems to him as he moves along through life that it is all made up of small details. He often becomes quite impatient with the smallness of them, but his whole existence is made up of seconds, and minutes, hours, days, months, years, and it is the same here.

We do not count time as you do, to be sure, but our lives are made up from small details or events, and we count our time from one event to another, the small events of our own lives and the great events that mark off eternity.

I would like now to tell you a little about our journeys.

On the earth you travel from one town to another, you travel from one ocean to another, you travel from one country to another, you travel around the globe, and so

forth. We travel from one place to another, we travel from one sphere to another, we travel from one planet to another, and sometimes we take a turn through the zone of the milky way, as it is called on earth, but, in reality, it is another vast zone of innumerable worlds; suns, moons, planets and earths. I here simply speak of these things as you understand them, for nearly all planets are earths except the suns, and these are not, as will sometime be discovered; it will also be discovered that all the suns are dual in their nature, the real bodies of the two being composed of elementary principles, and it is the play of two elements back and forth which causes light and heat. The real bodies of the suns are not visible to man, nor could they be, owing to the blazing light which they generate, and this light is really a burning, flaming light, and combustion is the cause.

You have often seen the lightning's flash, have you not? and you know that the cause of the lightning is the meeting of two elements, and as they meet one sets fire to the other and an explosion follows which gives the bright flash. Now the two elementary bodies of the sun act in precisely the same way; as each one revolves, each throws off its elementary principle, and as these elements meet, one sets fire to the other and combustion is the result. The real bodies of the sun are not as large by many degrees, as some astronomers think. Nothing is ever seen of the sun but the result of these two forces; the blazing light is seen but not the two bodies of the sun itself.

In my book, "Oceanides," also in "The Discovered Country," I have given a detailed account of these two bodies and how they first came to exist, and if I had not visited the sun in person I should not be able to tell you about it.

Astronomers have yet much to learn—and their vortex and fire-mist theories are not the correct ones—neither is the moon an old and worn-out world, but a baby world not yet fit for habitation—and it is a child of your earth, yet in leading-strings. Who, for one moment, can suppose that the moons of Jupiter and Saturn are old worn-out worlds? No; they have been thrown off from these planets—they are their children.

All nature moves in circles or families, with father, mother and children—or positive and negative principles producing a third form, and thereafter many other forms.

The spirits who dictated Camille Flammarion's book were right. They made no mistake for the latest little moons discovered have but lately come into being and have not been sufficiently modulated into roundness as to be hardly visible even with the best telescopes. Such spirits as would control this great astronomer do not falsify as a rule, but it is very hard for them to make people understand all which they wish to convey. If the psychic had been a fine, negative lady, much better results would have been obtained. True mediums are nearly all to be found among the female sex. Males are altogether too positive and the greater part of the fakirs and frauds are to be found among them; still, there are a few inspirational lecturers and many inspirational writers. Among the inspirational writers might be mentioned Andrew J. Davis, Hudson Tuttle, Joseph R. Buchanan, James M. Peebles, E. D. Babbitt, W. E. Coleman, J. S. Loveland, Moses Hull. Many of these are also inspirational lecturers. Lyman C. Howe, J. J. Morse, W. J. Colville, and many others—and here let me say that Robert G. Ingersoll was really an inspirational lecturer and writer, although unknown to himself; but it is nevertheless a fact that he was really used by a forceful band of spirits to do as he did, and help the spiritual world to crush out the false that the true might find a place. But my friend Robert was not quite spiritual-minded enough to see clearly into the spiritual realm, and did not know that he was being used by spiritual beings; yet there were times when he was surprised at himself, and he often said to himself, "If there are spiritual beings who inspire us mortals, I think they must have made use of me to-day," or this evening, as the case might be; but, then, on the other hand, he often ascribed all to his vivid imagination, not really understanding what the word imagination really means. Image, or imagine—imagination. The image of something impressed upon the brain, and these images or thoughts are nearly always impressed or imaged on the brain of a sensitive, or as is often the case on the brain of a strong and robust person, but the brain of such is usually very sensitive, or of fine, strong quality.

Yes, Robert G. Ingersoll was a true medium, all unknown to himself, and was literally obeying the behests of higher intelligences within the spiritual or celestial spheres. He has now met many of these guides face to

face and they have had a good laugh at his expense, and he has laughed with them as heartily as they and as joyfully as the happiest of them.

My son, as I am with you much of the time just now, because I wish to write you these letters, I heard you when you asked, "Why were so many musical instruments needed in my home?" as you are well aware that I played no instrument but the piano. If you were here yourself, one of the first things which you would desire would be to meet many of the great masters in music. Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Rubinstein, Wagner and very many others; besides you would like to take part, I know, in a grand orchestral concert in company with them. This was really one of the first things which I desired, and whatever one desires here, the wish is surely gratified. You were well acquainted with some of these great masters yourself, and often played with and for them, especially Liszt and Rubinstein, and you know that they are often with you in spirit.

Now what more delightful to me than to have an immense music room wherein these great and honored masters may meet or visit me in person? Not that I was exceedingly great when on earth, yet the grandest music was within my soul, and they consider me one with them as they will also consider you when you arrive here. What more delightful, I again ask, than to take part with them in a grand orchestral concert? and to have all the various instruments represented. Oh, we make the heavens resound sometimes, be sure of that. If I have a beautiful home such as I have described, think what the homes of these glorious spirits must be? If mine is beautiful, theirs are transcendently beautiful, and all differ. No two are alike, because no two souls are alike, and their homes correspond to themselves, for from their own minds they build them; consequently, Helena and myself like to go abroad and visit their homes, and we have many, many invitations; for these great masters often send for us as we send for them. How else do you suppose heaven can be heaven to a great musician unless he could enjoy his art and give joy to others by the exercise of it? A great lecturer or teacher like our Robert, for instance, could not be happy unless he were imparting to others his ideas and receiving their thoughts. A great astronomer like Camille Flammarion and others, could and would not be

happy unless he were able to visit the heavenly bodies—the suns, moons, stars, and planets—and discover all that he possibly could about them and then return to his native earth and impress his knowledge on the sensitive brain of others whom he was able to reach.

And authors? How could great authors be happy unless they could be interested in books and the art of writing them?

I have often heard you say: “Poor Du Maurier! He did not live to enjoy his success.” Therein you are wrong. He lives and could never have enjoyed his reward—public approval—as he does now. Who so interested as he when the play, taken from his book, is performed to his satisfaction. Why you ought to see him at such times. No soul could be happier. The most unhappy beings of all who are in spirit life are the men and women who have given all their energies and mind to the accumulating of money and have not cultivated the higher faculties of the soul. These are the most wretched, the most poverty-stricken, and oftener than otherwise are homeless vagabonds, going about in rags and tatters, for their souls are often so poverty-stricken that they are not able to clothe themselves as spirits ought to be clothed.

LETTER NUMBER NINE.

There is one point that I should like to make you and others clearly understand. There may be those who do understand it well, but there are many who do not, and it is this:

Distance is simply that which lies between. For instance, if nothing intervened between the earth and the nearest planet, there would be no distance between the earth and that planet. Astronomers tell you that there are millions of miles intervening between the earth and the planets. What constitutes these miles, do you think? Not entirely the earth's atmosphere, for that does not extend even one thousand miles. Then what is it that lies between? There must be millions of miles of something or there could not be millions of miles of distance.

Now, my son, I will tell you, for I am a spirit dwelling within this substance, and this substance is the ether, or the ethereal atmosphere. Atmosphere may not be, and is not, the proper word, but ether or ethereal substance is, for if ethereal substance can be measured and calculated by miles, it certainly is of vast importance, and if all space is filled by this ethereal substance—a substance that can be weighed and measured—think you that these vast distances have nothing at all within them? Oh; quite the contrary. They hold the sublimated essences of all things that grow or live on the earths, besides the elementary principles that produce all material things. The elementary principles first exist. They take form within the material and those forms then exist as forms within the ethereal or celestial world. The spiritual world is not composed of spheres alone, but is comprised within all space and distances between the globes or spheres of more material matter; but we have planes and never ending

planes of existing things. I am well aware that the human mind can scarcely grasp it, and there are millions of spirits whose minds cannot grasp it as yet; but there is room enough, time enough, throughout eternity for all to live, for all to grow, for all to become wise, for all eventually to be Gods in their own right and in their own way.

All spiritual forms arise up and away from the material, but before rising they often make themselves both seen and felt. A dying rose, as it arises from the material, is materially sensed by its perfume, which is really the spiritual substance of the rose arising on its way to fairer climes. The spirit of a man or woman often makes its presence known in a very material and sensible way. Sometimes it is seen, sometimes felt, sometimes by the sense of hearing, and sometimes a combination of all three—seeing, hearing, and sensing—before it arises to fairer climes; and after it has once arisen, it may and can return and manifest its presence in various ways as conditions permit; but we consider the best way of all is by the art of thought photography—using the material brain of a medium as a camera and from thence impressing the sensitive spirit of the medium, which may be compared to the sensitive plate of the photographer.

I would like to pause here for a moment to address one who is well-known on earth, also in the spiritual world:

Mr. Babbitt—Dear sir:—My medium is much concerned because the same thoughts have been impressed upon your spirit, or brain, or both. All herein written, up to the present moment, was written before our medium saw your article in the *Banner of Light*, in answer to Mr. Dawbarn. Do not be at all surprised at this, my dear sir, for spirits hasten to correct erroneous ideas as soon as possible and they can find the proper channels through which to do so. Our medium has just read your article and at once exclaimed: "Oh! now people will think that I obtained my ideas from Mr. Babbitt." But let us hasten to say that this is not the case. Spiritual ideas and answers to all sorts of questions are given through various mediums at the same time; and at the very moment that you were writing your article to the *Banner of Light*, we were also writing through this channel almost identically the same thing, your plane and that of the medium being about the same.

Now there is one other question that I wish to touch upon, and that is the atomic theory. This theory was not taken from your book by our medium. At the time of writing "The Discovered Country," and other books, our medium did not know that there was such a person as Mr. Babbitt in the world—had not at that time ever read one word of your writings. No, my friend, we tell you the truth. Truth given by spiritual beings to the earth is given through various channels at the same time, the mediums not knowing or ever hearing of one another. This should be evidence to those of earth that these things are really from a spiritual source.

Now, Mr. Babbitt, respected sir, you are as fine a medium as exists on the earth to-day, and many, very many high intelligences use your brain and spirit to give beautiful and grand truth to the lower world; but there are a few others who are used at the same time, and are as much surprised as yourself, when they find that others have received the same thing at the same time.

But, my dear sir, Aristotle, the old Grecian philosopher, taught the atomic theory over two thousand years ago. I wrote "The Discovered Country" about twenty years ago, and my medium had not, at that time, read a word of Aristotle, and knew nothing whatever of his ideas of atoms. I, Franz Petersilea, wrote the book, through my medium, by what is called automatic writing—that is, the medium was in a comatose or partially unconscious condition—and I, finding my opportunity, seized the hand and wrote the book, at this time not being able to use the brain as a camera—the camera being, at that early date, too obscure or clouded by errors and false teachings.

Now, if I, as a spirit, could not remember, everything that I have tried to do would be in vain. Mr. Babbitt is right when he says that the higher vibrations here within the ethereal atmosphere, cause the spirit to remember with greater distinctness than before. The higher vibrations bring out the pictures wherewith memory is stored, more vividly.

The wearied brain of one in the earth life may be compared to an indistinct or partially faded negative that the photographer with his art, or knowledge rather, must bring out bright and clear; and this is what the higher vibrations do for us. Our ethereal atmosphere is as clear and sparkling as is possible for human beings to conceive,

and our memories are just as much clearer than formerly as our atmosphere is clearer than that of earth.

A man looks in water and his image is somewhat blurred and distorted, he looks in a good mirror and sees himself clearly, and there is precisely that distinction between our images of memory here and when we were there.

Now, in the book which I wrote called "The Discovered Country," I wrote my experience precisely as it occurred to me, thinking it certainly could not fail to interest the people of earth. It was my duty to write it, or so I felt; and if my soul sternly told me what I ought to do, I felt compelled to do it; and consequently did it. I knew that my son would have to suffer much in consequence, nevertheless my soul sternly commanded it, and I obeyed, and the consequences were as I expected they would be, or as wiser spirits than myself told me they would be. My beloved son lost all his former prestige, together with the financial benefit accruing therefrom; slanderous tongues assailed him and his great powers as a piano virtuoso were now passed by as of no account. This grieved me much, even as a spirit, for I had given a large part of my earthly life, and all the means at my command, to educate and put the finishing touches to this child of genius. He had been put under the best masters of music that Germany could afford, such ones as Moscheles, Liszt, and many others, and at a very early age he astonished even them with his wonderful facility and correct interpretation of the higher class of music, and when he played from the great master, Beethoven, they were enthusiastic in their praises of his inspirational rendering of the great composer's music. How little they then comprehended that the great master himself was filling his youthful frame, and touching with his spiritual fire the brain of this sensitive pupil. How ready the world was then, after his return to America, to fall at his feet, so to speak, in adoration of his genius; but, when I his father, who had but lately entered the celestial world, wished to help that same world and tell them something of this higher life, they turned upon my innocent son and rended him.

He knew no more of this life than they did, but he was a great sensitive, and as I had always controlled him when I was in the body, I found on leaving it I could still control him and I did not hesitate to do so; but twenty

years of earthly time have passed into eternity since then, which seems but a few days to me, owing to clearer and higher vibrations, and still my son has not been reinstated in public opinion.

Mothers say, "Oh, he is a Spiritualist! We don't want our children taught by a Spiritualist, even if he plays like an angel—even if the spirits of Beethoven, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Rubinstein, Wagner, Chopin, Liszt, or any other of the great masters are really animating him." Mothers, listen to the voice of a father who loved his son as much, and perhaps more, than you do your children—who still loves him as you will still love your children when you, too, shall come here to be with us in the spiritual realm. Do you know what it means to be a Spiritualist? If you do not I will tell you. It means all that is good, pure and holy. It certainly means this to my son. It means that heaven can communicate with earth. It means that the souls of the departed great and gifted ones, who once dwelt on earth, can be with and influence your children to be great, gifted, pure, and good. It means heaven. It means knowledge, wisdom, love and truth. It means all that is virtuous, and it means happiness, immortality—everlasting life.

How will you feel, oh mothers, when you come here, to find that through your own neglect and wrong teaching, you cannot reach the children of your love, for you purposely kept the knowledge of the truth from them when you were with them in the body. You taught them to despise one whom you called a Spiritualist. Oh, you will, as I did, shed many bitter tears of regret—you will strive to undo the wrong which you did, and find, as I have found, that in trying to do so you will be the means of bringing your children into disrepute and financial ruin. Oh, you will say, as I have said: "If I had but informed myself on this great and important subject and taught my children the truth when I was still with them in the form, my soul would now be singing for joy;" but the stern diction would be: "Return, O, Soul, and do the work which you failed to do when on the earth."

There is no escaping it. The law is immutable, unchanging; for, unless this were so, all progression, either on earth or within the celestial world, would be at an end.

Suppose, oh, mothers, you were to leave your loved ones for a season and go to a foreign land to pay a visit—to see

new sights never seen before—to hear new sounds never heard before—to have delightful experiences never had before—that you had left your heart at home with your loved ones—your children, and husband, mayhap—how it would delight you to write to them and tell them all about the wonderful things you had seen and heard—how you would like to tell them of the beautiful country you were in and wherein it differed from the one you had left—how you would like to tell them how much you still loved them, how much you thought about them and of the gifts you meant to send them—suppose, when they received these letters they should sneer and say they did not believe a word of it—did not believe the letters were from their mother—it was nonsense! Letters from a far country could not possibly reach them. If they could not from their mother—it was all nonsense. Letters from a far country could not possibly reach them. If they could not see you, you were not; or, at the very best, so far away that to know anything about you was impossible. And so your messages were flung away without being opened or read; your children refused all knowledge that you might be able to impart to them; and, if added to this you had taught them to do this very thing before you went away, do not you think you would be grieved—sorely grieved—and would not you justly lay the blame to yourself? Suppose that you availed yourself of the telegraph and telephone—the Atlantic cable telegraph, and your children heard the clicking of the receivers at the stations and on hearing those raps or clicks they should laugh and sneer and say: “Do you think that my mother would condescend to such puerile methods as clicks and rappings?”

And you had taught them to laugh and scorn them yourself before you went, and by so doing you could not now when you so much desired it, get a word to them of any kind. How would you feel?

Perhaps one of your children would inform himself or herself a little on the subject of rappings, clickings and messages, or even go so far as to give a little thought to telepathy, or thought transference, and that child's mind should reach out lovingly, longingly toward you in the distance, and that child should say: “Oh! mother! How I want to see you, or if I cannot see you how much I should like to hear from you. I would like to know where you are and how you are enjoying yourself. I

want, oh, so much, to know if you are well and happy, what you are doing, and all concerning you and the new country you are visiting. Now I am going to receive and read these messages that they tell me you have sent. I am sure I shall know my own mother's writing and the way she expresses herself, and I shall feel her love for me in these messages if they are really from her."

And when he had read your letters and messages, he knew at once they were from his own dear mother, for no other could or would write to him like that; also, he should listen to the telegraph dispatches, and hear the distant voice of his beloved mother through the telephone, and he could doubt no longer, but know that you were communing with him, and in his satisfaction and delight he should tell his brothers and sisters of the fact and show them some of the dispatches and letters, what would you think, or how would you feel, if these who would not believe, thrust the one who did out from his home, branded him as an idiot, or a credulous fool, and would allow him no privileges that by right belonged to him, and he went forth nearly heart-broken at their treatment and unbelief, also by treating him as they had done they had robbed him of the very means of existence—they had taken the very bread from his mouth, simply because he in his generosity had tried to put the bread from heaven into their mouths—or, rather, the mouths of their minds. He had tried to make them happy in the knowledge he had to give them and in return he was driven forth as an outcast and branded a Spiritualist, so that the sneers of those in his profession might tear his sensitive heart and rend his soul asunder with grief.

Now this is what you are doing, oh, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, for the world is all one family. No one is so capable of teaching your children as the sensitive, inspirational one, who has the higher spiritual intelligences at oneness with him, and no one living could be more careful of the morals of your daughters and sons than the one who knows that eyes of the pure angels are upon him at all times and know all that he does, every act he commits; every thought even that he thinks. The pure eyes of the angel mother, the observing eyes of his father long since within the celestial life, besides all the heavenly hosts.

LETTER NUMBER TEN.

My dear son, I have long desired to write to you of spiritual correspondences, and now find my opportunity:

As I come in contact with many emanations from the minds of men and women of earth, I find that much uncertainty prevails among them as to our mode of existence here in the celestial life. Some seem to think that nothing exists here except the higher spiritual portion of men and women; all else is null and void, and these go floating aimlessly about through space, their sole purpose being that of progression—and why progression? Simply that they may be in bliss or happiness.

Well, to say the least, such a motive on their part would be the height of supreme selfishness.

Now, I seem to hear the reply: "But they desire wisdom that they may impart it to others below them." Yes, here a grand truth is struck; but what do they desire to know about, and the answer should be: The eternal, unchangeable laws of the Universal Whole. Now it is this Universal Whole that I wish to talk about. If the souls of men and women roam through space or ether, and there is nothing there but ether—no forms of any kind but themselves—how would it be possible for them to learn anything? It is true that they might be able to impart to each other the wisdom already obtained on earth, but that would soon become exhausted, and then what? Why, of course, a dead level; eternal progression would be impossible and the highest spirits could not get a step beyond this level.

The most of those of earth, with whom I come in contact, believe that we, as spiritual beings, retain the same form that we bore on earth. Herein they are right. Our forms are the same, and we possess every organ that we

manifested through the earthly body. In fact, when the spiritual life is withdrawn from the earthly body, it is dead and the life of every organ is still intact within the spiritual form.

Now if these organs exist, they certainly exist because there is need of them; otherwise they could not retain their power or form and nothingness would be the result. Now if a spiritual being is possessed of feet, those feet are for the purpose of walking, and if there were nothing but ether to walk upon, a spirit would not be able to walk at all. If there are spiritual feet, there is a corresponding spiritual earth to walk upon, and this spiritual earth is as dense to the spiritual feet, correspondingly, as the material earth is to material feet. If any on earth can gainsay this logical truth, let them say their say and follow out their logic to its ultimate conclusion. If there is a spiritual earth—as there certainly is—it is not a barren waste, for if it were the material earth would be far more useful and beautiful than the spiritual. Can any person of mature mind on earth come to such a conclusion as this? No! All must naturally and truthfully conclude that the spiritual earth must be exceedingly more beautiful than the material earth, and in order that it may be useful and beautiful, forms must certainly exist upon it. The beautiful and useful are eternal verities that do not and cannot perish; consequently we have in spirit life every form that ever existed upon the earth. A form once developed can never perish, for that which developed the form is the spirit of that form and cannot die. So when I speak to you, my son, of spiritual spheres wherein are oceans, seas, rivers, lakes, mountains, plains, valleys, trees, shrubbery, flowers, vegetable and animal life, be not dismayed, for I simply tell you the truth; they are spiritual verities and correspondencies. When I tell you of cities, towns and villages, I tell you the truth, for spiritual beings construct these things to suit their convenience and pleasure. The higher and more exalted the spirit, the more beautiful its surroundings which it has constructed about it. Every faculty of the mind and body which those of earth possess they still retain when freed from the body, for all these things were of the spirit and not the body, the spirit simply making use of the material while encased within it; and the sole reason why it is encased within it is, that the tender, ignorant, innocent spirit may have protection

and sufficient covering until it is developed enough to get along without it; in other words—be strong enough, and developed enough, to be fitted for the higher, grander, more spiritual life in store for it.

Now if every faculty of the mind exists, it is certainly for the purpose of use. If a spirit did not make use of each and every faculty that it possessed, those faculties would soon become dormant and perish. Nothing can perish, consequently each faculty is made to serve some grand purpose; each faculty must grow, and grow on forever; and, what transcendent heights each faculty may attain! A spiritual being has eyes and can see, but if there were nothing but ether or space to look at, what need of sight?

You may say, "Well, they could look at each other." Granted; but I fear the eye would become wearied and long for change, for even at that a dead level would soon be reached and the eye would deteriorate and lose all power of seeing any other form than a representation of itself. No, dear friends, such is not the case. The spiritual eye is capable of seeing every form that ever existed or ever will exist within the universal whole, and countless millions of forms that have never been seen on earth, besides.

Now, if a spiritual being retains all the faculties that it possessed while in the material form or casing, as certainly all must admit who believe in continued existence, is it not clear that all such faculties are for use, otherwise those faculties would grow dim and gradually fade away entirely and a spirit would fall below what it was as a man. We are sure no one would like to think thus, and such is not the truth. Nay; but spiritual beings retain all the faculties they had while in the body and other faculties which on earth were nearly dormant or undeveloped, are added thereto, and each faculty is capable of endless development; but before a soul can become rounded into all that is beautiful, each and every faculty must be equally developed; those which have not been brought into play on earth must be cultivated in the spiritual realms until the soul is equally developed in all directions. In order that any faculty may be developed it must be put to use, and in order that it may be put to use, there must be something for it to use, otherwise all would be nil. A spirit has the faculty of constructiveness, and there must

be existing material which he can use to construct with. A spirit has the faculty of destructiveness, and if there were nothing which needed to be destroyed this faculty would also be nil. A spirit has the faculty to compute numbers, and the great eternal law of mathematics exists.

It sounds strange to many, no doubt, that spirits have houses, temples, halls of learning and so forth, and it also seems preposterous to many that they have musical instruments, chairs, tables and other furniture, but such is the case, however, and when we say that we have land and water, boats, ships and so forth, those whom we inspire to teach the truth about these things are laughed to scorn and called demented, lunny, crazy Spiritualists, and so on. Now the most of the people who do this are those who are called orthodox, but these same orthodox believe in a male personality seated on a throne, wearing a golden crown, wielding a scepter of gold, surrounded by a host of spirits or angels who are clothed in white apparel, wearing crowns of gold upon their heads and carrying golden harps in their hands, continually shouting praises to that God or king; but when a spirit writes through a medium describing a hall of learning apparently of marble, containing chairs, a rostrum, windows, musical instruments and so forth, these same orthodox consider the medium a lunatic.

Who told these same people about the heaven with pearly gates, streets paved with gold, white robes, crowns and golden harps, also that the spirits or angels had the power of shouting and singing? If one asks them they will reply: "Why, inspired men, of course—men inspired of God." How did God inspire them? Did he come in person and talk through them? What is inspiration? Now we put it to this world of orthodoxy: What is inspiration? Does God talk directly through these inspired ones, or does he send his angels or messengers? The word angel simply means a messenger. If you answer, he sends his angels or messengers, then we shall ask you: Well, how do these messengers or angels inspire men? or how did they inspire them? for you do not admit that there is inspiration at the present time. We would like you to explain the *modus operandi*. If you say God inspired them directly, then what was his mode of doing it? Did he enter the inspired one in person? If you reply in the affirmative, then we say that you believe something

far more preposterous than any Spiritualist ever dreamed of believing, and if the Spiritualist was not more generous than yourself, he might, with very good reason apply the term lunatic to you; but we will hope the Spiritualist has better sense and a more highly developed soul. On the other hand if you admit that these men of old were inspired by God's messengers or angels, then we meet on common ground, for this is precisely what Spiritualists do believe, or rather they know it because they are thus inspired.

LETTER NUMBER ELEVEN.

We have, in these letters, been trying to teach just how spirits inspire men, women and children, and we are met by the assertion that inspiration ceased long ago. After all, this seems to be the hair that is split, or the dividing line between the Spiritualist and the good old orthodox—for they are good, the most of them, they are level-headed and are not lunatics or even crazy—but this diverging line—let us see if we cannot bring the paths nearer together.

All intelligent people to-day believe that the world is more enlightened than formerly; they think that men's brains are larger and of finer quality than in the olden days; they will tell you of the wonderful achievements in the arts and sciences; they will point to the telephone, the telegraph, the X-ray, as proof of their assertion, and we smile benignly and interestedly and are most happy to agree with them; really, we seem to be walking side by side with them. Surely, this split hair must be very fine indeed—but the point of difference—let us try to discover it. When did inspiration cease? Could you point out the exact date? Did all inspiration cease with Jesus of Nazareth? No; you think his disciples were inspired also—Paul, John, on the Isle of Patmos, and many others. And did not Jesus and his disciples distinctly say, "Go ye and do likewise?" If they were inspired to write, heal

the sick, make the lame walk and the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and they told mankind to go and do likewise, pray tell us when and where inspiration ceased? If, as you say, you think inspiration has ceased, then men must have degenerated instead of progressing, their brains must have become smaller and of coarser texture; but you agree with me that this is not so. If their brains are larger and finer than formerly, are they not more easily inspired? Do they not more nearly approach the spiritual? A photographer will tell you that the finer and more sensitive his plate, the better the picture stamped thereon; and we tell you, dear orthodox friends, that the larger and finer the brain of a man or woman, the better the thought pictures which we stamp, or photograph upon them; and this is the *modus operandi* of that which is called inspiration.

Come, my good orthodox brother or sister, let us walk together. The lines do not diverge so much, after all. Let us get over the childish habit of making faces, calling names and saying, "You shan't play in my back yard." Let us be noble, generous, forgiving men and women, either in or out of the body.

* * * * *

Many who philosophise and write of the celestial or spiritual life, apparently forget that more than two-thirds of all who come here are women and children, and they range all the way from the tiny infant to the adult. Comparatively few persons live to be aged, and two-thirds of all who live on earth are women and children; but many writers seem to ignore this fact and seemingly write only for those who are capable of deep, abstruse reasoning. This is especially noticeable in Spiritualistic writings. This is a great mistake and ought to be rectified.

The average woman, more especially if she be young, takes up a spiritual journal, glances over it, then throws it down with a yawn. "The dry stuff," she murmurs. "I don't understand it, and can't get interested in it. Why don't they print some charming stories, something interesting?" And children never think of reading a word in these papers, and as we said before, two-thirds of the world are women and children, young men and maidens—perhaps more than two-thirds.

Now this is not as it should be. If this large majority could be interested the world would move on more rap-

idly. "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Very few women seem to write for the Spiritualistic press. Now this is a great pity, for women writers would interest this great majority far more than male philosophers possibly can. Nearly all the interesting writing and stories of the present time are written by women, but these women are not Spiritualists and these books and stories contain no hint of the life after the death of the body. Whenever the subject is touched upon at all, it simply accords with the orthodox standard. We often wish that some of the spiritual lecturers and writers would come down from their stilts and talk and write so that this large majority could fully understand them and become interested in what they have to write or say.

My dear son, Carlyle, from the time I first ventured to take control and write, I have tried to write great truths in simple language. Simple, concise language seems to be greatly needed at the present time among Spiritualists. Some of the grandest truths that have ever been given to the world have been given through poetry, romance and novel writing, for these are especially attractive to the great majority, and it is the same here in the celestial world.

How do you suppose we teach this great majority? A tiny infant, a small child or even a youth or maiden, to say nothing of the average woman and common-place man, cannot and do not comprehend abstruse reasoning on difficult subjects and problems. It even has been said by some writers, that nothing was immortal but the higher moral and reasoning faculties of man. I suppose they included woman, but they did not say so.

A babe an hour old has no reason whatever, and young children have very little or none. A young calf, a colt, a dog, a cat, or almost any young animal one can mention has more reason a few hours after birth than a child in as many months. Does anyone think of denying that these little children are immortal? We are also aware that some writers and thinkers have said that the lower, or perhaps the very lowest races of men, were not immortal; but these writers and thinkers are certainly mistaken. Let me ask those who think thus, where they draw the dividing line? The lower nations of mankind are simply infantile in intellect and can no more be denied immortality than can the infants of the higher races of men.

There can be no dividing line drawn anywhere. All things are immortal. Life is spirit and spirit is immortal in whatever form it may exist. The tiniest blade of grass is just as immortal as is man. No form, when once attained, is ever resolved back into elementary principles. Matter falls away from it but the form is retained forevermore.

If matter falls away from the spiritual forms of humanity, it falls away from all other forms in precisely the same way, leaving the spiritual form intact; for the life of anything is its spiritual form more or less developed.

LETTER NUMBER TWELVE.

We will now return to our former question:

How do you suppose we teach all these babes and little children that come here? How the youths and maidens? Thousands upon thousands of little babes come here who never walked, who never talked and had never arrived at any reasoning power whatever. We certainly cannot teach them through abstract reasoning or, in fact, any reasoning at all. They must be taught here precisely as they are on earth.

A child on earth first begins to notice objects about it, and we need not follow the chain up. How do you think we should get along here with them if there were no objects for them to notice?

I sometimes feel as though I should like to pile about a dozen of these little infants not an hour old, into the arms of a grey-bearded, abstruse, scientific philosopher, and tell him to teach these sucking babes all he thinks he knows, as he floats through the ambient ether without an object of any kind in sight except other abstruse, moral philosophers like unto himself. Moreover, I should like to have a dozen or more cherubs, of a somewhat larger growth, clinging to his coat-tails. But of course, he has not any coat-tails, simply a flowing robe and a halo about his abstruse head.

Our friend Robert comes in now, and with his hands in his pockets, laughs heartily as he says:

How about the great sex question? These same philosophers will tell you there is no sex in spirit land. Well, if there is no sex it is simply justice that those who deny this great truth should have the babies piled into their arms. O! woman, woman! patient, long-suffering woman! I fear you must still retain your sex, else the babies will not be properly trained and looked after, for I do not believe the men—no, not even the great thinkers, will ever be able to do it.

I, Robert G. Ingersoll, whom many of you are eulogizing so highly to-day, stand abased before the mothers of the world, for without them neither the earthly nor the spiritual worlds could exist at all. If you unsex woman here, you will take away the props that uphold all creation. If by sex is meant the power of propagation the fact should be so stated, for there is no propagation of any kind within the spiritual spheres; but thousands of women on earth do not propagate their kind, and no woman has that power after a certain age which with many scarcely reaches middle life. Do you then say she is unsexed—that she is neither man nor woman but a sort of hybrid? No, no, friends, that won't do, and she is no more unsexed here than she is there. Sex is not only of the body, but of the soul, and if the spirit and soul were not sexed the body could not be. Now I shall ask the before-mentioned grey-bearded, abstruse philosopher and thinker, how he would like to be unsexed, be neither man nor woman? He would be obliged, in that event, to lose his beard in which he takes such wondrous pride, and I greatly fear that the whole catalogue of unsexed angels would leave the children and babies to take care of themselves.

Friends, these are hard facts, and I here and now attest, with my signature, that I have here found women to be women and men to be men in every sense of the word, for without the co-partnership and union of the sexes absolutely nothing could exist. There would be no homes here, nor on earth, wherein men could rest, no love except the merest friendship, no homes wherein little babes and children could receive loving care and attention and be taught the rudiments of all knowledge.

Tell my loved ones at home that I am not unsexed. Tell my wife that I am still her husband—my daughters

that I am still their father, and my protecting and loving arms are often about them; that I really, at present, make my home with them and when my darling wife joins me here we will make our home together as formerly and nothing shall part us, no, not even death, for death has lost its sting for me and the grave has not vanquished me nor the fire consumed me.

How strange, how passing strange it all is, and yet how natural, how simple, how beautiful. Nature's methods are all simple. Just get hold of the right end of the thread, and the skein is easily wound. The great mistake that I made was in supposing the shell or covering was the man. Even the shell of a chicken ought to have taught me better. The shell was there all right, but the chick had found legs and wings, had escaped and was now trying to use both. Yes, I am beginning to take up my work again; plenty of error to fight against, even among Spiritualists. I will hammer away at the errors and let my friend here, Herr Franz, build away at the temple of truth. I am content to clear away the rubbish. Thor with his hammer is needed.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Yes, the great Thor with his hammer is needed, for without him truth can have no firm foundation. F. P.

LETTER NUMBER THIRTEEN.

If those who read these letters will take the trouble to purchase and read the book entitled "Mary Ann Carew," written by the spirit of a lady who was, many years ago, my first wife on earth, it will show them how children are educated and cared for here in the spirit world. This book is true in all its details, and as interesting and beautiful as truth ever should be, and it can be had at the office of *The Progressive Thinker*. Those who read this grand paper, rightly named *The Progressive Thinker*, will remember that the spirit, Kate Field, told Miss Lilian Whiting, through the medium, Mrs. Piper, that she at one time became weary while holding a conversation with Miss Whiting, and to refresh herself she walked in a garden. I am more than glad that spirit, Kate Field, informed Miss Lilian Whiting of that fact, for it is a great truth and worthy of note. I have met Miss Field in this life, for I greatly desired to become acquainted with her, and I herein wish to thank that noble lady, Miss Lilian Whiting, for the courage she manifested in giving that particular truth to the world.

Miss Whiting, although a spirit, I am greatly indebted to you, personally. Years ago when my son Carlyle published my first book, entitled "The Discovered Country," being obliged, at that time, to publish it under an assumed name—Ernst von Himmel—in other words, an earnest of heaven, you reviewed that book, and, contrary to all that one might expect, at that time, your review was candid, fair and truthful. You spoke well and favorably of the book, thereby risking your own reputation as a critic, but your conviction of its truth gave you courage, and I shall now whisper it in your ear, I, Franz Petersilea, then a new-born spirit, stood near you, tremblingly, try-

ing to direct and influence your mind in the way I wished it to go. Miss Whiting, I thank you! My dear wife, Helena, also sends you greeting and thanks. This kindly act of yours has been the means of interesting Miss Field to make our acquaintance, and she has paid us a number of visits. She is very eager that the earthly world should understand the heavenly. She said to you: "I was weary and walked in the garden," and she being now by my side, says:

"O, my dear Lilian, do you realize the full meaning of my words, 'I walked in the garden?'"

As Miss Field is not yet able to control my medium, she says: "O, Mr. Petersilea, will you explain in this message all that a spiritual garden signifies?" and I reply, "Madam, I am only too happy to be able to do so." A garden means a cultivated and beautiful piece of ground wherein many flowers are blooming and trees and shrubbery abound. Miss Field here says, "Of course I did not refer to a vegetable or kitchen garden, but, as you have said, a lovely garden of flowers, shrubbery and trees. O, Lilian, it is all true. I walked in a garden wherein were flowers, trees and ornamental shrubs; moreover, dear Lilian, there was also a beautiful fountain of sparkling water; birds of gay plumage were flying hither and thither and a little gazelle stood near by looking at me with its great, soft, dewy eyes. A little dog also leaped before me in the path. Lilian! Lilian! It is all true, dear."

Miss Field seems to have been able to put in a few words, after all. She says there were also birds and animals there. I believe that through one or two witnesses a thing may be established. She walked in a garden wherein there were flowers, trees, shrubs, water, birds and animals. She walked, consequently she had feet and they walked on the ground of a garden. She had eyes to see, and there were objects there to be seen. She had ears to hear, for she tells me that the birds sang sweetly, that the gazelle stamped with one of its little fore hoofs. Now the garden was a spiritual garden, for Miss Field is a spirit. She might also walk in an earthly garden, but she assures me that she refers—and did refer—to a spiritual garden; for, as I was not there at the time, the thought crossed my mind that she might have meant an earthly garden; but she emphatically says, "No, Lilian. I meant a spiritual garden. An earthly garden now seems coarse

and ugly to my sight, and would not be restful to me as a spirit."

There, Miss Field has succeeded in putting her rosy tipped fingers in my mess once more, at the same time she kisses that rosy tipped finger and with a graceful motion wafts the kiss to Miss Lilian.

Well, well; where was I? These young ladies are quite distracting, after all. Let me see—birds, flowers, animals, trees, water, shrubs and so forth, and she distinctly says they are all spiritual and belong to the spirit world. Thank you, Miss Field, and the earthly world will thank you, too, sooner or later.

Now, my dear young lady, will you be kind enough to say if these were the spirits of animals that once lived on earth?

"Certainly, Mr. Petersilea; for, as you have already told the people of earth, there is no propagation in the celestial life. All things have their root on the material earths, consequently, my Lilian, these were the spirits of animals that once lived on earth, and the roses were the spirits of roses that once grew on earth, so of the other flowers, trees and shrubs."

And the water, Miss Kate? Don't forget the water.

"O, yes, Lilian. The water was real water, subtle and refined, and sparkled like dew-drops on the petals of a flower.

"Now, dear Lilian, if we have gardens, of course we have houses and homes, and this beautiful garden was attached to a house more beautiful still, and I mean, sometime to tell you all about it, and the pretty things there are within it, and whom it belongs to; but, I cannot control this medium well enough yet. You must thank Mr. Petersilea for allowing me to control at all, for he is the guide here at the present time. Lilian, Mr. Petersilea feels badly that women do not write more for the Spiritualistic press, and so do I. You are a good girl that you have turned your face in the right direction, and I will help you, Lilian, all that I can."

Dear readers, whoever you may be, we would like to make you, and all, thoroughly understand just how it is here in this world, and we cannot think of a better comparison than the art of weaving cloth. There is a kind of woven cloth almost as coarse as rope yarn can make. Now there is woven material on earth all the way up from this

coarsest to that as fine as a spider's web, in fact, so fine that it requires passably good eyesight to see it at all and yet it is real, tangible stuff, woven from threads of exquisite fineness; even wire is made into screen of such fineness that one looking through them quite forgets they are there, yet a mosquito or a fly finds them quite tangible, and so does a man when he inadvertently tries to run his head through them. Now the spiritual world may be compared to this very fine material. It is real and tangible but exquisitely fine. A lady looks through a very fine veil and forgets that she wears it, but the veil is as real as the lady. The quintessence of fineness is more beautiful than coarseness, and our spiritual world is more beautiful than the earthly world, for it is composed of the quintessence of all that belongs to earth.

Now I would like to tell you how all these things get here. They are brought here, mostly, on the wings of heat.

"How is that?" you ask; and I ask, "How does water rise from the earth into the atmosphere, billions upon billions of tons of it?" Why, there are oceans of water floating in the atmosphere at all times, enough to drown out every living thing—enough to destroy your cities and towns. If it were precipitated at once there would be another deluge equal to the reputed one in the days of Noah; and all this water is carried up from the earth by heat; every schoolboy understands this very well.

Water is not the only thing that heat carries upward, or outward, away from this earth; it is carrying everything that belongs to the earth in the same way. On a bright sunny day, especially if it is very hot, your flowers, many of them, wither and die. Why? Because heat is bearing them away to the spiritual realm. Much of the water that is carried up returns to earth, but not all; a portion becomes too rare and never returns and this forms the rare and expanded waters of the spiritual spheres. All this water rises and no one is conscious of its going—no one can see it as it ascends—for the greater part of it is carried up on the brightest and sunniest days; no more can one see the essence or spirit of all that appears to die on earth, as it is carried by heat outward or upward into the spirit realms. The spiritual earth or ground is the aggregation of chemical vapors that arise from material earths and through the great law of chemical affinity co-

alesce into shining and ethereal spirit lands or spiritual ground. Nothing here grows from seeds. Seeds do not germinate anywhere but on the material earths and earths nourish the spiritual upon their bosoms.

LETTER NUMBER FOURTEEN.

We often hear it said on earth, "If Spiritualism is true and spirits can return, why do not the great and wise, who have lived and died, return and give something worthy of themselves? Why does not Shakspeare return and give us some of his lofty plays and sublime poetry? Why does not Ingersoll return and give us something worthy of his greatness?" Why, my friends, the doughty colonel is standing here by my side at this moment, and he says:

"Now, I can't tell such inquirers why Shakspeare does not comply with their wishes. He may be able to say for himself; but I can tell them something about myself.

"If I, as a spirit, say as I was wont to do when in the body of flesh and blood, that I did not consider I had proof of immortality—that I did not know anything about a future life—that there was neither God, Devil, nor hell, would the before-mentioned questioners think I had given something worthy of myself? If so, I should consider that I had not. It is quite humiliating to a man to find, after nearly half a century of writing, lecturing and talking, that he has been entirely mistaken from the very outset—that all his high-flown words have fallen about his soul like autumn leaves, leaving him like a tree stripped and bare of its foliage. This is somewhat the way I feel at present however, consequently, I cannot talk to the world as once I did. My beautiful green leaves lie about me withered and dead. They were very fair while they lasted—they gave a grateful shade and pleasing coolness to those who rested beneath their shadow, and I foolishly mistook the perishable leaves for the tree which they so cunningly concealed, and many others considered that to rest in their shade was all there was worth living for.

"I stand here now, strong and upright to be sure, but stark and bare, for my leaves have entirely dropped away from me. My friend, Herr Franz, says, 'Robert, do not despair. You will have a new growth, presently. Your old leaves, or ideas, are now obsolete, dead, for they were not eternal verities or truths, simply perishable ornaments; but you will presently put forth a larger and stronger growth.'

"God grant it, is the prayer of your humble servant.

"If I were to say to the person or persons above mentioned who questioned thus: I live, I am not dead, I am immortal, I am a spirit, I do not know all I thought I did—would they consider those great truths, or the statement of them, worthy of Robert G. Ingersoll? Certainly not. Why, they would say, 'That is not at all like the great agnostic.' Nevertheless, it is like what I am now. Why don't I fight the Devil and error as I formerly did? Well, I have been stripped of so many errors myself that I feel a little shaky—can hardly tell yet what may be truth and what error."

"Why don't I now valiantly fight against Christianity—the church and its dogmas?

"I can't fight against the beautiful Christ, for I have already met and conversed with him, and true Christianity is divine and of divine origin. Why don't I fight false dogmas? I am waiting to discover what is true and what false.

"I now feel something as a man does when he looks back to his youth, to the days when he thought he knew all there was to know, when he thought he knew as much or more than the wisest man who ever lived.

"I do not now care, or dare, to rush in where angels fear to tread. 'Have you gone back on yourself, Robert?' Oh, no, my friend. The old Robert went back on me, or rather, he left me to take care of myself. The foolish fellow dropped me or I dropped him, I can hardly say which—however, we fell apart—that is to say we quarreled and parted company, and I am sure I never desire to see him again, and as I hear he has been destroyed by the purifying flames since that time, I could not if I wished to."

"Well, can't you tell us something about yourself now?"

"And I answer emphatically, yes, I can! But you

might not consider that I was doing myself justice—not giving anything worthy of the ‘great agnostic.’

“I, ‘the great agnostic,’ am dead, I tell you, and burned up, and I, plain, simple Robert, stand here with scarcely a leaf to cover me. I am trying to do myself justice by telling the truth, as you see. Do you want me to go on with a lot of flowery falsehoods?”

“Well, Robert, where are you?”

“Neither in heaven nor in hell, nor yet in purgatory. Just now, my good friend, Herr Franz, and myself, are standing quietly here by the side of a sensitive—one on either side of the before-mentioned sensitive—and I am learning how to write, this good Herr Franz teaching and aiding me. ‘Not worthy of me,’ do you say? Herein we differ. The simple truth is worthy of any man, woman or child.

“Now, I learned to write when a little boy at school, and was not as smart at it as I might have been if I remember rightly. Now I am learning to write for the second time. I may not be very smart at it, but don’t expect too much from a new beginner. I learned to write with the aid of a material hand and wrote on material paper, when at school as a boy, and I did it under the instruction of a competent teacher and I find it necessary to have a teacher now just as I did then, otherwise I could not do this at all. I am now laboriously trying to write, sans hand, sans paper, and without pen and ink—laboriously trying to learn how to write on an entirely different kind of parchment—the quivering brain of a person still in the flesh—a sensitive. In order to do this I must first get my own thoughts clear, concise and positive—the more positive I am the better the reflection, for then my thought, becoming tangible, is reflected, or imaged, on my sensitive plate—the spiritual brain of my sensitive or material medium. Remember, I am new at the business, so don’t expect too much, but say, as my earthly teacher did—‘Robert, you are doing very well: persevere.’ My present teacher smilingly says to me pretty nearly the same, so let not those who do not understand this, cavil, sneer and say: ‘Why, this clumsy effort is not worthy the great agnostic.’ Just simply say, as I used to about this, I don’t know. I don’t know, and then go at once and try to find out. Find out. Try to find out, I say. Try to find out! You will never hear Robert

G. Ingersoll say again, I don't know, I don't know, without adding, but I will go and find out; so, my good friends, go you and do likewise. Find out. Find out. Discover. You may have to sail away from your former moorings, or ideas, but there's land ahead, be sure of that. You will soon discover a new country—a new continent not yet known to the greater part of the old world; struggle on against all opposition; behold! the evidence is directly before you."

"O, Robert! you don't mean to tell us there is a God, a Christ who is the Son of God, a hell, a Devil, atoning blood, immaculate conception, fire and furnace, and all the rest of it—the wretched dogmas you used to fight so valiantly? Why, you are a regular warrior. You don't mean to say that you have succumbed to all this at last?"

"My friends, when you ask me if there is a hell, I answer, no. When you ask me if there are many hells, I answer, yes; as many as there are broken laws and erroneous opinions, and some of these hells are about as hot as they can be. There is not an error here, or on the earth, but is being consumed as rapidly as possible in the burning hells which they create for themselves; otherwise, they would endure forever. I can't fight the churches very much more on the hell question, for liars, deceivers, robbers, murderers, drunkards, libertines are all—all in the hottest kind of hells, and every vice and error, those who yield to, or cherish them, are in hells to correspond. The only point of difference now is, that the spirit of man has the power of ascending out of its hell, whenever it is disposed to cast off its errors and walk hand in hand with good, or God, which is one and the same thing."

"Then you admit that there is no God?"

"No, I don't admit anything of the kind. No one can cast God out and be either good or happy."

"O, Robert, Robert! You don't mean to tell us there is a personal God?"

"Yes, I do; for God is within every person who ever lives or ever will live, and a person is a personality, is he not? Consequently, there is a personal God and each person possesses him, or her, or it, and God possesses the person and they are one and the same."

"O, Robert, and how about the Devil, the master of hell?"

"I tell you, my friends, there is a great big Devil with

hoofs and horns and a forked tail and all that, and he is the master of hell as sure as you live, and he is a person, too, tempting every person who lives or ever will live, and his ways are dark, and he goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour—he is personal for every person can make a devil of himself if he does not take heed to his steps and listen to the voice of good or God.

“Now, I hope I have proved that there is a God, a Devil and a hell, and they are all personal, or within a person.

“I hear that some of the orthodox ministers say that I am in hell. Well, now, brothers, I don’t deny it, and I hope my hell will burn so fiercely and quick that every error will be burned up in the shortest possible time. Don’t want to stay in it, my brothers, and I am going to find the way to get out as sure as we live. Give us your hand, my brother, and if you are in a more heavenly place, be generous enough to help me up there by your side. Don’t make a Devil of yourself and hold the pitchfork with which to pitch me in again. Let God, or good brotherly love reign instead. But, to return to the Devil. We will commence at his feet. His hoofs are harder than adamant and he treads the poor helpless people into the mire and dirt with them while he filches and robs them to his heart’s content. But I forgot to tell you, the Devil’s hoofs are made of gold. He calls them his capital—stock in trade—and a thousand other names, simply to deceive himself. He, nor his colleagues, does not like to think that they are, after all, but the cloven hoofs belonging to the Devil. Each and every man who tramples upon and robs his brother, whatever method he may employ, is a personal Devil, and his golden hoofs are hard and relentless.

“Now, the Devil has horns as well as hoofs and, of course, his horns are for the purpose of fighting, goring and killing; but, in order to deceive himself and others, he calls them gatling guns, smokeless powder, torpedo-boats, bombarding shells, and other names too numerous to mention. The Devil’s head is exceedingly large and strong, else he would not be able to sport such wonderful horns wherewith to gore men to death—let out their entrails, crush and mangle them, break their bones, leave their wives widows, and their children fatherless, crying for bread. He is a vicious, cruel old Devil, older than mankind, for he originally belonged to beasts; but in

those days he was more innocent than at present; then, he only used his horns in self-defense; but now he is a raging, rampant Devil, seeking whom he may devour; he even strides to remote regions and pushes with his horns and tramples with his hoofs, until he leaves thousands of innocent people in bloody, burned and mangled heaps; slain to satisfy his thirst for blood and his ambition to conquer and hold for gain; and every man who helps to encourage and sustain this bloody beast, either by his influence, pen, voice or vote, is the personal Devil before mentioned, and he is the master and maker of a burning and most frightful hell that will sooner or later swallow him within its depths. You see the hell that I tell you of is worse and hotter even than Moody's, hotter even than the one to which my reverend brothers consigned me. But, thanks to God—or the good within me—I have, thus far, been able to escape that hell. Brothers, be very careful that you do not get into it; but, in case you are so unfortunate, I shall certainly lend you a helping hand, if possible, and aid in lifting you out.

“The one of old said truly of this great beast, the Devil, that fire and smoke issued from his nostrils—but I must not forget the Devil's forked tail. Yes; he has a tail, and it is forked. His long tail is simply a serpent with a forked tongue, and he is the very old serpent himself, believe me, and his special occupation is to deceive and beguile women. He has a smooth tongue—he makes fair promises—he is a great help to the Devil, aiding him to encompass the downfall of innocent young girls—for hell and the Devil batten on these. Now, every man who has encompassed the downfall of an innocent girl or woman is the Devil personally, and the smoke of his torment will ascend up—if not forever—for a goodly stretch of time, be sure of that.

LETTER NUMBER FIFTEEN.

“Well, what about the immaculate conception? as you seem to believe in Christ and tell us that you have already met him.”

“I have this to tell you, my friends, that there have been thousands and thousands of immaculate conceptions, consequently I am constrained to think that Jesus might have been one who was thus begotten. Any child that is begotten by parents who love each other with pure holy love, is immaculately conceived and will, probably, live to be a bright and shining light in the world. I did not ask the man of Nazareth who his parents were, when I met him. I thought, as he does, that it mattered very little who they might have been. Whoever they were, they should have been happy to have brought forth such a son. Herr Franz has already told you of Jesus, and I can say no more or different from that which he has already said on the subject—but, of the atonement, a few words, I think, may not be amiss. My former ideas of the atonement have not changed in the least. No one can wash a sinner clean but himself. Never cherish a doubt but that he will be obliged to do his own washing. Jesus was a man like other men—a reformer like many other reformers—and he was treated as hundreds of other reformers have been—he is a bright and shining angel now, as I can bear witness. When I found, shortly after coming here, that Jesus and his apostles really lived, I was eager to meet them, and I have met Jesus, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; but really these angels can teach me no more than a thousand others who are equally bright and shining.

“I am going to do a little more fighting for my native globe—yet I used to say my native land—now I say my

native globe, my native orb, my native planet, and so forth. You see, my friends, I have taken a step onward and I am very eager to fight that Devil I was speaking of in my last letter. Luther threw the Bible, together with his inkstand, at his supposed majesty, but it did not hurt him a bit, as I can discover. He seems as rampant now as ever, charging right and left on friend and foe alike; but he is a wise old serpent withal. He is very winning and polite to the millionaires, whom he hopes to soon make billionaires. Yes; he has promised ten or more that they shall shortly become billionaires. I could, for instance, mention the Standard Oil Company, and another large concern that is gobbling up all the wheat, and another syndicate that is buying up all the gold mines of America, both North and South, another that intends to own all the coal producing land of America. The old serpent is very gracious to the persons forming these companies.

“‘Go right on,’ he says to them encouragingly. ‘You will soon be billionaires instead of millionaires. The millionaires will presently be counted as small fry, scarcely worth thinking about. Let me give you a little advice, my lovely Standard Oil Company, and my big Coal Syndicate. As soon as the real hard, cold winter comes on, push your prices up—up! I say. Those who have money will still continue to buy. Never mind about the poor laboring man, the widows, the orphans and such; you are not to blame because they have not the money wherewith to buy, that is their own fault. Look at my golden hoofs, sirs. I can soon make short work of them. Trample them down, sirs, and kick them after they are down. Those poor, half frozen, shivering women and children are of very little account. You must be a billionaire even if ten thousand of these perish with cold. And, my lovely Standard Oil Company, what matters it to you if these poor, lone seamstresses, toiling in their garrets, cannot afford to buy oil that they may see to stitch. Why, sirs, there are a million or more of these. I will go and push them out into the street. I have strong and goodly horns, sirs; they can’t well withstand them. Never think about them, for you must be billionaires. Let them sell themselves, sirs, for the small pittance that they might have earned if they could have afforded to buy oil. And you, my fat and lordly Wheat

Trust. When other foods are scarce, now is your time. It may be that you will become of even larger proportions than a billionaire. Wouldn't that be grand? That would beat all other records! What does it matter to us, good sirs, whether the poor eat wheat at all. If they get a few pennies, occasionally, let them buy bread of the professional baker. The baker says that wheat is so high he cannot afford to make bread that is suitable for food, so he puts in a very little wheat flour, a good deal of potato starch and a larger quantity of chalk, then he tips in a quart or so of cheap ammonia and presently he turns out bread that will make your eyes stand out with admiration—great big loaves only five and ten cents each. Cheap enough, my good sirs. Why the starving poor ought to be content with such beauties. Here, take that little, shivering, half-clothed child's five cents and give her one of those glorious, shining loaves of bread, enough to feed a whole family. The little starving wretch grasps it hungrily and runs home with it. Now watch that gaunt mother as she cuts the bread. She tries to run the knife through it, and as she does so it collapses like a slit balloon, and the poor mother has nothing in her hand but an ounce or so of stuff, sirs—but an ounce or so of poison stuff—slow poison. Do you say there is no law touching this particular kind of slow poison? So the wretched mother doles it out to her little ones in the place of food that she has no money to buy.

“What is that to you? You did not put the ammonia and chalk into it—not you. Go right on, sir, for you will soon be a billionaire.

“Now, my lovely Standard Oil Company, you want to be considered a good and charitable sort of chap—you are a Christian, you know, and you want to endow a church or something of that kind. You want to be generous. Now, give a hundred thousand or so—show them what you are made of—and to-morrow levy five or ten cents on every five gallons of oil; before the week is out your money will be more than returned to you—fact is, you will be richer by perhaps, ten thousand dollars, than you were before you gave that splendid gift to the church, that is supposed to be following in the footsteps of the meek and lowly man of Nazareth, who commanded, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor. Give to him that asketh of thee and turn not thou away. Visit the widow

and the fatherless, the sick and in prison, also heal the sick; make the blind to see, the lame to walk and the deaf to hear. Listen not to the sweet Christ, but to me—the creature with horns and hoofs and forked tail—for every cent more you have charged for that oil has been wrenched from the poor and needy, making them poorer and more needy still—from the miserable seamstresses in their cheerless garrets—from the poor, weary, worn mother, who washes all day to earn a few pence to keep the children from starving, and spends the greater part of the night to mend up their old rags. But what is all this to you, sir? You must be a billionaire—moreover, men must think that by becoming such you are a great benefit to the world in general; for thereby you are able to endow a church. It will enable them to build a great, splendid edifice, all glittering in gold and purple and costly stuffs; it will enable them to pay the humble preacher, who follows in the footsteps of the gentle Nazarene, ten or twelve thousand dollars a year, possibly it might be made to stretch to even fifteen or twenty thousand. Don't think for a moment, that one of those poor, laboring men, or his wife, could enter the door of that elegant building—and those poor children, shivering and ragged, would be immediately driven away if they were to venture even to peep in.

“Yes, sirs! I consider that the elegant churches of the land belong to me. I have absolutely ousted that Nazarene and taken possession. Smart, am I? Shrewd and smart? Well, yes; I flatter myself that I am, somewhat.

“But my golden hoofs and sharp, effective horns aid me much, and my forked tail is very beguiling. I am able, sometimes, to make men think that black is white, and white black—and, if you will believe me, some of those people, belonging to those grand churches, really think they are following in the footsteps of the meek and lowly Jesus. They call me a wily old fellow, forgetting all the while that they are the very ones beguiled.

“Now, my grasping, bloated, pompous millionaire—or billionaire, whichever it may be—you are liable at any moment to change worlds, as I did. One moment you may be a millionaire, the next a blasted, withered tree, without a leaf on your dried branches, and you will be compelled by the eternal law of justice to make restitution

for every penny you have wrenched from the poor and needy, and every tear and every sigh that you have wrung from others, a corresponding tear and sigh will be wrung from your own soul.

“God is just. Remember that.

“I cannot say, now, there is no God; for the great eternal laws of nature constitute that which is called God, and strict justice is one of these great eternal laws. So be careful what you do—take heed to your steps one and all—‘for I am a just God, so saith the Lord, and will recompense every man according to his works.’ The Lord is the Law, and God the Soul of man.

“ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.”

There, I think Mr. Ingersoll has put in quite a large plum this time, and we hope it will be the means of doing much good. Friends, the time is near at hand when you will expect letters from your friends here as much as you expect them now when they are absent from you on earth. We are rapidly forming a regular mail service, here in the celestial world, and it will not be long before all who wish can avail themselves of it. When those of earth get wireless telegraphy in proper working order, they will each and all begin to comprehend the working of our telegraphic system. We send our thoughts out to other spiritual beings who are removed from us thousands of miles. We thus ask them questions and soon get their replies. We often want information on various subjects that only those who are far above can give us, and it takes but a few moments to get all the information we desire. I thus questioned Jesus in one of my former messages to you. Now any person on earth, no matter who he may be, can do the same. Let some, or all of those who read this, try it. For instance, one wants to ask a very important question of, say, perhaps, Jesus. That one may sit down quietly in the silence, cast all former ideas and prejudices from his mind, allow it, as nearly as possible, to become a blank for the moment or like an unwritten sheet of paper; now he forms the question slowly and distinctly in his mind; then he fixes his mind intently on the spirit—Jesus of Nazareth—he must cast out all prejudices of Savior and atoning blood, in fact everything that he has ever heard about Jesus. Now when he has called earnestly upon Jesus, then let him propel his question with all the force of his will and with great positiveness and quietly

await the reply which will presently come flowing into his mind. Now he must be very careful that he does not allow any preconceived ideas of his own to become active. Let him try to ask questions a number of times in this way and he will be astonished at the result. He can also ask questions of any spirit in this way and he will get answers, and truthful ones if he is good and truthful himself. "To the pure all things are pure."

LETTER NUMBER SIXTEEN.

"To the pure all things are pure." This saying has sometimes been misunderstood. It does not mean that impurity is pure to the pure, but that the pure receive only that which is pure, for if an impure answer should flow into the mind, that mind itself is impure and receives its own, and the answer of the pure spirit is not taken in and assimilated. When you thus question (see our former letter), receive no answer but the highest and purest that your mind is capable of holding, and all will be well. Do not call on any spirit who is beneath yourself in love and wisdom—always on those above you. A father or mother in spirit life will not reply falsely to a child left on earth. That father or mother desires only the welfare of the child and it is a great incentive to most fathers and mothers, who have children on earth, to progress in wisdom as rapidly as possible that they may be able to give it to loved ones there.

Your desire for knowledge, my dear Carlyle, has been a powerful incentive to me. O how earnestly I have desired wisdom that I might be able to impart it to your hungry soul, and yet your soul cries up to me, "Give—give!" spurring me forever onward. When I was on earth, or more properly speaking within the material, I endeavored to conquer all obstacles that I might be able to give, or provide for my wife and children. It was the incentive that spurred me onward, and it is precisely the same now. Then I desired to feed your body and mind—now I desire

to feed your spirit and soul, and I hope I have not been forgetful or negligent.

If these letters are to be published to the world, as I find they are, we want to write some eternal truths that will be self-evident—that will need no other proof than simply to state facts.

Many on earth think that families will be reunited here and then go on in the same relation as before, perhaps to all eternity; but this is not so, neither does any family ever sustain the same relationship that it sustained while on earth; and now, in order to make myself clear, I will explain exactly how it is.

For instance, we will say a family on earth has two or three small children translated to the celestial world, the father and mother and the remaining children live on earth for a great many years thereafter, the children thus remaining grow to manhood and womanhood, marry, and have families of their own, the father and mother remain, perhaps, fifty or more years; we will say that perhaps the children they lost have been in the celestial world fifty years. Now these children have not been standing still; no, not for a moment—no more than those on earth. If those on earth have grown to manhood and womanhood and married, can anyone think that those in the celestial world have not done the same. It must be a self-evident truth that such is the case. These celestial children have also grown to manhood and womanhood, they have been united to their true counterparts, and the union constitutes an angel or completed whole, male and female as one. They do not bear children, as on earth, but the union of the positive and negative forces, male and female generates thought, and thoughts are things; that is, an angel's thoughts become objective, or objects—spiritual entities—not human spiritual or angelic living entities endowed with life and motion but thought entities. I do not know that I can make this clear to all in any better way than to again give something of my own experience, for the eternal laws that apply to me and mine, apply to all.

When on earth, in my young manhood, I married; my wife bore me a number of children. Previous to her death, or departure to the celestial life, two or three of those children died or departed to the celestial world. I was left on earth with two children to care for. In a

couple of years or so I married another lady. By my second wife I also had a family. I remained on earth, after that, nearly forty years, and then preceded my second wife to the celestial world. Now no one can reasonably suppose that the wife and children that I lost in my early manhood had been standing still all that time waiting for me, or that it would be reasonable to think that I should be again united to my first wife. Those in the celestial world had gone onward far more rapidly than if they had remained on earth. The truth of this must be evident to all.

“Well,” you ask, “how did you find it?”

This is how I found it. My first wife had for many, many years been united to her own true counterpart and consequently had become an exceedingly bright and shining angel, so far beyond me that I really can never overtake her. We could never, under any circumstances, be united again. I do not mean that I do not, or may not reach the various altitudes of wisdom which she has attained, but, of course, I am always far, far behind her; neither do I mean to say that I have not met her. I have met her many times and she, or they, rather, have often been my teachers. All the details concerning this are given in my book, “The Discovered Country,” and the details of her experience are given in the book, “Mary Ann Carew. Wife, Mother, Spirit, Angel.”

Now, how was it with the children that I had lost—those who had been in the celestial world for, perhaps, forty years? No one can suppose that they remained children, lived with their mother, and waited for me. No, no; such was not the case. Those children had met and remained with their mother as long as was for the good of both mother and children, but those children grew rapidly into young men and maidens, were united, each to his or her own counterpart, and also became bright and shining angels.

Now all angels make homes for themselves, and all set themselves to the performance of some grand work. I met those children, to be sure. I could have remained within the home of either one of them if I had been so disposed; but, by doing so, I should not have been fulfilling or rounding out myself or my own destiny; quite the contrary. I should have become rather a useless non-entity, and would not myself have become an angel or

completed being. I also found my complement, or other self, and was united to her and at this present moment we are among the happiest and busiest of angels. No one, we think, can fail to see that what I have stated must be the case, else the millions of little children who come here would not have the advantages of those left on earth, and unless we had schools and educational halls, children could never attain wisdom.

I have written these letters thus far, in the first person singular; but we have merely done this that those on earth might better comprehend them. My beloved other self, whose name is Helena, has had precisely as much to do with them as I have. We are one. When we call ourselves Franz Petersilea, it does not mean simply the male personality of Herr Franz, but comprises both the male and female personalities of Helena and Franz as one. This is typified on earth, "and they twain shall be one flesh," also, they twain shall be one spirit or one angel. Consequently, my beloved Helena also gives you greeting.

There are thousands upon thousands who are united, on earth, to the real other self. Those so united will go on as one in the celestial world, but those so united do not remain apart very long; a natural law exists that when one departs from earth the other soon follows; for those who belong together cannot be long separated; the half which has departed draws the remaining half to itself; so that earthly husbands and wives who have been for long years separated by so-called death, are not re-united; and nearly all the widows and widowers left on earth soon—as I myself did—marry again. Well, this is as it should be, but those who thus marry were not in the first instance united to the eternal counterpart of themselves; if such had been the case they would not marry again; the very thought would be horrible to them. We do not mean to say that the husband or wife thus left may not have had a strong regard—or one may call it love if one prefers—but the fact that they soon after united themselves to others is evidence in itself that they had not found the true one.

Now among other questions which I asked the man of Nazareth was the one his disciples asked him long ago: "If a woman has had a number of husbands on earth, whose wife shall she be in heaven?" Jesus said to the disciples, "In heaven they neither marry nor are given in

marriage but are as the angels in heaven." Now, as we said, we questioned Jesus as to what he meant by this and he replied: "I meant just as you have found it, my dear Herr Franz and Helena. You and Helena were not married by a priest as they marry on earth, neither was Helena given to you in marriage by father or guardian, but you were united by the great natural law pertaining to angelhood, of which the earthly marriage is but the foreshadowing or type."

When I wrote in "The Discovered Country," my actual experience in the celestial world, many on earth sneeringly said it smacked of free love; but, certainly, those who said this must have been looking through the spectacles of free love. I said nothing about earthly marriages. I simply related my experience as a spiritual being within the celestial world, and if being united, eternally, to the other half of my own being smacks of free love, then all the angels in heaven are free lovers, and God must be a free lover for nothing was ever created without the blending of the male and female principles in nature—together they are the creative God—together they are creation itself. There can be but one true, conjugal union or love; all others, whatsoever, are false and fleeting and sooner or later must fall apart, not necessarily until so-called death separates them—and so-called death certainly separated me from both my wives.

We advise no husband or wife, on earth, to separate; but, quite the contrary. All husbands and wives on earth should remain together and be true to each other—the husband as true as the wife—if it is possible for them to do so. We think the present laws of the United States regarding marriage and divorce are just and equitable; for, if those who are married live miserably together the law provides a remedy; and, this is as it should be, and no sane man or woman calls this just law free love. Think of a pure, true, gifted and beautiful woman being united to a wretch calling himself a man—a man so degraded that he is hardly above a beast and in many respects below a beast, for no beast of its own free will ever gets drunk—think of such a woman being obliged to remain with such a creature because she ignorantly made the fatal mistake of marrying him—an abusive, murderous, drunken wretch, false to his marriage vows in every respect, seeking any and all avenues wherein he may basely deceive

and betray his wife, betraying any and all women whom he could deceive. Do you say that because I wrote of such a lady in my book entitled "Oceanides," that I barely escape being a free lover, or that I uphold free love? No, no, my friends, but quite to the contrary.

Some forty years ago, when I lived with you on the earth, I was acquainted with a lady who, for quite a number of years, lived precisely such a life as I have depicted in my book, "Oceanides, or From an Atom to an Angel." My son at that time thought he knew better than his father, and changed the title to "Oceanides, a Psychical Novel." Oceanides is a true record of a lady's life with a wretch whom she called husband, but she had no lover. Ernst von Himmel simply means earnest of heaven; her lover was a heavenly lover, for heaven loved her, and she loved heaven, and the angels watched over her, and after she had suffered all that human nature could suffer the unnatural marriage fell apart, as it should have done from the very first, and a legal divorce was granted her. This particular case was many, many years ago and has nothing to do with the present generation except as the story applies to all such cases.

If you on earth were spirits as we are, and as we do, could look into the secret lives of many wretched beings on earth, you would all agree with us that the divorce law is just and equitable.

There are cases where husbands are entitled to a divorce, and I think, also, the law of your land provides for these; but, they are more rare than the opposite, still there are such cases. When a husband simply becomes a beast of burden to support and carry on his back, not only the woman he married, but all her relatives far and near—when he labors all day and far into the night lonely and disheartened, without love, aid or companionship of any kind, and the proceeds of all his toil simply goes to keep up a false style of fashionable living, when he is worse than a bound slave to his mother-in-law, when he is not permitted to express an opinion of any kind at his own table if it in the least conflicts with the prejudices of the before mentioned mother-in-law, uncles, cousins and aunts; when his whole life is made up of annoyances, and what should be a home becomes a fashionable hotel which he alone must, perforce, support; when his wife becomes almost a stranger to him and feels interested in almost

everything but her husband, when, as I say, such a man really has no wife, no sympathy, no home; when his heart is so hungry and his wretchedness so great that he is constantly contemplating suicide; when his wife, as I have said, together with her family and fashionable friends, simply look upon him as a beast of burden to carry them along, such a man is entitled to a divorce, and when driven to the last extremity will usually obtain one. This is right and as it should be. Free love enters not into such cases.

Now, there are some devotees to fashion—or fashionable women—who do lead their husbands just such lives, until the husband either sinks under it, and dies—or enters the celestial life—before he should, or he is driven to obtain a divorce. But, as I said before, these cases are rare—more rare than the one depicted in “Oceanides.” To be the wife of a vicious, false and drunken husband, is the lot of thousands of women; and to these the divorce laws are a boon and are strictly just. Not one jot or tittle of free love enters into them; but the true union that comes after death is the just recompense for all these miserable earthly marriages.

Now, dear friends, we have explained to you the true law that governs marriage, or the union of the sexes. We did not make that law, consequently we are not to blame that it exists. We simply found this to be the law when we arrived here. All we have done is to hand the knowledge down to earth. So please refrain from calling this great natural law free love—as you understand that term; for by doing so you insult the angels and the great universal and divine law of justice as it exists within the celestial world.

LETTER NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

My dear son, I desire to-day, to touch once more upon the subject of evolution.

Many scientists, at the present time, are running off at a mad rate on this great subject. Now they all ought to be called back. If they do not come back and start right they will all eventually fall into the bogs of error.

Evolution is a great truth, but you must put another great truth by the side of it and let the two grand truths walk evenly hand in hand, side by side: Evolution and Involution.

Now, don't let us throw away everything that is good in the Bible; but let us try to understand the true meaning of many great truths in that book.

At one time when Helena and myself were listening to a grand lecture delivered by the sweet Christ Jesus—which means the anointed Jesus, or the priest Jesus, or the minister and teacher Jesus, or all combined—among other great truths which he uttered was this: "And God made man in his own image and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life."

Helena and myself, together with the whole audience, sat spellbound during this grand discourse. I cannot make you see with material eyes, or even spiritual eyes, the transcendent beauty of this great teacher or the grandeur of the place and its surroundings; but, I will try to give the truths which he taught, in my own poor words; for this is the only way, now, that his teachings can reach mankind.

"God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life." By God is meant a great natural law—for all great natural laws are God, and the old saying really meant nothing more than this and many of your great scholars and sa-

vants already know this to be true. A great natural law, then, breathed into man the breath of life and he became a living soul. From the atmosphere man inhaled the germs of life, the germs which were to be the living souls of the next generation. Now this is involution and thousands upon thousands of years ago many philosophers understood this well—that all life, whatsoever, came from the atmosphere; otherwise, the germs of all things that live reside within the atmosphere—not the coarser air, but the ethereal atmosphere which interpenetrates all space; and man's soul goeth back to God who gave it. The great law of involution gave to man his life and at the death of the body his soul goeth back to that which gave it—that is, his spirit goes back into the ethereal atmosphere or the celestial world.

When science says that life originates within a cell of protoplasm, it is right in one way and wrong in another. Protoplasm or matter has no life whatever of its own, and the life principle does not reside within it, but when that cell of protoplasm is exposed to the air it attracts from the atmosphere a germ of life—a spiritual germ. Now the germ begins to expand, grow, evolve; first involution and then evolution.

The very lowest forms of life are various species of moss upon the rocks, and the living, glutinous masses found in the sea. Rocks decay slightly, the decayed matter of the rock and the moisture of the air or rain, make protoplasm, the germ of moss, which resides within the atmosphere, by a natural law of attraction, the spirit, or living germ, buries itself within the protoplasm, covers itself with it, otherwise the germ could never develop into that which nature designed it to be—the first or lowest order of life upon the earth. Moss is a beautiful form of life and all life is beautiful.

Now, when this moss decays, or dies, the life or spirit of it ascends as developed spiritual moss, into the ethereal atmosphere or celestial world, to beautify the celestial spheres; the matter or protoplasm remains on earth and after many accumulations becomes soil fitted for higher germs of vegetation, and as fast as the higher germs find suitable soil or matter wherein to hide, higher and still higher forms of vegetation appear, until through the laws of evolution and involution vegetation arrives at that point where a tiny flower appears. Now the flower holds

the attractive force, and it gathers within its tiny cup the spiritual germ and holds it fast until seed is formed.

Now involution and evolution have given us seed, that is, by involution a higher state of things has been evolved until we arrive at insect and animal life, until a point is arrived at when the great laws of involution and evolution take on the forms of male and female. Each male form now inhales, and holds, the spiritual germs of the future generation, and the same principle applies to all life within the waters.

If, as has been shown, all life originates within the atmosphere, or ether, surely it all returns to it again developed and beautified, for that is the sole object of spirit and matter, or ethereal germs and protoplasm.

Now I will try to prove what I have said to be true: It is true, as we here well know, but men of earth want proof. Seal any kind of matter or protoplasm away from the air, that has never yet attracted the germs of life, and it will keep for years, or until a little air finds its way to it, but shortly after the air does find its way to it, life appears; for the germs of life have buried themselves within the mass of the matter.

And now, dear friends, one and all of the many thousand readers of *The Progressive Thinker*, I will tell you how you may see these germs with the naked eye, which I think will be additional proof that what I tell you is true. When you are sitting quietly in a room, look toward the light of a window—that is look out of the window toward the sky, but let your gaze rest steadily upon the atmosphere a few yards from the eyes—do not look at anything but the air—gaze quietly and steadily for a few moments and you will be surprised, for you will thus behold the germinal sea, consisting of living, germinal points of light. These points of light vary in size from those about as large as the point of a pin to those of much larger size—say, the head of a pin. Now do not make a mistake and think I mean motes in a sunbeam; I mean nothing of the kind. The points of light which you will see, if you strictly follow my directions, are living little globes, lighter in color than the atmosphere, of all grades and sizes and they are darting hither and thither in all directions, filled with life and motion, never still for an instant, little, bright, translucent globes of light; an unending sea of germinal life. Now do not mistake and think

I mean clairvoyant sight. I do not thus mean, but your natural sight—the sight of your material eyes—and the only reason you have never observed them is because you have not thought of doing so; for, ordinarily, you do not notice them at all; and still the air is filled with them, to be seen with the naked eye if you but take the trouble. I presume that many of you have seen them but have thought very little about them.

Now, when scientists start right, taking the law of evolution in one hand and the law of involution in the other, the road to immortality will be made plain and easy, so that even a child may understand. Anyone taking one law alone and trying to follow it to its ultimate will make woeful mistakes. If you discover one law you must find its counterpart or you will end in the aforesaid bog. Male and female, positive and negative, involution and evolution; every existing law has its counterpart; heaven and earth, spirit and matter, and so forth.

Now these laws are elaborated at great length in the four books which my son has been able to publish, "The Discovered Country," "Oceanides," "Mary Ann Carew," "Philip Carlisle," and it is worth the while of any scientist to purchase these books and study them. They can be had at the office of The Progressive Thinker. It would be impossible in a short newspaper article to properly elaborate these great natural laws.

One great reason why the religions of the world are one-sided and erroneous is, that they have originated mostly in the brains of men. Now I hope I shall be excused if I tell the truth. No man who has not his other self, or complement, is fit to give a true religion to the world. He can only give a one-sided religion—a male religion, as one might call it—and the world will never have a perfect religion until it is given to the world through those who are united in perfect oneness, the male and the female. Look at the religion that is given to the world by a celibate priesthood.—the most selfish and unnatural life that a man can possibly lead. His God is just like himself, a God without a Goddess, an egotistical male God, so vain that he requires adulation, praise and worship forever and ever; so revengeful that those who refuse thus to render him homage, he will commit to flames and endless tortures.

Oh, think of the Inquisition—think of the horrors of

war—think of the man-made religion, the male, the positive force, standing alone crushing the female to earth, going all wrong in everything and ending in destruction and error. Nothing will be right until the female principle is recognized equally with the male.

Think of the American nation not allowing females to vote; the government wholly and entirely male; a great, one-sided, wagging, wobbling concern, with its millionaires and its billionaires; and it wants to be praised and worshiped continually like the great male God; and, offsetting its millionaires are its millions of toiling, half-famished men and women, its prisons and its gallows and electrocuting; its distilleries and liquor licenses; its houses of ill-fame, and, most terrible of all, its most cruel, barbarous, inhuman, most awful, horrible vivisection rooms, where male doctors practice their most fearful orgies on bound and helpless victims—victims who have immortal souls as well as themselves as they will find to their utmost horror when they leave the body, for there is, surely, a great law of justice, and all will meet with a recompense corresponding to the deeds done in the body.

I am a spirit, dwelling within the spiritual realm, and I know whereof I speak. The most horrible agonies await the vivisectionists—agonies that will commence even before they leave the earth and will be prolonged indefinitely within the spiritual world. Not a groan or a cry of agony that comes from their helpless victims but what will be wrung from the souls of the persons who have inflicted the tortures which have caused them. This is no vain nor idle talk, but it is as true as that such things exist.

And now, please remember what I as a spirit tell you. It will not be long before one vivisectionist after another will become mad, or partially so. Some of them will be confined in lunatic asylums and none will hardly be able to look upon them and retain his senses. They will become raving maniacs, drooling at the mouth, with starting, burning eyeballs; they will be confined in cages of strong iron bars, for they will claw, and gnash with their teeth in the most frightful manner; they will yawl and groan and spit like cats in agony; they will bark and bite and froth at the mouth like rabid dogs; they will tear at their hair, and claw their own flesh from their bones; yea, they will tear out their own eyes, break their own fingers

and various bones of their bodies; they will even tear at and pluck out their own tongues and other organs; they will tear whatever clothing is put upon them in shreds, and remain shivering and naked in their cages; they will snap at their food and swallow it without mastication.

A human being sunk so low that he can become a vivisectionist, has become lower and more devilish than the lowest, most poisonous reptile that ever lived. He is the vilest of all living creatures and will suffer as no other creature ever did or ever can; for, all the world of cruelty that ever has been in the past, cannot compare with the awful cruelty of the vivisectionist. Presently you will hear of some prominent vivisectionist becoming insane; then, one after another; and even those who escape punishment on earth will suffer all the tortures I have described when they leave the body—for, "I am a just God, saith the Lord of Hosts, and every man shall reap according to his folly." The just God being the great eternal law of Justice.

LETTER NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

If the higher did not assist the lower in all things, creation would be at a standstill—chaos would result.

My dear son, in one of my previous letters I spoke to you of a time when angelhood was reached, when the two rightful halves or counterparts were blended together and became a completed angel. Now the higher heavens are all composed of angels; completed, bright, glorious angels; far—very far on toward bliss, wisdom, love, and truth; until, at last, they arrive at a point where they understand nearly all natural laws—comprehend them fully in all their details. When an angel reaches this altitude, the angel is in a sphere where there are no children and nothing is in this sphere that is crude or undeveloped; but, do not suppose that the angel selfishly remains here at all times, selfishly enjoying bliss. It is just here that the orthodox makes a grand mistake. Selfish bliss would at

length become a vice, and a selfish angel would be as bad as a millionaire of earth, and would immediately fall into a miserly, selfish, grasping angel, and would become like many on earth who know it all and a little more; by that little more we here mean, they will, at last, think they know all about God, can analyze him thoroughly, tell you just how he looks, of what he is composed; in fact that he is composed of a peculiar light in the form of a man.

Well, now, one can readily see that as soon as one can get God under his finger, something as one might a flea, and, perhaps, examine him with a microscope, that one becomes greater than God; in fact, that one has mastered God; for anything that one can understand, one has mastered—becomes the master—consequently is higher than the thing mastered. Now, when one can tell you how God looks and of what he is composed, that one is higher than God—above and beyond him—for that one can tell you all about him and consequently, God sinks into insignificance—has been thoroughly analyzed and mastered, and is beneath the feet, so to speak, of the one who has so analyzed and mastered him.

Is not this the height of folly? Who has ever yet mastered God? I have been in the celestial life for more than twenty years, have been an angel or completed whole for a greater part of that time, have associated with angels of a superior order, but among the countless host have never yet met one who had ever seen God—who could analyze him or knew of what he was composed. Great, eternal laws we are trying to comprehend—to understand; and, as fast as we understand them, we have, by so doing, mastered them; mind and spirit have become greater than the laws they have mastered; perhaps a step nearer toward understanding God's methods or great natural laws; yet, after all, we are subject to those laws and may not transgress them; in fact, we are a part and parcel of them. This brings us back to the point from whence we started—angelhood.

Now we have mastered the laws pertaining to angelhood, consequently have become an angel. If we could master all the laws pertaining to God, or see God, or understand God, or know of what he is composed, we should be God or Gods; but this could never be until the limits of eternity were reached. Eternity has no limits and we can not reach that which is not, consequently can never

see God or understand him or analyze him; and, as you have a saying, that no man has ever seen God or looked upon his face and lived, we can say that no angel has ever seen God or expects ever to look upon his face and still retain existence; for to see God—or in other words to reach the limits of eternity which is limitless—would be to cease to exist. Anyone can see that such a postulate is null and void. When anyone of earth tells you God is perceived as a peculiar kind of light in the form of a man, that one really perceives an angel and nothing more.

As we said at the commencement, an angel cannot selfishly remain in bliss, but must go forth—which is the meaning of the word angel—and be a messenger of good to those who have not reached angelhood. Whatever knowledge an angel may have attained must be imparted to those who have not reached the same altitude. Children and all undeveloped spirits must be instructed and all beings still within the material body must also receive knowledge in all its various branches, from us, and we, also, must constantly receive from angels who are beyond and above us in wisdom. Certainly all that we have said must be self-evident; it would seem to need no other proof than the mere stating of the fact.

We often hear those of earth say: "O, we can know so very little about a future life, after all. We hardly know, and really cannot know, much about a future state."

Friends, this is an error. Very much can be known about our life here by those on earth; and right here the Colonel wants to say a few words, and we are more than willing:

"Good friends, don't fall into the error of saying, 'We don't know—we don't know,' but go immediately and try to find out. This, forevermore, shall be my watchword. Uncover. Discover. Find out. If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again, and forever quit saying, 'We don't know—we don't know.'"

"Now good Herr Franz and myself are trying to tell you some of the things that you don't know, so that you may know something about this life. Personally, I have no home here yet composed of granite. Personally, I am not yet an angel and must aver that I am still a spirit and expect to be for an indefinite period; but, when you ask me if there are homes here, I answer decidedly in the affirmative—homes so beautiful that I can scarcely look upon

them—homes of the spirits and homes of angels—elegant halls and institutions of learning. O my friends, I want to describe to you some of the things that I have seen since coming here. I don't need an especial home at present, for I have enough to do to visit all the places to which I am invited, and what time I have to spare I spend at my earthly home with my wife and children. This, at present, fills my cup more than full, running over, pressed down and shaken together. Don't think that the spirits and angels are all insane when they tell you that they have homes, halls, institutions of learning, and so forth; and don't think them untruthful when they tell you that these homes, temples, halls, etc., appear to be composed of marble, granite, alabaster, mother of pearl, diamonds, gold, silver and precious stones, for they certainly look like such things; and yet, far more beautiful; neither does a spirit simply imagine a thing that is not. That would be worse than the Christian Scientist.

"The Christian Scientists say, that all matter is mind, and if you say that the spirits imagine like an insane person that all they see does not exist at all except in their imagination—why you are running at the other end of the gauntlet.

"Now, let us examine the facts as they really exist. Matter exists as sure as you exist and as sure as the earths, suns and planets exist. Spirit exists as sure as that you have a living principle with or within you, for all life is spirit. Soul exists as sure as that you are yourself or ego—I am—the great I am—that is what the old philosophers called it. Now all existent things are composed of spirit and matter and yet another principle, soul. Some very erudite ones call it force, but why not use the good old word soul, and then the common people, and those who think themselves uncommon or of better matter and spirit than their brother, can comprehend us. When you drop the material you only drop the coarser part of it, that is, the heavy cumbrous part of it, and enter the celestial realm, or the more sublimated part of matter; for the celestial world is composed of sublimated matter which is infiltrated with its corresponding spirit, also its corresponding soul or entity, ego. I am, each, that I am; and this means a tree is a tree, a flower is a flower, an animal is an animal, a man is a man, and so forth. Whoever thinks that man alone has a soul is in error. Each thing in exist-

ence has its own corresponding soul or ego or individuality. Now when a soul or ego enters the world of sublimated matter, it immediately clothes itself with that matter, and everything is clothed according to its kind, for it is the ego which draws to itself its own clothing, covers itself.

"All natural things that arise up from the earth clothe themselves, or take on sublimated matter and appear as formerly except more intensely beautiful; but all works of art which are created within the soul of man must be recreated here and clothed upon with sublimated matter. When a man on earth builds a house composed of marble, granite, wood or stone, or other material, you do not call that man insane and say that that house does not exist except in the imagination of the man and other men, but you say that man has clothed his house, which existed within his mind, with marble, brick, stone or wood, and it is real—an object to be enjoyed by that man and other men. Now we must ask: what are the composites of marble, brick, wood, stone, and so forth? Why, my friends, they are of chemical composition, chemically combined. What is granite? A hard, chemical combination of what at first was sublimated matter. Suppose, then, we enter a world where all matter is in a sublimated condition? We here find sublimated marble, sublimated granite, etc.

"Now a soul says: 'I want a beautiful home. I would like a marble palace;' and the soul being more powerful than the sublimated or chemical properties of marble, gathers, by the force of its more powerful will, the sublimated chemicals of marble about it and fashions the house to suit its mind or the pattern existing within the mind. Now this palace is built of real sublimated marble, as real to the spirit or soul as marble is to earthly man or men. The sublimated marble corresponds to the ethereal man as the hard material marble corresponds to the material man, and so of all works of art.

"Now a spirit child does not play with an imaginary cat, or any other imaginary pet animal. The Indian does not ride an imaginary pony. The child plays with a real spirit cat. It would not know how to imagine a cat if it had never seen one. The Indian would not be at all satisfied with an imaginary pony, for the Indian is about as material as he can be, but his pony is the spirit of a real pony. A child must be taught from real objects and not

imaginary ones, for small children have not the art of imagination at all developed.

"No; the child must have its real doll, its real cat or dog, or bird, or book, or blocks of figures, or the alphabet—its real pictures and so forth, and it must be clothed in real clothing, else it would be entirely naked, for it has not yet arrived at an age where it is capable of eliminating its clothing from its spirit. The clothing must be eliminated from the mind of its parent, guardian, teacher, or spirit who loves it, and its little spirit sheltered and cared for.

"The clothing of a spirit or soul is also manufactured from chemical affinization, drawn together by the will of the spirit or soul, and fashioned according to the pattern within the mind. It is the mind working on sublimated matter that causes it to coalesce into the shapes desired so that it becomes real and objective to all; but remember that these things apply only to works of art. All natural objects exist as they do on earth and draw to themselves their own covering of sublimated matter. All matter is chemical in its nature and can readily be made invisible to the sight of man. The sun is doing this every instant of time—dissolving all material things as rapidly as possible and drawing them upward into the celestial world.

"If water is drawn up by the sun in countless millions and billions of tons, do you not think that gases, carbons, and all chemical properties whatever are also drawn up? But, whatever one may think, such is the case. Not only are they thus drawn upward, or rather outward, but all material things, whatever, first existed as elementary or chemical properties within the never ending ether.

"Now this doesn't sound much like the old Robert, or at least the ego, has drawn to itself and assimilated a little more knowledge. I have clothed myself with sublimated matter instead of condensed or hard matter and it suits me much better. Why, friends, I have simply gotten a new coat, that is all. How do you like it? Looks well, doesn't it? It feels all right and is as easy and subtle as can be. I don't want to say too much this time, else you may think I am telling all I know, and I propose to save a little for another time. Au revoir. ROBERT."

LETTER NUMBER NINETEEN.

I have in a former letter stated that very much more might be known of our life here in the celestial world than is known at present on earth; and very much will be known as the years go by. When telepathy, or thought transference, becomes an established scientific fact in the lower world among the people there—and by this I mean all the people of the world, for it will at length be tested by nearly everyone—then will come the grandest revelation the world has ever known, and this interesting epoch is opening up rapidly. Very soon it will seem as natural, and to be expected, to hear direct from loved ones in the celestial world as it is at present to hear from friends who have gone to another town, or to another city, or across the ocean. Of course we are well aware that very many at the present time do thus hear from the loved and supposedly lost ones, but this is now confined almost exclusively to the people called Spiritualists, and those not Spiritualists call those who are, crazy cranks, fools, lunatics, and so forth; but, the tables will soon be turned; they are turning now as fast as the important subject will admit, and then the whole world will understand it as well as telegraphy is understood at the present time.

Think, my friends, of the many wonderful experiences that spiritual beings are continually passing through, and how much they desire to tell their friends left on earth all about them.

O my dear son, what wonderful things I could relate, what interesting, thrilling, dramatic stories I could tell you. You will understand that this is true, but the world at large would not accept them as real facts but would say that you were drawing upon your imagination. Well, let them thus say, for their say will be short at the best.

The editor of *The Progressive Thinker* will know that much or all I may tell is true. I have lately visited him—put myself en rapport with him—and consequently know that he is my friend; and I wish right here to talk to him personally for a short time.

Do you know, kind sir, that your paper is the open doorway between the two worlds? Yes, you do know it. Can a greater mission be given to a being yet on earth than the one of door-keeper between heaven and earth? Think of the vast resources of heavenly wisdom that are passing through your hands wherewithal to feed the multitude. Over forty thousand readers, you say; but, as I have looked around, I find it is nearer fifty thousand people who are fed and refreshed from the celestial world weekly. Each week about fifty thousand persons' thoughts are raised from earth to heaven, and when their thoughts are agitated on spiritual subjects that is the very time when we take the opportunity of transmitting truth to their minds.

Just at this present time thousands of human beings are being sent to this world through the awful horrors of war; their bodies lie broken, maimed and bloody on the field of carnage, and many spirits and angels are busy receiving and caring for their spirits or souls. These poor men are mostly young, unripe, inexperienced—not fit to come here at all at present—men just entering at the threshold of earthly life; they have been robbed of the material life and experience that should have been theirs; they come here filled with sorrow, grief, disappointment, bitterness, hate, revenge, ignorance; their first and greatest thought is to return and wreak their vengeance on their enemies. Man is a freewill agent, and these unripe ones are very headstrong and slow to learn wisdom, consequently they cannot be held in check as a body. There are a few who listen to words of wisdom, but they are few; they return in spirit to the battle ground, or to their foes in private, and oftentimes their vengeance is of a most horrible nature—so horrible in fact that it may not be related here. Not only do they wreak their vengeance on the foe but on the foe-man's innocent wife, child, sister, mother and relatives, even upon infants and old men; then, again, the foemen meet here in spirit and the warfare is kept up indefinitely. The body can no longer be slain and so they devise horrible tortures for the spirit.

Brothers, sisters, these things are so; they are not imaginary. Teach and practice war on earth and it is continued within the heavens, often long and extensively before those engaged in it can be brought to see the error of their ways, for nature evolves but slowly and a spirit does not become wise and good at one stride.

Now when an ambitious general comes to this life, whose sole desire has been to conquer by force of arms—that is slay his foeman—he is generally met by a large army of the slain men, greatly to his surprise. How strange he feels when he finds that none of them are really slain, simply transferred from one plane to another. Now there stands before him an army that cannot be slain, a bitter, revengeful army of living souls. He glares at them and they glare at him. It is now their turn, they think. It is now an army against one man. Everything is reversed. But a short time before, at his command, a whole regiment could be destroyed at one fell swoop; now he stands alone, and a regiment swoops down on him. He may gather a few of his own men about him, but it is useless. He can no longer slay his foes and they cannot slay him, yet their feelings are not changed in the least. He desires to annihilate them, and they would like to make him suffer for the wrongs they have received at his hands. Filled with wrathful hate they swoop down toward him and every man there wants his own separate revenge and is bound to have it if he can get it. It doesn't take long for that wretched general to discover this. He cannot kill them and there is nothing now left him but to fly.

Carlyle, my dear son, I have met a captain, colonel, or general, flying at great speed, horror and fear depicted on his countenance, with an army of revengeful, wrathful spirits in hot pursuit—an abject coward. Sometimes they overtake him and are able to hold him for a time and then they plot how they may best torture him, and often his sufferings are fearful to behold. This state of things cannot well be avoided, or made at once right; but, as rapidly as it can be done, all wrongs are righted. How much better to make things right on earth, to work for the right there, how much better that man should not slay his brother man. On the other hand a soul comes here who has, during his earthly life, worked only for the good of mankind in general. Perhaps he has been a great musi-

cian, a great writer, a great inventor, a great philosopher, a great reformer; a man who has striven to give truth to the world and not error either in religion or politics; a man who has loved his brother and tried to help him in every way he could; he comes to this life; all the spirits and angels have taken cognizance of his doings. How is he met? Let me tell you. After his immediate relatives and friends have met and received him, a throng of grateful and loving spirits and angels are waiting to do him honor, and they vie with one another to see which shall give him the greatest amount of happiness; for every kind act he has done for humanity, a thousand souls—aye, a million—stand ready to do him every kindness in their power; they meet him with reverential gestures and acclaim; they crown him with laurels as their king; they weave garlands and bowers of beauty for him; they form triumphal arches with his name inscribed thereon; they often seat him in a golden chariot, crown him with flowers and march to the strains of angelic music through the arches, while the chariot is drawn by prancing steeds.

These are no idle tales, my dear son, but as true as that I write them to you; and how we want to tell men of earth all these things. Listen, listen! O men of earth, for you will soon hear more about this life than you know at present. Commit no wrong, for it will meet you as sure as you commit it. Oh, there is so much I want to tell you. A man or woman who has lived all his or her life on earth trying to do something to benefit humanity, on coming here and having received very little on earth as recompense, finds as the general before mentioned, that the order of things is reversed. All those whom he or she has ever been the means of benefiting now array themselves to benefit him or her, and untold riches are heaped upon them; but money has no power; the wealth of the soul becomes all powerful. Still, as I have said before, we have spiritual correspondences. We have that which appears like gold, silver, and precious stones, but one soul has as much power over such things as another, providing the soul itself corresponds or has wisdom enough to manufacture them from sublimated matter; but no one can possess these things except those who have wisdom, love and truth; and these cannot be bartered for gold. There each soul stands for what it is really worth.

LETTER NUMBER TWENTY.

We wish to answer some thoughts which we gather by telepathy from many, very many minds still on earth, who reason from matter up to spirit. Do not reason thus, for allow us to say that such a method of reasoning is all wrong and leads to erroneous conclusions. Whoever starts right will usually end right, especially in drawing conclusions from reasoning. Do not start with a cell of protoplasm, or matter, and then through chemical affinity reason up to spirit, for by thus doing you will invariably end at nowhere or in the bogs and marshes of error; but commence with spirit, which descends into or is attracted to matter, with which it covers itself and then continually draws matter to itself until it is fully developed—each spiritual germ according to its kind—then casting aside its covering it ascends in its perfected form into the celestial realms.

But we have already said enough about this in one of our former letters and would not say this now if the medium's brain were not somewhat agitated, having just finished reading a long dissertation on the subject. We wish to cast this error out of the mind of the medium, also out of the mind of many others. Many come to the conclusion that a spiritual being cannot have feet, hands, eyes, ears, or any other organs, and so a great many philosophical thinkers get stranded, all because they do not start right.

When a person wants to reach a certain town, or other place, he must take the right road, otherwise he will be lost in innumerable by-paths that lead anywhere and everywhere except to the place he wants to reach; but to come back to the subject with which we started—our life here in the celestial world.

Carlyle, my beloved son, you know that by nature I was a very restless and active man when with you in the flesh. You also often thought me a very impatient one, and I now fully understand why I seemed thus. When in the body I could not make the reasoning of earthly men tally, especially man's religious reasoning, which exasperated me beyond measure; and, as I could not then find my way through such a mass of error, I impatiently threw up all religion and became, like my friend Ingersoll, a confirmed agnostic. When I left my body and entered this beautiful and soul-satisfying celestial realm, I actually reveled and shouted for joy. But I will not repeat again the details of my entrance into this life, but pass on to more important subjects.

I would that I could straighten out the threads in every man's life, yet, if I cannot do this, I will do all I can toward its accomplishment. Ever since I found myself an immortal being my paramount idea has been to meet and converse with all the great men whom I ever heard about on earth; and when I found that this desire was easy of accomplishment, it made me intensely happy and now much of my time is passed meeting and conversing with those whose minds are great, very great indeed. These great minds are all engaged more or less as professors in institutions of learning in all its various branches. I myself teach in eight or ten different colleges or departments of knowledge. On earth I was simply a professor of music, teaching the art, as you are well aware, in your own conservatory; but my mind was exceedingly restless and craving. I wanted to understand other things as well as music, so I set myself to the task of arranging and compiling music from its first principles. In this I was very successful, as you well know, but when I had thus written up music, I wanted to commence with the universe, starting with first principles and going as far as I was able. Carlyle, dear boy, I did not start right, and you always told me so; but I thought my son could not, certainly, be wiser than his father, for you admitted that you had not given the principles underlying the universe much thought, but you were sure there was a life after the death of the body, and I found that no argument of mine could shake your faith. When I asked you what proof you could give me, you answered that you could not give me any except that it was the unalterable conviction of your own

soul, but my soul had not this conviction and I was unconvinced, yet if I had started right, as I did in music, I should have arrived at the same conclusion as yourself.

Now in this world our great aim is to start right in all things. The great principles underlying music can be applied to all things in nature without making a single mistake. We commence with the very lowest sound that can be made to vibrate within the atmosphere, and we go on until we reach the very highest sound that can vibrate on mortal ears. When we have done this we have really only struck one grand octave which comprises all the intermediate octaves and scales within it, but there are really many octaves above and below this that human ears cannot detect, and these, together with the octave already mentioned, reach up into the spiritual realm. Now I think I can prove this to any candid mind. All musicians are well aware that a string can be made to vibrate so rapidly that no sound can be detected by them, but if there is vibration, there is certainly sound; yet the sound can only be heard by refined spiritual ears. There are very fine mechanical wheels that can be made to whirl so rapidly that no sound can be heard by mortal man, and the fine spokes, or flanges, of the wheel cannot even be seen, it simply appears like a solid body at rest; but if one were to touch that wheel, the hand that touched it would immediately be destroyed; the motion has reached the invisible, the spiritual, and destroys or casts aside all coarse matter with which it comes in contact.

Now these things alone are enough to prove that there is a higher state of being—a spiritual existence. I like to prove each statement I make as I go along. If two invisible substances, by being joined, can form water—a very material and visible substance indeed—do not wonder at all when I say that we can, if we have the required wisdom, form spiritual gold, diamonds, silver, and all manner of precious stones; we have only to unite certain sublimated chemical properties and we can have anything and everything that we desire; and this gives us all manner of building material—whenever we erect our homes, halls of learning, and temples of wisdom—so refined and beautiful that earthly men and women cannot even conceive of them; and in these homes we reside; in these halls and temples we teach assembled multitudes, congregations, classes, and so forth.

In order to have beautiful surroundings we must have beauty of soul, wisdom of mind, purity of thought and action, love for all that live, move or have a being, and an earnest desire for truth in all its manifold forms. Wisdom, love and truth—all things can be compressed in those three words. Their opposites are ignorance, hate and falsehood or error. If a spirit, or mortal, will not seek wisdom, it must remain ignorant; if it will not cherish love it will certainly hate; and if it cares not for truth it will be false and deceitful. We have all this here as you do on earth. A man who comes here in ignorance is ignorant still. If he is filled with hate, he hates still. If he has been a falsifier, he is false still. If a sensualist, he is sensual still; and so of every faculty pertaining to the soul.

Now cannot you see that we have enough to do, that none may remain in idleness with impunity? I think a description of some of our establishments here will interest you, as I hope I have settled the question that we have all which is enumerated in these letters. I have already described one hall of learning wherein I listened to Jesus of Nazareth and others, teaching the spirits in prison. I also told you of my own home and that other angels had vastly more beautiful ones—that the beauty of many of these temples and homes transcends even the imagination of man or woman, and that the homes correspond to the souls who create and inhabit them. In all this I have told you the truth. The home of each wise angel is usually erected by that angel. Sometimes, friends who love the angel dearly, aid a little, more by suggestion than otherwise; but our schools and temples, halls, and so forth, are erected by companies, or bands of angels, all working together for the purpose, until such glorious, shining buildings stand before us as to fill us with wonder and awe. Earth has nothing that can compare with them.

Think of a grand edifice composed of diamonds and all manner of precious stones, each holding a deep spiritual signification. Now imagine that a number of the greatest architects who have ever lived on earth and have for a long period of time been angels within the heavenly world having correspondingly added to their art, joining themselves together to plan this beautiful edifice, and then the large band of angels working together to erect it. This will give you a faint idea of our buildings and how

we build. Some of these elegant halls are for the purpose of teaching chemistry, which is a grand study with us; others that may be compared to your churches, to disabuse the minds of new-born spirits from religious dogmas and errors; others for music; others for art in all its various forms; but here there are no prisons, no penitentiaries, no court-houses, no government officials, no policemen or police court. Hospitals we have in plenty for sick, ignorant and despairing spirits who come here. Our one great purpose is to teach vicious, ignorant, depraved spirits wisdom, love and truth; not to punish them for the transgressing; for natural law is doing, and has done, that already; but to raise them up out of their degraded condition. Our mission is to right all wrongs as rapidly as possible.

Now we could not do all this by simply floating around in ambient ether, without homes or abiding places, or temples and halls, or objects of any kind except in the imagination.

Many Spiritualists are really more inconsistent than the orthodox, for the orthodox have a heaven with pearly gates and golden streets, thrones, harps, crosses, robes and all the rest. Really, much of this is true—true in one sense—for they are objects to be seen, lived with and enjoyed.

In the book written by the spirit of my first wife, called "Mary Ann Carew"—which was really her maiden name—spirit life, together with child life, is entered into in detail and at great length. The book contains over four hundred pages, was written entirely by the spirit who was the mother of my son Carlyle, passing into spirit life when he was but three years of age. It will be impossible for me, in these letters, to give much minutia as is given in that book, besides, I cannot write as interestingly as a beautiful woman can. Go purchase that book, especially mothers who have little children. The book can be had at the office of *The Progressive Thinker* for one dollar. You will never wish the dollar back. I am quite sure of that. We intend, as we proceed with these letters, to enter more exclusively into details than we have done thus far, still it will be but glimpses compared to the books which we have written through the hand of our medium, yet before we could give even such glimpses, we have been obliged to prepare the way, else none could pos-

sibly understand them, especially those abstruse philosophers who think we simply float about in ether, without chart, rudder or compass. Still, we do not expect that these will believe what we have to tell, for we may not hope to convince any man against his will.

My dear wife, Helena, and myself have been out walking, but we returned in time to control the medium to write this letter, and it seems to me that what we experienced in our walk cannot fail to interest those who believe we are telling the truth, and in our next letter you shall hear all about it.

LETTER NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

Not far from our beautiful dwelling rises a grand old forest—a spiritual forest—a forest of spiritual trees—and thither we wended our way. We sauntered slowly along that we might enjoy all the exquisite landscape spread out before us.

I have previously stated that our home stands on the bank of a beautiful lake, where the water shimmers and sparkles, and numberless little pleasure boats are dancing on the rippling waves. Now all around this beautiful sheet of water are scattered other homes at convenient distances from each other. O they are beautiful—beautiful beyond description! I would that all who read this could see them as I and my dear wife have seen them to-day—as we see them every day when we are at home.

Some are built of marble, some of pearl, others of gold and precious stones; some of silver, others of diamonds. These homes are surrounded by beautiful grounds—spiritual grounds, my doubting friend—and these grounds contain trees, shrubbery and flowers. Many of the houses are literally covered with flowers. Think of a home built of glittering diamonds, literally covered with roses of all shades and colors, the red and white predominating, with the diamond house glittering through them; then think of the grounds with shady avenues of trees,

beautiful flowers, shrubbery, green lawns, besides lilies and flowers of all kinds; fountains of marble; fountains of gold and silver throwing up their sparkling jets of water, and statuary, almost angelic in its truthfulness to nature, gleaming here and there in many places. Each home is built by those who occupy it, to suit the taste of those who build them, according to the beautiful that is within them.

My dear wife and I cannot feast our eyes too long on the heavenly scene. We often visit the people—or angels rather—who live in these homes, and they return our visits; but, to-day, we started for a stroll in the woods, and soon we neared the forest and entered it. An earthly forest is often grand and sublime, then what shall be said of a spiritual forest? The sublimity and grandeur of this forest is beyond words of mine to describe. The lofty trees tower upward until one grows dizzy to look at them. Every tree is perfect in its kind and shape, and there is a solemn hush and stillness here not felt except in a grand old forest like this.

How long has this forest stood here, you ask?

The spirits and angels hereabouts cannot tell. Longer than any can remember. The ground beneath our feet is soft and yielding, covered thickly with beautiful moss and filled with wild flowers of all kinds. How did this forest get here, you ask? It grew here from the spiritual emanations of earthly forests, and the flowers are the spirits of the corresponding flowers of earth, the moss the same, the sublimated essence of earthly or material things, and our own spiritual forms the sublimated essence of our earthly forms; the soul is the living germ that I have described in a former letter developed up to this point.

We had taken with us a beautiful little white poodle dog, named Flossy, the spirit of a little dog that once belonged to a lady who is still upon the earth—a lady in whom we are deeply interested. Helena has vowed to keep that dog until the lady comes here. She will be extremely glad to see it, one may be sure. Well, now, this beautiful little dog acts very much as any such little dog does on earth. He gambols about with delight, he barks with joy, but never a fear moves his little heart, his eyes are most heavenly and beautiful to look into, and his love for, and devotion to us, is something wonderful. We can-

not tell whether he remembers the lady who used to own him or not. This is somewhat of a puzzle to us.

Helena and I took seats on a moss-covered hillock, for we dearly love to listen to the little birds. Their singing is far sweeter than when on earth, for all spiritual sounds are devoid of coarse harshness. How did these little birds get here? They are the spirits of the birds that once lived on earth, and they correspond to their earthly forms just as we correspond to our earthly forms, sublimated, spiritualized, and exceedingly beautiful. You could not hear them sing on earth, for their notes have ascended into that octave which is not audible to earthly ears.

We both look around with eager eyes for we have been here very often before. We expect another pet—yes, two of them; perhaps more. Ah! here they come stealing softly through the trees, beautiful, great, tawny creatures.

“Oh! what are they?” you ask, fearfully. You need not have the slightest fear, my friend. These are two enormous lions, but they will do us no harm; they won’t eat us, because they cannot, and they would not if they could, for they are not hungry. Hunger with them is a thing of the past—they left it below with their more gross material bodies which they have no longer to feed; their spiritual bodies are sustained, as ours are, by ethereal, sublimated essences of that which rises up from earth. They would not have slain any on earth when they were there if fear and hunger had not compelled them. Fear and hunger are now things of the past with them, as it also is with us. You see the beasts and ourselves have risen up out of it, both being more perfect in their way.

“Come here, you great splendid fellow,” said Helena to the lion; and he immediately obeyed, laying his shaggy head on her lap, while the lioness put her paw on my knee. I had often shaken this paw before, as one often shakes that of a dog down below, and the lioness was always pleased and seemed to understand; but just how much she may be able to comprehend we do not know. Of course our planes of existence are very far apart, but that makes no difference with immortality.

Helena patted the great shaggy head of the lion.

“Now, let us hear you roar, sir,” she said; and he understood and roared until the forest vibrated with the sound. Now that roar could not be heard by earthly

ears for the vibrations were too low and too high, passing out of earthly octaves.

Helena playfully put Flossy on his back, or rather, on the back of his great shaggy neck, and then the lion and Flossy began to gambol and play. The lion could not hurt Flossy, and Flossy could not hurt the lion, neither did they desire so to do. No beasts hurt each other for the fun of the thing on earth, they simply tear up each other because of hunger.

"Look at that beautiful little squirrel, dear Franz," said my lovely Helena. "Ah! see! There are two or three of them. Look at their little bright eyes. How happy they are; just as happy as we are."

They were running up the trees, very near us, and paused, looking at us with curiosity.

"They are just as happy as we are," repeated Helena, softly, "and, really, they seem far happier, for we often weep for the errors of mankind."

Insects were also about us; but they, too, were spiritual; they had no venom and did not sting. Insects do not sting on earth for fun. Many sting because they are hurt, others because they are hungry or are fearful of being hurt. The hungry ones suck your blood for food. They are not fearful now and do not nourish themselves on blood, they simply inhale sublimated essences and hunger not; and, even if they were to sting, which they do not, no hurt could accrue, for the spirit is beyond being hurt.

Now I seem to hear you ask: "Do you have a sun in the spirit world? You talk of shady trees."

Our light is not the light of the material sun, but it is the same kind of light as that of the X-ray of earth. Of course we are conscious of your sun as we are conscious of your earth and all the planets in space; they are also visible to us; but they do not light our celestial world. The light of the sun and the planets is coarse and opaque to us. One may say that our light is the sublimation of all light—the inner or finer part of light.

"Do you have darkness there?"

"No; it is one eternal day; yet we have different degrees of light, and artificial darkness. A progressed soul really needs but very little darkness, an undeveloped one must have more or less of it, consequently we have artificial ways of obscuring our light; but I cannot, in this letter, enter into all its details.

Now if Helena and myself had visited a large, tropical forest—for there are many such within the celestial world—we should have seen elephants, tigers, leopards, and all kinds of animals belonging to such a forest, but as we have always been accustomed to such forests as grow in Germany and New England of America, we make our home according to our former habits, yet we travel extensively whenever we feel inclined.

The aforesaid philosophers of earth will laugh and sneer at what I have written. That will not alter the truth of it, in the least. They can float in the ambient ether, if they so desire, surrounded by a few other abstruse philosophers, like unto themselves, if they wish, with nothing but each other to look at; they may thus float to all eternity, it would not trouble us; they can ignore all animal life; they need not look at the trees or go near the water, they can shut their eyes when they pass over our beautiful homes, they need never enter them if they prefer not; but, between you and me, dear reader, don't you think they will get a little weary of eternal ether and each other—those grey-bearded, unsexed philosophers. Helena is laughing heartily at the picture. I am afraid that some of them might like to take Helena away from me, forgetting, for awhile, that there is no sex among the angels. Well, they cannot be angels until they feel the need of the female parts of themselves and are conjoined to them. A few more words and we have done with this letter.

Through the eyes of my medium, I am now looking at a beautiful vase of flowers—semi-tropical, California flowers. There are calla lilies, two or three different kinds of geraniums, the beautiful, drooping acacia, roses, and so forth, all gathered from the garden in front of the house, to-day, the 14th of February. They are exceedingly beautiful, but coarse compared to our flowers, yet, like them. Ours are still more beautiful. Beauty is not confined to earth, else heaven would not be as beautiful. If heaven had no flowers the most of the women and children would rather remain on earth, for a sucking babe cares nothing for ambient ether, but it will clutch, with its little hands, eagerly at a flower. Most women and girls would be very unhappy if their eyes could never look upon flowers.

Just back of the flowers, before mentioned, stands a

crystal dish filled with large, golden California oranges, picked to-day from the grove near the house, beautiful and delicious to the taste. Do you think that orange groves belong only to earth? Then earth is more beautiful than heaven. That is not true. Heaven is more beautiful and useful than earth. Those oranges on the table are coarser and more material than ours. Ours are sublimated, refined and vastly more delicious.

Now out on the back veranda is lying a beautiful and faithful dog. He is watching the house all day to see that no harm comes to its inmates, but his vigils do not cease with the day. It is now night. He is still on duty and nothing can take place that his warning bark or growl is not given. His love and faithfulness to the inmates of the house cannot be weighed or measured. It never wavers for an instant, and will not while life lasts. You call him a brute, a beast, an animal, a dumb creature. I deny every word of it. He has more language than many men. He has a different method of expressing himself, I admit, but he has as many ways as there are different things transpiring, and the one through whom we write has learned them all, and well understands, without looking, when the turkeys are quarreling, when the cats are around, when the chickens fly out of the yard, when the Chinese washerman is coming, when the Chinese vegetable man's cart stops, when a tramp is about, when a stranger approaches, when the grocery man is in sight, when the coyotes prowl around after the chickens; for each and all a different sound or signal is given, and when he hears his master's horse and buggy in the distance, although he cannot see him, his delight knows no bounds.

Does all this love, faithfulness, and intelligence die, because a dog does precisely what man does—drops his mortal body? No, no, my friends. You are mistaken—very greatly mistaken. But if my word will not pass, I will try to prove what I have said. Now, as you know, I am the spirit of Franz Petersilea, and I desired to give my son double proof that a dog has an immortal spirit as well as man; so I made myself invisible to the dog. When it suits my convenience I walk by the side of my son, invisible to him, but not to the dog. This I have done again and again, that my son may be convinced. Whenever I do this the dog, knowing that I am a spirit and not of earth, shrinks with a low growl and tail between his legs,

with a peculiar expression of awe in his eyes, into his kennel and, turning therein, keeps his eyes steadily fixed on me, still growling low and fearfully. The dog knows, very well, that he cannot harm me, he knows that I am a spirit and that he cannot frighten me, but he doesn't care now to make friends with me—in fact, he makes friends with no stranger.

Now, I put the question to you, one and all, Can a creature who has not a spirit see a spirit? Can that which is not spirit perceive that which is spirit? I will leave this question in the hands of the grey-bearded philosophers of earth. They may try to philosophize themselves away from truth, but it is better to philosophize one's self into truth.

LETTER NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

Sometimes when we are ready to control the one who writes for us, we find agitation of mind on some important subject. Perhaps some article has been read from a paper or book which conflicts with that which we write or teach. Perhaps something has been read that is obnoxious to the mind of our sensitive, consequently we do not always find smooth, placid waters wherein to cast the images of the thoughts which we wish to photograph. We thus find it at this moment, and we must first calm the troubled mind before we can go on with our work. The present disturbed condition has been caused by reading an article in a Spiritual journal, wherein the writer says that Spiritualists should cease to sing of the sweet bye and bye, come down out of the clouds and work for what he calls "this world." By "this world" we suppose he means the material or earthly world or worlds. Many others also say: "Let us have one world at a time. Don't let us waste thought on any other world until we get there. We have all we can do here and now. Let the sweet bye and bye take care of itself. Live only in and for the present."

Now as I, or rather we—for I do not like to ignore the better part of myself, my wife, my other-self, by beautiful Helena—now, as we are in what the writer calls “the sweet bye and bye,” and as it is not the sweet bye and bye but the sweet now—the beautiful present time—we think it will not be out of place for us to write of this sweet now; for we are right here and now, and the most of that which we have to tell has already passed, even as this writing will have passed on, or become something of the past, as soon as we have finished it; in fact, each word as we write it has become a thing of the past; but, while we hold our sensitive for the purpose of writing these letters, we flit back and forth a great many times within twenty-four hours, that the connecting link between ourselves and the sensitive may not be broken.

Each time we have put ourselves en rapport with the one who writes for us, we have found this stone which has been cast into the waters; so we thought we would, personally, visit the one who cast the stone, put ourselves en rapport with him, and find out whether he was really living in one world, without giving thought to any other; for, certainly, he ought to be able and competent to do, himself, that which he advises others to do. He says he is a Spiritualist, and if all Spiritualists would do as he thinks they should do, something of importance would be accomplished and a plan presented.

Now if all Spiritualists and others, for no doubt he would like to have others do the proper thing also—as this man thinks they ought to do—why of course he would be the master of the whole world, and all persons would be his obedient servants, for they would all do precisely the thing which he thinks ought to be done. He has not yet said what he thinks ought to be done, but he has said what ought not to be done—that is, “Stop thinking about the other worlds, and the sweet bye and bye, and confine your thoughts to the lower world, the earthly world, the material world. I mean this world wherein I stand. Don’t think about any other. Now, right about face! Look at me—straight at me—I say! Don’t dare turn your eyes upwards! This earth, and this alone, is the only one you have a right to look at; for have I not said so, and consequently it is so. Now, as soon as you have come into line, and fastened your eyes on this earth, and this alone, and have ceased to sing or think of the

sweet bye and bye, I have other commands which I wish you to obey, but I will reserve them until I get you in order, for I cannot do anything at all while you are looking at other worlds and thinking of the sweet bye and bye."

Well, friends, I have given a synopsis of about what we found in that man's mind. We also found in looking over this man's past life, that, as a boy, he used to throw stones vigorously; in fact, he stoned every cat and dog in the neighborhood; he was that kind of a boy that breaks every pane of glass in an untenanted house. He used to browbeat and make faces at tiny little girls, and so forth, and so forth. You all understand just the kind of a boy he was; and "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," you can all understand just what kind of a man he is now. He is simply a type of a great many other men, a tyrant on a very small scale. It is well for the world and for all other worlds that their commands are not heeded.

When such men grind you down to the earth earthly, to the exclusion of all other worlds, the next step is to draw the lines still tighter: "Now don't look at any other nation or country than your own;" then, "Don't look anywhere except at me. Now march just as I command you! Think just as I think! I look within for my happiness, and you look at me. If you dare to cast your eyes upward, to the stars, or other worlds, I will throw you into prison or a dungeon where you cannot see them. If you dare to think or sing of the sweet bye and bye," which means, of course, the other or higher life, "I will perhaps boil you in oil, break you on the wheel, or something." But we think we have said enough to show the tendency of such a spirit.

Now to a spiritual sensitive this is antagonistic and awful. I do not at all wonder that we find the mind of our sensitive in a disturbed condition. If the spirit manifested by that writer caused no disturbance in other minds, we might pass it by without notice, but it really has struck thousands of sensitive spirits in the same way and with the same effect. To the mind, it is the boy who pelts the poor timid cats and dogs with stones, now grown a young man pelting the timid, sensitive souls of men and women with stones cast from the mind.

If Galileo had confined himself to one world, you would all be, to-day, in the Dark ages. The most of those on

earth would think it flat, the sun, moon and stars simply lights set in a firmament—"the greater light to rule the day, the lesser light to rule the night." If Benjamin Franklin had confined himself to the earth earthy and had not thought of something above it—had not lived in the clouds, so to speak—electrical, motive, and lighting power would not be known on earth to-day. If Newton had not thought of other worlds, and the power by which they were moved, the great laws of gravitation, attraction and repulsion, magnetism, positive and negative forces, the great eternal cords that hold all worlds and universes together would never have been understood or comprehended in the slightest degree. If Swedenborg, Andrew J. Davis, Hudson Tuttle and others, had not thought of other worlds than the one whereon their feet rested, nothing would have been known of the Spiritual zones. If the little boy who watched his mother's tea-kettle boiling had confined himself to throwing stones at cats and dogs, and had not thought of something more mysterious than the every-day affairs of life, your world would not have had a steamboat, a locomotive, or any other invention driven by steam. If men of old had not thought of gods and goddesses, your world would to-day, be devoid of all architectural beauty and you would, perhaps be still living in tents and wigwams. If aboriginal men had not thought of a great invisible spirit, who dwelt above, causing the winds to blow, the lightning to flash, the thunder to bellow, the waves to roar, and so on through the whole gamut of natural sounds, he never would have stretched the dried skin of a beast across a couple of logs and beat upon it to make a big noise to propitiate the Great Spirit—he never would have stretched his bow-string tight and twanged it for the same purpose; he never would have blown or blared through a cow or ram's horn, nor the tribe congregated together while the young men or warriors beat their log drums, blew their ram's horns, and twanged their bow-strings in concert; and not a musical instrument would exist in your world to-day if they had not; for the bow-string evoluted, at length, into a violin, harp and other stringed instruments, then into a piano; the ram's horn into all kinds of wind instruments, and the log drum into all kinds of drums, big and little. If the men of old had not looked at and thought of other worlds—although not understanding them—the sun,

moon and stars, worshipping them as gods all-powerful, especially the sun which they worshiped and prayed to, monotonously chanting their prayers, asking the sun to shine and make the grass to grow, that the corn might also grow and ripen that their flocks and herds might be sustained and themselves and those of their households fed and clothed, musical compositions would not exist on your earth to-day; for such men and women were the first composers. They would commence in low, monotonous tones, gradually work into a frenzy of supplication, especially if the seasons were not good or plentiful, and chant, scream, howl, make every sound the throat was capable of producing, thinking that thus the sun might be induced to shine upon them. Afterward came the chanting, singing priests; then chanting choristers; then choirs and chanting choruses; and then, as the ages rolled on, came a Bach, a Mendelssohn, a Beethoven, a Mozart, a Liszt, a Chopin, a Wagner and a countless host of other composers, until to-day your world is filled with music and musicians.

Beethoven was entirely deaf, yet he heard the music of the spheres, for no man had given your world anything like it. His soul heard and gathered that which was not of your world. He was singing of the sweet bye-and bye—and the heavenly Mozart—what cared he for the earth, earthy? The angels gave him whole sonatas and anthems, perfect in all their parts, with a single impression. To be sure he must write them out afterward, but if he had thought of but one world at a time, those who dealt in that higher and better world could have given him nothing, and he might have rested on a dung-hill, or begged his daily bread from door to door, for he was poor, very poor indeed, in earthly dross.

And now we come to plays or theatrical performances. How and where, think you, these took their rise? In old, ancient China, farther back than any history goes, by Chinamen in their Joss houses. Change the word Joss to God, and God to thunder and you have the meaning of the original word, and theatrical performances had their origin in the following way.

The Celestials desired to please their ruler and on the days when he, together with his retinue, visited the Joss houses, they put on splendid barbaric apparel, apparently glittering in gold and precious jewels. They thought that

each season was ruled by a particular God or Goddess, and they in a crude way at first showed how the Gods and Goddesses ruled the seasons, and they could gain the favor of these Gods and Goddesses by talking or parleying with them. They could thus make the seasons propitious. It would make this letter too long to enter into the details, but the God or Goddess of each season was represented, or had a representative—somewhat as the United States sends a representative to Congress from each state to manage affairs to favor the state—and these representatives were supposed to be on familiar terms with the afore-said Gods and Goddesses and could tell the Emperor and the people at the Joss houses, or houses of thunder, all that each had said and done during the month in which he or she reigned; and it was the barbaric splendor, the music and the acting of all this that first gave rise to theatrical performances.

Every theatre and play on your earth to-day has been gradually evolved from the ancient, native Chinese.

The sun, moon and stars were also represented, or had their representatives, also thunder, lightning, rain, the wind. At length it took weeks of time to perform one play, and it became a yearly carnival of longer or shorter duration.

If the Celestials had never thought of other worlds than their own, there would not be a theatre on the earth to-day, nor an actor. We do not mean by this that they might not have been evolved from other nations, somewhat in the same way, but, simply, that those were the first that your earth ever knew.

People on earth can no more live for one world at a time than man can live for himself alone without reference to his brother man. So, dear friends, think of other worlds in connection with your own—think of the sweet bye-and-bye, and it will not only sweeten your lives but bring you near to the angels, for they are now in that which you call the sweet bye-and-bye, and the closer you come in contact with the celestial life the more celestial and the happier your own lives will be.

By coming en rapport with the higher life, many will be able to benefit the earthly world as these great minds have done that we have already spoken of.

If Edison did not think of the higher life, and put himself en rapport with the angelic world, becoming entirely

oblivious to the earth and his surroundings, there would be no telephone, no electric lights, no phonographs, no animated, moving pictures. Yes; and the earthly world is on the eve of a great many other miraculous discoveries and inventions which will be more and more astonishing still, moreover—if Editor Francis had never thought of other worlds and their possibilities, if he had not come in touch with the higher life, if he had not thought the people needed bread from heaven, wherewith to feed their hungry, starving souls, he never would have edited and published *The Progressive Thinker*. Others have edited and published spiritual papers, to be sure, but Editor Francis has fed the multitude!

LETTER NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

In our last letter we spoke of the ancient Chinese, and intimated that they had, in the earlier ages, been sun worshippers; they also believed that their ancestors had come from the sun to the earth, and they thought at death all who had led good lives on earth returned to the sun—that is to say, the visible sun was to them what the Christian's invisible heaven is to him. They believed that the souls of the departed were traveling back and forth on the sunbeams or rays of light.

Perhaps we can make ourselves better understood if we say that to them the sun was God, the moon his wife, the stars their children, and they had names for all the big and little stars. Some were male and others female. Still they did not believe that all souls went directly to God or the sun. They knew nothing of the revolution of the planets, but thought that the sun's disk was simply the face of God, his body being invisible, or, rather, concealed by cerulean draperies. If the day was bright and clear, God was pleased with them; if dark and foggy, God was displeased. If the clouds were heavy and brought rain, they thought God had gotten over his displeasure and with his two invisible hands had gathered the dark-

ness and fog together and thrown it away from him in the form of rain, afterward smiling upon them more brightly than ever; and thus even his anger was beneficent; but when there was thunder and lightning he was very wrathful. The lightning was caused by his flashing eyes, the thunder the sound of his awful voice in anger; and when the rain came down he was beginning to be pleased once more. The winds were the breath of God, or God breathing. If the winds were heavy, God was weary; if mild, God was more at his ease; and thus of all the various manifestations of nature. They thought that God swallowed the souls of all who were worthy to become his food, and afterward purged them forth, when their virtues and best qualities had been appropriated by him; that they then again returned to earth and absorbed the virtues and good qualities of their relatives and friends and once more returned to God as servants loaded with good things for him; they were again swallowed, again purged forth; and thus they were going and coming at all times. God had also to feed his wife and children—the moon and stars—and it was considered the greatest happiness that could come to a soul, to be one of the servants worthy to feed God, or for God to feed upon.

Afterward arose the idea of feeding God with other things than human souls, and so crept in the idea of sacrificing animal life, also fruit offerings. By thus doing, God would spare to them their children, for they thought him particularly fond of good, beautiful, innocent little children; and possibly their other friends might not die, or go to feed God, quite so soon; for, although it was the greatest possible honor, still, love for their little ones and nearest friends sometimes conquered all other feelings. A mother's grief and tears over a sick or dying child, often caused the father to go forth to find a substitute in the form of an animal, or choice fruits, begging God to take these instead, and spare the child to its mother a little longer.

God's wife, the moon, was a little coy, and wore a veil much of the time; sometimes covering her face wholly and often partially and coquettishly drawing it aside.

When the sun went down at night, they thought he had gone to visit regions of darkness, or a place corresponding somewhat to the hell of the Christians. The earth being flat, this region was under or beneath it; they had an idea

that this region was filled with horrible and grotesque monsters and all manner of things that were strange and frightful and to this region wicked or bad souls went, for God would not feed upon them, they were obnoxious to him, did not tempt his appetite, consequently, he threw them from him and they sank into an abyss and roamed in darkness beneath the earth; but they were not destined to roam there forever, for God, or the sun, went daily to see if any had repented of their follies and become good enough for him to feed upon; if so, he immediately swallowed them and the next day purged them forth and they were then able to retain their earthly friends. Their bitter experience, beneath the earth, had taken away all desire to do wrong, and they were now good and holy, or restored to be the servants of God; so, no matter what the sun might do, it was all powerful, all beneficent in the end.

This is a very slight, brief synopsis of what the very, very ancient Chinese believed; also what many other very ancient peoples believed; in fact, all sun worshipers had similar ideas; afterward came regular paganism as related by various historians, but we need not here enter into all the complex details of paganism; others have done this far better than we can, especially in a short letter which is to be published in a weekly paper.

Now no one at the present day should laugh at these ideas of infantile races, for they were great, grand truths in an undeveloped condition.

These ancient Chinese had no idea that there were other earths or worlds than the one on which they found themselves; but their crude minds understood, in this way, that which their eyes beheld. The struggling mind grasped the first great principles of nature, and underlying each idea was a grand truth. It is not the unsophisticated natives that are farthest away from truth, but oftener the educated, wily priest, and the rich, powerful, selfish ones of earth. The Christian religion was only Paganism artfully worked up into what is now called Christianity. Tell the fashionable popular minister of your present day, that his God was originally the Joss or Thunder God of ancient China, meaning, simply, the sun, and he would not believe you; neither would he believe that his hell was originally the region supposed to be beneath the flat earth, since worked over to suit the interests

of the Romish church. They have added the Devil and the fire—yet the idea of the Devil was borrowed from an ancient name, Lucifer, the great, bright evening star, falling, as it does, so quickly from near the zenith to the horizon and sinking out of sight sooner than any other star in the heavens. This star was also called Lucifer, the light-bearer, when it was the morning star, but it is now called Venus. It is really the planet Venus. Think of that beautiful star being the originator of the horrible idea of endless hell-fire and Satan or the Devil being cast from heaven into hell or utter darkness. Do they realize that the Christ idea was simply the Pagan idea of the birth of the new year, formerly called the Savior of the world, as it really is, for if the sun did not return to the spring and summer solstices, man and beast would alike starve and perish.

Of course you of to-day know that it is not the sun that does return, but the revolving earth as it oscillates back and forth in its revolution around the sun. Do these fashionable ministers realize that they are preaching more ignorant ideas than even their pagan ancestors ever cherished—that they are really farther away from the truth than the sun-worshippers or pagans were? Such is the fact however.

Now there was a Jesus of Nazareth, as we have before stated. He was an enthusiastic reformer, as many other men have been. He is so still, as an angel and exalted teacher, saving mankind and spirits from error, leading them gently toward the light and the truth.

We have said there was a great truth underlying each idea of the most ancient peoples. First: The idea that they originally came from the sun.

Now your earth was really one of the many rings thrown off from the sun, and was not formed independently of the sun from fire-mist or star-dust or nebulae. or from the swirl of a vortex.

Now I am a spirit and I have taken great pains to inform myself, truthfully, on this all important subject, and those speculations and theories are not the correct ones. No one ought, now, to accuse me of desiring to foist my belief on others, or magnifying my own importance, or to think that I, personally, have discovered some great truth not before known to man, therefore swell up in stubborn pride, believing myself right and all others wrong; and,

by so doing, becoming a stumbling block to all farther progress, thereby falling myself into the bogs of error and uncertainty. If all worlds were composed of star-dust, nebulae, fire-mist, vortex swirl, and so forth, and so forth, all worlds would be alike; you would not, and could not have a variety. All would, necessarily, be either suns or moons or stars.

Now the sun of your system of worlds is the only one that gives out light and heat; the other planets have no light and heat of their own, and would not be visible to your earth at all but for the light from the sun, which is shining upon them, thus making them visible to your eyes when your part of the earth is in darkness or shadow—in its own shadow—as that part of it is turned away from the sun.

“Well,” you reply, “every schoolboy understands this.” Granted, that the greater part of them do; but they do not understand why the sun alone of all your system of worlds, gives forth heat and light, while the other worlds are dark and cold, neither do they, when looking at Jupiter, understand why he has belts or Saturn rings; why they each have so many moons; why your earth has a moon; why Mars presents such a strange appearance, and so forth. Your star-dust, nebulae, fire-mist, and vortex theories, will never smooth out, nor answer, truthfully these important questions.

Now do not call my son Carlyle in question. He knows nothing of it. His whole life, thus far, has been given to music. He has never given a dozen thoughts to other worlds than the one on which he resides. Music has occupied his every thought and all his time since early childhood. He commenced teaching music when a boy, and when he was studying in Germany, with the old masters, still taught all the pupils he could obtain at that early age, himself studying day and night, giving the usual hours, recitals and recitations at the conservatory of Leipzig, and on returning to America, after helping to found the New England Conservatory, becoming its first and principal professor of piano playing, for many years; still, not content he instituted a large conservatory of his own, teaching therein all day, and every day except Sunday and playing nearly every evening, until near midnight, at various concerts and piano recitals.

No, no, my friends. He has scarcely had a moment for

thought outside of music during the whole course of his life, and as for reading, he has actually never read anything except a novel or two, with occasionally a cursory glance at the daily newspapers. He has had no time for much but music. So do not blame him for anything that I, his father, may write. He has suffered enough on my account already. I swear to you, dear friends, one and all, that it is I—Franz Petersilea—the spirit, soul, or angel of his father, that controls and does this writing. He is a great and peculiar sensitive. He and I were never alike, not in the least. He found his rightful calling in music; not so was it with me. Although music was my profession, it should not have been. I have now found my rightful place or calling, and it should have been on earth just what I have now found it—a writer and a searcher after the great eternal laws and principles underlying and governing the universe. I think I have now said enough to put things in their right and proper light. I do not wish credit, name or fame. I am above and beyond all this, being a denizen of the celestial world; but I wish to give truth to the lower world and truth alone—truth as I have found it, experienced it, lived it in my own person; but, to go on with the subject in hand—the true theory of world-building.

The true theory of world building is the atomic theory, as I myself have actually seen and found to be so. I did not discover this great truth. It was discovered thousands of years ago and taught in ancient Greece, Aristotle being one of its expounders. I have often met and held long conversations with this grand soul and most wise teacher. I have visited other worlds in company with him and others like him; and this great truth has been demonstrated to me beyond the shadow of a doubt. I have visited the sun, together with him and others, and have discovered—know positively—that it is not at all like the earths, that it is not an inhabited planet, that it is not now a compact and solid earth, that it is composed of two distinct and separate bodies, that it is now spiritual or gaseous in its nature, that it holds in solution all the elements, and many more that the men of earth know nothing about—that the light and heat of the sun is caused by the playing back and forth of the great eternal principles of which its bodies are composed, call them by whatever names it may please you, carbon, magnetism,

electricity, spirit and matter, gases, positive and negative forces, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, anything and everything.

One of the bodies of the sun is as black as night and the eye of man never rested upon it; the other is, apparently, a pale amber flame. They lie millions of miles apart but always directly opposite each other; they roll in their orbits exactly at the same rate. We might, to make things simple and plain, call the black body carbon and the amber one magnetism. This is as nearly true as any other form of speech that could be understood by mankind. The magnetic body is forever setting the carbonic body on fire; then, as the light and heat shoot forth, the magnetic body gathers them all up, sending them back again in great magnetic waves, so that neither the one nor the other loses anything—so that the playing back and forth of these elements can and will be kept up for what would seem to man an eternity; yet, changes will eventually come to it.

The sun, in one sense, is a vast electric light; one being naturally a great chemical laboratory, the other the attractive power drawing all these elements to itself and thereby bursting into flaming light and beauty.

Now all this, as yet, has not been discovered by the scientific men of earth, but it soon will be and then many things will be clear that before were dark and beyond comprehension. No one should say, "I have got the truth and all the truth." Whenever one says this, progress is at an end; such an one puts himself in the way of all progress, although claiming to be progressive. What I have here told, I know, positively, as a spiritual being; but I do not know it all. There are countless ages yet for me to live and learn; but when we here do discover a great truth, we like, and really must if we can, give it to the earthly worlds, each to his native world if possible.

"Well," you now ask me, "how is it that the atomic theory is correct?" I will tell you in my next letter, also how the planets came to be thrown off from the sun, as they certainly have been; but, in the meantime, go and buy "The Discovered Country." You will find these great truths elaborated in detail in that book.

Now, it is not personalities we want, but truth. It is not who gives the truth but, is it truth? Personalities should be sunk in truth—the truth appearing but not the

person who is used as the medium for giving it to the world. Fifty years ago as much truth was given to the world as it at that time could comprehend and make use of, but if the world were to stop there it would never get a step farther. The ones who gave great truths to the world at that time are not able now, while in the body, to go much beyond them. They have done their work, others now must take it up and go on. This is the only way to get ahead. Those whom the spirits used fifty years ago were, at that time, sensitives; but, the years have made them positive, consequently the spirits cannot use them for mediums as they formerly could. They should not clog the wheels, but be joyful that the work can still be carried forward.

LETTER NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.

We promised in our last letter to tell you how the sun of your system of worlds came into being; and when we tell you this you will know how all other suns come to be. Suns are forming to-day just the same as they eternally have been and just as they eternally will.

Suns are formed, or grow, within the great eternal sea of atoms. Eternity might be likened to the ocean, except that it has neither beginning nor end; it is limitless.

"Well," you ask, "why don't you tell us something new? We already know that."

There is nothing new, neither within the heavens nor upon the earths. Everything is as old as eternity itself. Everything always has existed and always will. The sun existed before it became a body of light, but it existed in the form of atoms. Now, in order to make ourselves understood, we must first tell you all about the atom. All eternity is composed of the male and female principles, positive and negative, spirit and matter; but the very lowest, first forms in existence, have the two principles combined in one form; and this is true of the atoms. Each atom is a tiny speck of pure flame—or spirit or magnetism

whichever you may be pleased to call it—surrounded and covered by matter. The spirit within the heart of the atom is the female principle; that which covers and conceals it is the male principle. Now these can be called by any other names that one may choose—force and matter, potentialities and so forth—but we think that male and female principles, positive and negative, more exactly expresses the truth and can be better understood by the ordinary reader—and the ordinary or common people are the ones we are talking too, the uncommon people do not need instruction and hardly ever change their minds, no matter who talks.

In earth life these atoms are invisible, for they are so ethereal in their nature that they belong to the octave above human sight, but they are distinctly visible to us here within the celestial life. Now atoms are never at rest, for nothing remains *statu quo*, but they are in constant motion. In fact each tiny atom is revolving in its own particular orbit. The little flame or spirit within the heart of the atom is a magnet, or magnetic attraction. The law of this magnetic attraction is to hold or grasp each other as closely as possible, and soon a body, or small globe is formed. This is what we denominate growth within the eternal sea of atoms. Now, countless suns are forming, or growing, at all times; ever have been and ever will be. As this small globe revolves, it continually attracts and holds other atoms—and all atoms that are anywhere within its attractive power—its size, together with its orbit constantly increases, and all eternity is before it. It has no need of hurry—no more have the angels and spirits, and earthly men and women would not hurry if they were exceedingly wise.

At length, after many ages, this body of atoms has become very large and heavy, its own weight and motion have compacted it and at this epoch of its growth it has no light of its own, it has but one body or form which, as I have already shown, is the first or primary form, containing the male and female principles, equally, within the one form; and this is true of all first or primary forms whatever, as every naturalist well understands. When this body has reached a certain stage of size and weight, it has reached what may be called a state of maturity. it is ready to propagate.

Now, this first or primary form, is not hard or com-

pect like your earth, but more like the soft jelly-fish; it is smooth and round, or egg-shaped. Presently its size is so enormous that it cannot bear its own weight, and the whirling motion loosens an outer crust which naturally falls away from it, the inner globe escaping, as it were, from its shell. Now this ring which it has thrown off is repelled by the motion of the first body to a certain distance, and yet the attractive power of the first body holds the second at a proper distance. This ring, by what is called centripetal power or attraction, gathers itself together at its central point and thus becomes an independent globe, but because it gathers itself together at its center its crust is all ragged and broken, in other words wrinkled and uneven; great yawning chasms and mountain ridges; yet at this time it is comparatively soft and warm.

Now we might say that this first ring or globe is the sun's first child. The sun keeps on gathering and growing as before, circling in its own orbit, which is continually enlarging. The baby world follows on as fast as possible, but its orbit is smaller, for it is small compared to its parent. The first globe, at length, throws off another ring, and thus it continues to do until it has thrown off seven. It has now become too hard and old to throw off any more and is preparing for a great change.

Up to this time the sun had no light except a very pale, amber light, caused by the magnetic or spiritual principle within it, and, of course, its baby worlds emitted about the same; the light being somewhat like phosphorus. But the sun was now old and must die or separate, disintegrate, change; that being the natural law of its chemical construction; so, as the countless ages wore on, it gradually gave up every particle of its spiritual or magnetic flame. The body of matter which the spirit had left being now as black as night, but the spirit, as all must understand, was the little magnetic flame at the heart of each atom, still retained the same form and size as before, also the black dead body of matter. But nothing is dead. Nothing does die. It was simply a change that a higher state of things might exist.

Now the spiritual flame shot forth into space until it was millions of miles away from its material body. Now, behold, a great event! The first or primary form had separated and become two forms, one the positive and one

the negative, male and female principles, separated, the positive force forever attracting the negative, both these substances being elementary or elements.

Now that these two bodies are exactly opposite each other, forever holding each other in exact balance, and they roll in their orbits like a double wheel—a dual globe, the spiritual or magnetic principle forever setting fire to the carboniferous globe, causing a continual burst of glorious, flaming light and heat; great waves of magnetism, or spirit, are forever flowing toward the carboniferous globe and as the bursting flames shoot forth, every ray, together with the heat is gathered up by the other, and, after chemical transmutation, is sent back again in the before-mentioned magnetic waves. Now this is what constitutes the light and heat of the sun. The seven rings which it threw off previous to the change are now bathed in heat, light and magnetism, or spirit. They, in consequence, congeal and harden or are baked into rock; and, in our next letter we will tell you more about it.

Now this is no idle speculation; and my son knows no more about it than others do; but, I am a spirit and I do know. If it were not so I would on no account take the trouble to write so great a falsehood. But I have said that I would try to prove each statement that I made. We can only do this by appealing to the reason of those who read.

If all planets were formed separately, and in the same manner, from star dust, nebulae, swirling vortex and so forth, why are some burning light, while others are dark, having no light of their own?

Some talk very learnedly about vibration, or light and heat being caused by vibrations. They wind themselves all up in vibrations and don't know what they are talking about when they get through; and we agree with a former writer when he said, "Vibratory moonshine!" They are vibratory moonshiners. There is certainly, a vibratory law, but it never was the cause of light and heat. Some will have it that vibration is the cause of all things. Others will have evolution running alone; and thus each one to his hobby. It is all right enough until one learns better, but when you grasp one law in one hand, look out that you have its counterpart in the other. No law runs alone throughout the universe—but its complement, whether hidden or otherwise, is always with it and must be taken

into account. A great analogical chain runs through all nature.

Now we do not expect that all will believe what we have written. Few believed Galileo when he declared that the earth was a globe and revolved in its orbit, but now a man would be considered a fool who did not. It really is not a matter of belief but an established fact.

Presently some astronomers will step out of the beaten track and declare that the sun is a dual body of chemical and elementary principles, and in a hundred years from the present time anyone holding the old idea that it was simply one large body, or earth, will be laughed at as one not up to the times; and, thus the world moves on as all things move on, as the sun moved on.

The Christian world to-day has a great he God without a she; but the God of nature, or the real God, is he and she forever at oneness; and nature, in all her varied methods, never evolves into one great hybrid neither male nor female—neither is sex a matter of accidents but a great eternal law in nature; and, sometime, we will tell you all about this law; yet, we will here say, that every atom in the universe is male and female united in oneness at the very foundation of all that exists, and without the two principles in equal proportion, nothing can exist or be created. It is creation itself; or, God if you will.

The sun appears, to those of earth, as one body, when it is really two in one. It is a type of the angelic world. The true male and female are blended into oneness, yet they are two distinct bodies making one perfect or complete angel, constantly emitting rays of wisdom, love and truth, and forever performing all manner of good works.

Earthly marriage is the type of the heavenly union—and you have an ancient saying, "That they twain shall be one flesh," or one; and if this is true of earth, it is, in a higher degree—or a higher plane of evolution—also true.

So weep not, lonely, desolate ones of earth. A little while and the joys of a true union will be yours. A loving companion awaits you somewhere, and you will surely meet and go hand in hand throughout eternity together. The universe is not governed by accident but by eternal, underlying laws or principles which never vary in their results; neither do we speculate when we tell you from positive knowledge and experience—tell you things as we have actually found them.

When friend Robert came here he did not believe in a future state of being; but he has found that there is. When I came here, I had not believed in a future state, but thought if there were one, I should prefer to live a single life. I had become somewhat tired of matrimony and its consequent cares and anxieties, having had two wives and many children. I went on alone for a while, but the great, eternal law soon confronted me to my happiness and contentment. The details of all this I have already given in "The Discovered Country," and no romances of earth can exceed, or compare with those of the celestial life.

Now anyone can readily see that if the light and heat of the sun was simply caused by vibratory action, that all the planets, together with your earth, would be suns of more or less magnitude; but, such is not the case. The planets simply shine with reflected light, that is, they reflect the light of the sun which is shining upon them, and all these reflected rays are again returned to the sun to be absorbed within her vast laboratory, where they return to their former chemical condition—once more sent forth in great magnetic waves to the black body, or the counterpart, again bursting forth into blazing glory, again darting through space to warm and vivify the planets which, as we have shown, are the children of the sun, together with the grand-children, the moons, which the planets have thrown off.

Anyone can see by this that moons are not old, worn-out worlds, but baby worlds—the grand children of the sun.

We do not expect to be credited at the present time. Many will laugh; others will sneer; some will say that we are spirits of a low grade and very ignorant; others, that we are lying spirits; nevertheless this will not alter or change great eternal laws or truths; and, when that renowned and great mind, which now bears the name of Hudson Tuttle, comes here, we shall laugh and shake hands and be glad to meet each other. I will introduce him to my Helena and ask him, with a smile, if he thinks she has become less a woman than formerly when she was on earth?

We here, in the celestial life, love this great and good man. He has accomplished an immense amount of good—or the angelic world working through him; almost more

than any other man of the present time of the earth, and, really, many of us here feel impatient of the delay. How we long to take him by the hand, show him our wives, our homes, as well as the animal life that exists here; honor him as he deserves honor; at the same time we shall say to him: Dear Mr. Tuttle, all truth cannot be given to earth through one medium or channel, but through each and all avenues that we are able to make use of.

Years ago, when you were a sensitive lad, all the truth possible to give to earth, at that time was given. The world could scarcely bear even that. As you grew older, coming into man's estate, you became more positive; being the male, or positive element, spirits found it more difficult, and many of the ideas you now entertain were imbibed in early childhood, and you, yourself, know, how hard it is to overcome such fixed ideas. Nothing, now, can change them but transition; and it is well for all, and the world at large, that transition comes to them sooner or later, else all progress would be at an end. Nothing can change fixed ideas but actual experience. If I had not had this experience—if I did not positively know by actual contact with all that I have thus far related—I would never take the time and trouble to control the sensitive whom I use as I now do. I desire to give truth to the world, and to do good, as much as ever you did. You have given to the world an immense amount of truth, but not all the truth. There is, really, much more to be known, and others now must be made use of. So do not clog our wheels, for many take every word that falls from your lips or pen, as unchangeable, eternal truth. It is better to have been Hudson Tuttle than to have been Abraham Lincoln. Yet both were needed.

One emancipated the minds—the other the bodies of men. All honor be to their names!

LETTER NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

If every man, animal, reptile, insect, fish, and all vegetable life were swept off your earth to-day, in a comparatively short space of time, all these things would exist in every part of your globe. The oceans, seas, rivers, ponds, and lakes would be filled with fish, insect, reptile and animal life would appear; and lastly, man. It would not be many thousands of years before man would be civilized. Now this would not take place in one little spot at a time, but would be simultaneous in every part of your earth. Man makes a great mistake when he supposes that it takes countless ages for things to evolve from a speck of protoplasm—as though it commenced with one little speck and then all must be evolved from that—or, that one ape gradually evolved into one man in one particular spot of the earth.

Oh, no, my friends, this is not so; although, in tropical climes evolution goes on more rapidly than it does in colder regions.

If your earth to-day was one mass of solid rock and water, as it certainly was when life first made its appearance upon it, this is how evolution did and would take place. The moment rock, on every part of the globe, crumbled slightly, enough to hold a little moisture, moss would immediately form simultaneously all over the globe; at the same time within the waters the very lowest form of life. The atmosphere would immediately supply all necessary germs, and just as rapidly as nature could involve, higher and still higher forms would appear—until the lowest or savage man—on every island and continent, nearly at the same time, according as climatic conditions were more or less favorable. Not one man alone, but millions of men—race after race of savage men—and

the world would come up then, just as it has done, into civilization, the angelic world aiding it as rapidly as it was capable of being aided.

"Well," you ask me, "how could that be possible if the spiritual spheres had not been peopled from the earth?"

Why, my friends, there are millions upon millions of earths in just the condition we have described, at the present time, but, on the other hand, there are millions upon millions of other planets that are progressed far, very far, beyond these earths, and there are countless millions of spirits and angels from these planets who can be, and are, interested in these crude earths, working with and for them. How else would intelligence and spirituality ever appear?

Go out and gaze into the vault of heaven at the countless stars which are suns to other systems of worlds that cannot be seen with the naked eye; then consider that all these worlds are co-related and you will get an idea of my meaning.

There are those on your earth at the present time who attract spiritual beings from other planets, especially from Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Neptune; but Mercury has, as yet, no inhabitants, it being the youngest or last ring thrown off from the sun. It is still too crude and young. It is yet basking in the hot rays of the sun and presents little else, at the present time, except rock and water, and has somewhat the appearance of your moon, filled with great yawning chasms, bursting volcanoes and boiling oceans, as your earth was in its youthful period and your earth will, eventually, be as Neptune is now, after having passed through the various gradations of the planets belonging to your system which are beyond it.

Now the very ancient spirits, who once inhabited your earth, are not so vastly superior to the wisest and most spiritual men of earth—and why?

Because as soon as these former souls left the earth, as rapidly as they gained in wisdom they must work for and impart it to those still in the body. This is the only way that any progress can be made. If angels here simply thought only of their own progress and happiness, never looking back to aid the ones left behind, they would not be worthy of all wisdom or happiness, and consequently would be neither wise nor happy. They strive for knowledge and happiness and then turn, or descend, and impart

it to those below them; therefore you can see at once that the wisest ones who have left earth cannot be very far in advance of the wisest ones of earth, their proteges.

Now this is a great truth that many overlook. Spirits and angels must work, and work continually, for there are millions of spirits here, low, ignorant, debased and degraded. These must be taught as well as the people of earth. No time for idleness here—no time for selfish enjoyment alone. We must give of our knowledge and happiness almost as fast as we receive it.

For instance, Harriet Beecher Stowe, when she wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, said she did not, personally, write it. God wrote it through her. She told the truth. She was but the instrument used by higher powers, or angels, and the angel who personally controlled her she mistook for God, not understanding the law of spirit control. One spirit must control, but the principles or truths given may be from many or various ones.

Dear Carlyle, I have met Mrs. Stowe since she came to this life. You, of course, remember when she essayed to give readings from her books, and you were the pianist on that occasion, and what a dismal failure she made of it? She thought, and said, that God could write through her, but when it came to reading, the people must do that for themselves.

She is much interested in you and yours and is here with me now. She says, as she listened to your music, on the occasion just mentioned, she thought God was playing through you as he had written through her. She says it was the most heavenly music she had ever heard.

The dear little lady was somewhat disappointed when she first arrived here, for she had felt sure that she would see God. She reasoned that if God had considered her worthy to write for him, she would be taken immediately into his presence when she left the body; but she was soon reconciled and is now exceedingly bright and happy. Her appearance is very beautiful indeed—small, dainty, sparkling and bright; looking twenty-five or perhaps thirty years of age. She has met the one who controlled her to write *Uncle Tom's cabin*, and they have been quite gleeful together over that fact. She is now prepared to control someone, yet in earth life, herself, and she tells me that she hopes to write a greater book than *Uncle Tom's Cabin* ever was, and she is looking for a medium through

whom to write it. She touches a great many mediums here and there and has been able to write a few sentences, but she wants to write a book entire. She says she has it all outlined in her mind—that is, her spirit has already composed or written the book and now it remains for her to give it down through a medium. She says she calls the book War, or Hell and Devil versus Heaven. God and the Angels.

By this you can perceive how it is with us all. As soon as she gets wisdom she desires immediately to give it to earth through some one who is capable of being her amanuensis. You see by this that earth and its surrounding spiritual spheres must go very nearly hand in hand. How eager I was to write to you shortly after arriving here. I had a bad time overcoming conditions but by persevering I conquered, and I then also wrote a book and after that many other books. When Mrs. Stowe writes her book I shall be one to help on in the inspiration; of course I mean Helena and myself. The angel world was determined at the time they wrote the book through Mrs. Stowe, to emancipate the colored race, and they did so through the influence they exerted, directly, upon certain human beings—Abraham Lincoln and Mrs. Stowe being the chief ones—but in order to do this war must ensue. Hell and the Devil must be let loose that Heaven and the Angels might conquer—and they did conquer. Mrs. Stowe says that another war must come to the American nation in order, this time, that the souls of men may be set free; for the bondage of the mind is more terrible than that of the body.

My dear son, I have long prophesied this coming war, as you well know, and this time it will be a religious war for the freedom of the mind.

The Romish church will, before long, take the reins of the government of the United States of America into its powerful hands and again the chariots of war will rush madly over that fair country. But the angels will inspire, and raise up new leaders, new writers, and, at last, this powerful usurper will be overthrown and cast into the sea of oblivion. The head of the serpent will be crushed and ground beneath the heel—the heel of the angelic world—but a dreadful war will first take place and once more blood will flow in your fair land.

Now you ask why cannot the angels bring peace to us

instead of war? I will tell you why; but, first, I will ask you, why could not the angels bring peace instead of war in the days of Abraham Lincoln? Because one power said, "We will hold the black man in bondage;" the other power said, "No, thou shalt not! Man shall be free whether he be black, white or copper-colored. Man is man, whatever his color or race."

Now the conservative portion of the orthodox world will join hands with the Romish power and the great power then will say, "We will hold the minds of men in bondage. They shall not go free. They shall think as we think and do as we do—or do as we command them to do." The other power will say, "We will have our freedom to do as we please. We will think for ourselves. We will not be in bondage." And again the clash of armed men, the booming cannon, the roar, smoke, and carnage of war. But the scarlet woman will be beaten—wounded unto death—aye, she will be slain never to rise again on your fair globe!

The angels cannot avoid these things even if they would, but they place themselves on the side of right and by thus doing truth usually becomes victorious and old error is slain.

Dear Carlyle, there are many other spirits who would like to put in a few words occasionally—souls that you and I were well acquainted with when they and I were with you in the form—and I am sure it makes me happy to give their messages, or allow them, as I have Mr. Ingersoll, to write a few words for themselves. But all mediums should be guarded by one particular control in order to do very much good. You, in earth life, do not let all sorts of people promiscuously into your homes, neither do you associate with the wicked and debased, and the law holds good here as well; still, we must try to save, or reach the helping hand to all.

My dear son, I am glad to say that thought photography is about to be given to the earthly world. You know that I have been telling you, for a number of years, that photography would soon prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, to the whole world at large the great truth of continued existence. This is just on the eve of being realized and will become as well established as the telegraph or telephone. Not to the few who are called Spiritualists, but to all the world.

You think this alone ought to put a stop to the internecine war that Mrs. Stowe has prophesied; but she thinks it will not. There are millions of spirits near the earth who are still Catholics—believing themselves in purgatory—and their sympathies will be with the Catholic power. They will aid in causing war and will, no doubt, possess and obsess very many who will, at that time, be in power. How soon this war will take place, Mrs. Stowe cannot tell; but she says, she is certain that before twenty years have gone by. She is more particularly interested in these matters than I am, consequently takes more pains to inform herself on the subject; but to return to spirit photography, which interests me exceedingly. It has become known to many that thoughts have already been photographed. One step more and all I have said to you in the past will be actualized. In all the books that have been written by us to you, we have constantly asserted that thoughts were things that could be seen and enjoyed by all spiritual beings.

Many laughed and sneered at the idea, thinking you must be crazy. Some held it up to ridicule, saying that eternity could not hold all the thoughts that had been evolved from the minds of mankind. But such will soon be put to blush and will find out to their amazement that thoughts are really things, and very tangible ones, too, for an intangible thing cannot be photographed.

Oh, my dear boy, keep your courage up to the sticking point, for you are about to be righted before the whole world. Not only will spirits be photographed but scenes in spirit life, and whole messages or letters will be precipitated at once upon a sensitive plate. This will not occur particularly with so-called mediums, but with all and everyone who makes photography a study. Your own dear mother wrote this to you, and to the world at large, in her book, "Mary Ann Carew;" and, even to you, it seemed more like romance than truth. The book was written some eight or nine years ago when the idea of thought photography had not yet been entertained, but in all the schools in the celestial world it has long been taught and practiced. Your mother, in that book, told you of a school where your little sisters were being educated, and described to you their method of painting pictures.

You remember how little Katy painted the picture of the white heifer with a wreath of dandelion blossoms

about her neck, also the picture of her mother, hurling the bottle at the head of the negro, and how the children were taught to concentrate their minds on that which they wished reproduced, and by thus doing the thought went forth in undulating, or vibratory waves, from their minds, thus striking the sensitized plate and forming the picture.

Now as soon as the people of earth are able, and can accept these great scientific facts, they are given to them. But, of course, the books which we wrote were premature in one sense, yet not so, after all, for even if one mind can be controlled to give forth a great truth, other minds soon follow, and shortly it becomes an established fact. Now photography will also soon prove that animal life exists here in the celestial world, and then people will begin to realize what cannibals they are, and gradually meat-eating and the slaying of animals will forever cease, and animals will not be propagated for the sake of eating their material bodies. It is scarcely worse for the native cannibal to eat the missionary than for the civilized man to eat his cow, ox, or the innocent sheep and playful lamb; and the earth would produce few of these if they were not especially propagated for the purpose of eating.

LETTER NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

I have now written twenty-five letters for publication. With this I commence the twenty-sixth. At first I could not be sure my letters would be published to the world, consequently I made no especial preparation but addressed them to my son Carlyle, who has from the first been more than glad to hear from me.

Dear Friends,—for hereafter I shall address the public—Do not allow any thought to become crystallized or fossilized. The moment one does so, all progress is at an end. No matter what mistakes one may have made in thought, do not hesitate to change that thought for one which is higher and better. If a new truth dawns on the mind, do not fail to accept it, also publish it to the world and your friends; for this is progress—progress in thought. Finding Editor Francis kind enough to publish my letters—for I much desired they should be—I have, since writing my last, taken great pains to prepare myself to be heard by the world at large. I wish to lose my own personality, allow it to drop out of sight entirely, that truth may appear instead of Franz Petersilea.

Through many witnesses truth may be established; consequently I have visited and drawn together a large band of progressed angels or messengers, all desiring to give what truth they may be able to through this particular channel. I must, necessarily, still be the door-keeper, or, as you of earth are wont to call it, the control. Still, this is not precisely the proper word to use, especially in thought-photography. Guide or guardian suits me better, for I shall allow very many of the great and good ones who have become interested, to give their thoughts as occasion requires; but, before proceeding, I would like to say that my son Carlyle desires no credit for anything

that we may give and, of course, he would also like to escape any censure. Credit or blame in this matter really does not belong to him; but, we here most sincerely thank him for allowing us the privilege of giving, through his assistance, the truths that we so much desire to give to the world. Now, as I introduce one after another of the great and good angels, or messengers, to those who read these letters, do not be astonished or incredulous, for I will not deceive you or introduce deceiving, false, or lying spirits.

When I was in the earthly life I held myself in the dignity of what I conceived, at the time, to be true. I associated with none but the good and true or, at least, I called no man friend that did not prove himself to be so; and, most assuredly, after twenty years of celestial life I have not fallen below what I was on earth. I have but one desire—Truth—and with it to benefit humanity and all with whom I may be brought in contact. And, now, allow me, my dear earthly friends, to introduce to you the soul or spirit of Charles Darwin.

“My friends, I think I am not a stranger or unknown to the most who will read the lines which I shall cause this hand to write. No doubt you all know that I was a naturalist while with you in the material or natural body. While in that body I studied very closely to gather all information possible concerning the material or earthly world. I was very eager to know how all things came to be and how they existed. I wanted to know all about the flora and fauna—all about insects, birds and animals, and, last but not least, all about man. I thought if I commenced with the very lowest forms of life and followed the chain up link by link truth could not fail to appear. My whole earthly life was spent in this arduous undertaking, and I sincerely believed that I had discovered truth and nothing but truth in all her majestic beauty, and I passed into the celestial life firmly convinced that I was right.

“My friends, I had found one of the jewels belonging to truth; that was all. The Goddess herself was still veiled and coy. I had grasped the jewel, but truth had escaped me. Yet, I caught sight of her beautiful face still beckoning me on; but before I could overtake her I must retrace my weary steps and commence once more where I commenced at first. I had forgotten something, and must go back and find it. What had I forgotten?

"I had forgotten the spirit, the soul, the animating principle, the real cause of all that is, or was, or ever shall be. I had been delving in matter to the exclusion of soul. The real cause of life had escaped me and I was holding dross in my hand. I was dealing with that which covered and concealed life, to the exclusion of life itself. Now, I desire to retrieve my mistakes and thereby set things right.

"I was right in so far as the evolution of the material is concerned; but, I had entirely overlooked involution. I thought that if man had a soul—which I very much doubted—that continued to exist after the body was dissolved, that he had attained it through the process of evolution, and, right here, my friends, I shall ask you: How can anything be evolved that did not previously exist? Here is where I made my grand mistake. I was trying to evolve mind from matter: That is—I was trying to mold matter, gradually, up into mind, thence into spirit, and thence into the immortal soul, providing there were one. But of this I never felt assured. In commencing with matter I ended with matter, although not fully admitting this to the world.

"Now, when a man makes a mistake—as all men are liable to—he degrades his manhood if he does not admit it—if he does not make amends and try to retrieve his error.

"When with you, in the form, I did not know that I was mistaken—thought myself right—therefore could not do what I now so much desire to do—retrieve my errors and mistakes before the world.

"Through my instrumentality and teaching a great portion of mankind are swayed and now, finding that they are swaying in the wrong direction, it grieves me much, as it will all honorable-minded men and women when they come here.

"How it grieves the beautiful-souled Nazarene, when he looks back to earth and finds, that in his name, the most dreadful dogmas are taught. Oh, how his gentle soul has been wrung with the most agonizing grief. He desired to teach the world all that was good, loving, gentle, true. How could he, then, dream that men would misunderstand his teaching and meaning as they have? It was really some of these misconstructions that drove me away from so-called Christianity, that sent me searching out

evolution. I could not believe in the old Bible myths, such as a personal God creating the earth, and all upon it, in six days out of nothing or chaos. I could not believe that he created a man, called Adam, out of the dust of the ground, then breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. I could not believe that he took a rib from Adam and made from it Eve. I could not believe in the talking serpent, the fall of man, and the atoning blood of an only begotten son of such a foolish God. Oh, no; I could not believe any of these stories, but knew they must be false, fables, myths, and I went searching after what I hoped to be truth, and, as before mentioned, found one of her jewels—evolution—but did not discern its twin jewel—involution.

“Now, allow me to make amends, I beg. If you knew how much happier I should be, how much more good I could do the earthly world, you would all listen to my voice and allow me to retrieve my errors.

“I had not been long in the celestial life before I was eager to know, beyond doubt, if my theory of evolution—which by the way was not entirely mine, for others had also followed the same chain of thought, had been engaged in the same researches—was true; and, to my grief and amazement, I found that it was but half true—that my materially blinded eyes had entirely overlooked the most important part. Now, allow me, in a few words, to tell you what I did discover: Matter, Spirit, and Soul-germs. My speck of protoplasm, or matter, could not of itself take on any form whatever except simply that of rotundity—no, not even that, not even the lowest possible form, without the soul-germ, and soul-germs were distinct entities and never evolved one into another, or one from another—no, not even the smallest or most minute; that eternity was filled with these soul-germs as it was also filled with matter and spirit. In fact, eternity consisted of three primary principles, matter, spirit, soul. At first they were all minute points or atoms: A minute point of pure flame, or spirit; a minute point of matter, or clothing; a minute point of soul, or germ; but the soul-germ was that which fashioned and made use of, or covered itself with spirit and matter; that all soul-germs, or germs of life, no matter how low in the scale they might be, were distinct entities and could not develop into aught but their own distinct individualities.

"It now seems very strange to me that I could have overlooked such a great eternal truth.

"But you ask me: How, then, is evolution partly true, or a half truth?

"Because one form of life makes the conditions for a higher form to appear, makes it possible for the next grade of soul-germs to take up the matter which the former threw down, after developing in full all that nature designed them to be. The good guide of the sensitive whom I am using, informs me that he has already written all about this. So I need not reiterate it. He has told you the truth.

"If evolution were true, as I thought and taught when with you in the form, why one man or race of men might gradually evolve into another. How absurd it all seems and childish my thought. Races do not evolve one from another or one into another. A white race can never be evolved from a black one—never under any circumstances. That they may mix slightly, up to a certain point, I admit; but, beyond that point, or limit, they cannot go.

"Look at the American Indian. He does not evolve, he dies. It will be the same with the black man and African negro. Many think the Africans will evolve gradually into a white race. Never! They also, as a race, will die but not evolve. A horse and a donkey may be crossed, but can go no farther. You have a hybrid or mule and that is the limit. The mule ceases to propagate or evolve.

"The Chinese nation has been on the earth thousands upon thousands of years—aye, millions. That nation has never evolved into anything but the Chinese. When China is conquered by other nations, as it will be sooner or later, the Chinese will also die; but they will refuse to evolve. They will never become a white nation. Chinese they were and are and ever will be. That nations mix slightly, is admitted; but this does not continue. They die out as nations.

"One may cross roses and flowers but the tendency is ever to return to that from which they sprung. I admit that climate and conditions favor certain species to the exclusion of others, but the germs are forever true to themselves and naturally gravitate, or are attracted to the country or climate favorable to their growth.

"I can never, under any circumstances, be other than

Charles Darwin throughout eternity, and I am simply a developed soul-germ—the soul-germ of Charles Darwin developed up to my present condition. I shall never evolve into any but Charles Darwin; no more will the slightest thing that lives, moves, or has being and life.

“The Egyptian nation gradually disappeared—that is the greater part of them—but they did not evolve into any other nation.

“Dogs have been dogs from remote antiquity, and they have never evolved into any other than dogs; and horses will never evolve into any other than horses. But you ask me: Did man evolve from the ape or gorilla? and I reply: The ape and gorilla made it possible for the soul-germs of mankind to at length be inhaled and developed as men upon earth; but, all nations did not have the same root, and the soul-germ of no man ever came from a monkey, ape or baboon. The highest possible ape or baboon was able to inhale and make use of a germ a shade higher than itself. In this sense evolution is true and, as you see, is but half a truth. The whole truth is involution and evolution.

“My friends, the sensitive is new to me and I am not as well versed in thought photography as some others. I have said about all I can at present but hope to be able to say much more at another time. Sincerely yours for Truth.

CHARLES DARWIN.”

Mr. Darwin found it difficult to control longer, being his first attempt to make use of the powers of any sensitive, and I wish to add a few words.

Mr. Darwin has told you that races of men, also different species of animals, do not run into each other, and I will here state the reason why they do not. All nations are graded and exist as nations—distinct nations in the germinal state—in the soul-germinal state—and when a nation has reached the development which nature designed for it, it disappears, or dies out; and so on of all species of animal, insect and reptile life—so of all vegetable and floral life. When the earth has no further need of horses they will cease to exist or die out, and so of all other animals; and, as the ages roll on, man himself will also disappear from the earth; but, all these things.

together with man, will be simply moved onward and upward into a higher state and condition.

Man while developing within the material needs all that is developed within the material, and when he reaches the spiritual or celestial, he needs all that the earth has developed which he considers beneath himself and could no more get along without it, in the spirit world, than he can in the material world.

My friends, let the solemn words of Darwin refrain again and again within your souls—repeat them to yourselves over and over again: Spirit nor Soul can ever be evolved from Matter. Spirit is Spirit forever. Soul is Soul forever. Matter is matter forever. A thing cannot be evolved from that which does not possess it.

When Spiritualists accept the idea that spirit and soul can be evolved from matter, they are accepting that which is far more ridiculous than the Christian's idea that something can be created from nothing. But, there is a great verity at the bottom of the Christian's idea that God created the earth from chaos, and I hope to talk on this subject at another time.

If the ancient languages could be perfectly interpreted and understood, the Christian and the Spiritualist would not be very far apart: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God," and the Word created the earth and all thereon contained.

Now, among the very ancient philosophers, the Word was synonymous with Spirit, and the three Gods, or the Godhead, meant Soul, Spirit, Matter—three principles combined in one. "And the Spirit of God moved on the face of the Deep." Now by this was really meant: And the Spirit and Soul descended into the Deep, and upon the face of the earth, and this created the living things within the sea and upon the earth.

How true and sublime! Come, Christians, let us shake hands and be friends.

FRANZ PETERSILEA.

LETTER NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

There are many who look upon Spiritualists as visionary and impracticable, and there may be those who are so; but here within the celestial world it is not so. Spirits and angels are as practical as possible and as busy as the busiest people of earth can be.

As we said in our last letter, it is not man alone who is translated to this life, but all things by which on earth he is surrounded. Yes, dear friends, all things tend upward together with man; consequently on arriving here he feels very much at home. He may have his faithful dog or horse, together with other pet animals. He may have his house, his garden and his flowers. He may live in a city, village, town or in the country. He may sail on the water or visit forests, mountains, valleys, and glens. He may visit different races of men, also planets and constellations of worlds, and oftentimes he can hardly realize that he is not on the material plane of being. All the distinction he finds is, that all things now are spiritual, devoid of gross matter. When we say gross matter we mean just what we say; for friends, this world is really material after all, for spirit here also clothes itself with sublimated matter, and the earthly world is gross matter. The spiritual world is sublimated matter, and there is not any place throughout eternity that is devoid of matter, either in its gross or sublimated form. There is no place throughout eternity that is devoid of spirit. There is no spot throughout eternity that is devoid of soul. Spirit and matter are but the hand-maidens of soul, and soul is God, the living and governing principle within all that exists or has life.

We spoke in our last letter of the various races of men, and how race after race gradually disappeared entirely off

the face of the globe; and we tried to show that races did not, after all, amalgamate. We do not say that there may not be a certain amount of amalgamation, but a few exceptions generally prove the rule. The Jews, even to this day, remain a distinct race. The native African, the same. There are many half-breeds, we admit, but as a rule they do not mix and multiply. The Chinese nation remains Chinese, as do all other Mongolians; so do the nations of India, and the American Indian. One nation may subjugate another, but they rarely ever mix to any approachable degree; and it is precisely so in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Now what we wish to show in this letter is, that it is the same here. Here are all the races and various tribes of men, and the lines are really drawn with more distinctness than on the earth, and the various races abide together by themselves, mingling very little with those not belonging to them; and their cities and towns are usually over and above the corresponding cities and towns of earth. More especially is this true of the spheres nearest earth. For instance, over and above the Chinese empire exist innumerable spiritual stratas, nearly all made up of the native Chinese. So of Africa. So of Egypt. So of India. So of the islands of the sea. So of Europe. So of America, both North and South. Now this is also true of the various cities and towns; more especially of the large cities of the world.

One can readily see that this must necessarily be so. By this we do not mean that spirits and angels may not and do not go whenever and wherever they please; still, this general law holds good, and the natural law of attraction and adaptability holds nations and tribes together. The Chinese are Chinese still. The Hindoos are Hindoos still. The African is African still, and so on and we are told, by those very far above us in wisdom, that this law holds good throughout eternity. An individual holds his individuality throughout eternity, so do nations and races of men.

Now there is another point that we wish to touch upon, and that is, the pathway of the earth. Sometimes when men talk of spiritual spheres, and thoughts cannot be things, and so forth, else the universe could not hold them, one would suppose that the universe was cramped for room. The mind of man can scarcely conceive of the enormous distance the earth travels every day. Not only

does she revolve entirely over every day but her pathway around the sun every year is almost inconceivable to the mind of man. It is quite appalling to think of the vast distance which lies between the earth and the sun, and more appalling still to think of the awful distance traveled by the earth in the oscillatory and circling pathway around the sun each year, carrying with her all her shining spiritual spheres.

Now the earth herself is but a small nucleus within her shining spheres, and together with her spheres is many, very many thousand times larger than her gross material bulk; and as she travels this enormous pathway, she leaves behind her each year tokens that she has been there. Her very outermost sublimated sphere is partly left behind her each year—all, in fact, that she cannot hold longer by her attractive force; and all these various forms of use and beauty are gradually filling immensity.

But it is now more especially earth's pathway that we wish to speak of. If the reader will follow us we will say that the zodiac is bordered in all directions, millions upon millions of miles each way, by the spiritual emanations thrown off from the earth; and, here again, we find scenes upon scenes of heavenly beauty. These are of such transcendent and surpassing loveliness that they cannot be described to the children of earth.

O friends! Man's idea of heaven is not meaningless. It is at first crude and not well understood, but time remedies that. There are many other things in this connection that we could speak of, such as, that the earth's pathway is never precisely the same, for the sun is traveling also, and carrying her children, the planets, with her. But the earthly mind can scarcely comprehend such stupendous facts, so we will desist. Still, of course, every schoolboy well understands that this is so, yet he does not understand about the spirit spheres and corresponding zones. The spheres are those which the earth carries with her; the zones, that which she leaves behind her in her zodiacal pathway around the sun. Herein we speak only of the earth, saying nothing about the other planets, and when the mind has taken in all this enormous space, it is only that which appertains to one comparatively small planet. This alone is enough to make the mind of man reel: but, after all, the mind that can grasp it has already become too strong to reel.

Of course, in the zodiacal zones there are no children or youths. All things have reached a highly perfected condition—and not a single spirit within those zones. All are angels—perfected wholes—yet the male and female still appear in two forms.

Nothing here, whatever, is in an undeveloped or youthful condition. Not a sin or error of any kind exists—not a mistake is ever made. Every art has reached its very ultimate. No farther progress can be made either in arts or sciences. These may be called God-angels, for truth, love and wisdom have become perfected—that is, so far as an earthly mind can possibly understand. But these perfected souls still have eternity before them—still have countless worlds that they may visit. These souls radiate Wisdom, Love and Truth. The procreating powers of the male and female generate thoughts, which are things, and the generating of earthly children typifies the angelic generating of perfected thoughts. As the earth rolls through these vast zones, the higher angels of the earthly spheres gather and appropriate them, then hand them down to the sphere below them, and so on, the higher always feeding the lower, until at last they strike the very lowest, or earthly spheres. The zodiacal angels scarcely ever visit the earth—sometimes at very rare intervals—then usually in large bands; and it is generally at some epoch or great crisis which the earth is passing through, too great for the spiritual spheres to manage.

I have previously said that I have been within the celestial life somewhat more than twenty years of your earthly time, and during this time I have not discovered any sphere higher than the ones above mentioned; but who can say what eternity has in store. To be sure I have visited the sun and many of the planets and I spoke of angels who had visited the great zone called the milky way; but, personally, I have not visited the milky way. It is something like this: A person on earth may never have visited a far-off foreign land, but he may have seen and conversed with those who had, and that is what I have done. They tell me that the astronomers of earth are right when they say that it is a vast zone of suns and countless worlds; neither have I ever visited one of the so-called fixed stars, which are also suns to other systems of worlds; neither do I yet make my home in the perfected zone just outside of the earth's orbit, but I have visited it

as one might visit a splendid city and yet not be able to make his home there. A boy can look at a man and think how wise, large and grand he is; yet the boy is not a man.

And I wish just here to correct an error that exists in the minds of some Spiritualists, and it is this: They suppose that no spirit can ascend beyond the sphere or plane to which they naturally gravitate, but this is a mistake. A spirit may, and does, visit many spheres, both higher and lower than the one wherein he makes his home—the one for which he is best adapted. If spirits could not travel and leave the sphere in which they reside it would be impossible for them to visit earth or any sphere lower than their own.

Oh, no; spirits can ascend and descend as, of course, the law of spirit communion absolutely proves; yet it is true that all angels make their homes in the celestial sphere which corresponds to their wisdom and love. For instance, an angel may be exceedingly wise or gifted in one or more directions and lacking in others and, consequently, must make its home in a sphere not yet perfected in glory. The spirit or angel is yet a pupil, not what might be called a God-angel. The perfected or God-angel is as high as we can, at present, possibly conceive of.

Helena and myself are not yet a God-angel—we are not yet even an arch-angel—we do not yet dwell outside of the earthly spheres, but we have, in traveling, ascended and descended and have rolled about with other planets, within the luminiferous ether, much to our joy and satisfaction. But, of course, dear friends, if we were fitted to dwell in the very highest spheres, we could not be here now controlling a sensitive to write for us to the dear ones who will read this.

Perhaps some of you would like to know to what sphere we do belong. Well, I would like to say that we never have dwelt or belonged to the first or lowest sphere. When I entered the spirit world I at first naturally gravitated to the third sphere. That being about the position I occupied on earth. When I left the body, I was not a low, immoral or degraded man, but somewhat talented in many respects and had also acquired considerable wisdom; still, not enough to take me at first beyond the third sphere, and I am at present dwelling within, what might be considered the fourth degree or sphere; yet, I can visit any sphere I please, as those in other spheres can visit this or

any sphere above or below it. If we could not travel, and thereby acquire wisdom, to have thrown aside the body would not count for much.

O, yes, we can earnestly desire the presence of any great mind and telepathy is so well understood here that the angel whom we wish for earnestly will come to us, and this is a great joy and satisfaction. Without it, as one can readily see, progress would be impossible. And here let me say that there are but seven distinct spheres revolving with your earth, your earth making the eighth. But there are very many intermediate spheres, and I would like also to state that Mrs. Mary T. Longley is quite right when she says that there are no children in the first sphere above or around the earth. Children are too pure and innocent to dwell in the first sphere, and those within the first sphere could not and would not teach them any good thing.

In the first sphere there is little else than vice, degradation and impurity; but the higher angels must constantly visit this sphere in order to teach the spirits in prison, or the ignorant, vile and degraded. In this sphere also are found the very lowest forms of animal life—sharks, serpents, alligators, lizards, toads, exceedingly wild beasts of prey, buzzards and many other horrible monsters that are now extinct on the earth; but as one ascends into the next sphere, one finds cats, dogs, horses, singing birds, and all manner of pet animals. Rats and mice are found in the first sphere, together with swine; still, in the second sphere swine are occasionally found, together with negro life. If one would take the trouble to read Mary Ann Carrew, it would be seen that good old Ponto, a negro slave, took great delight in gathering about him farm or plantation stock, such as he had been accustomed to in earth life, and he would have been very unhappy in any other condition; and, in fact, old Ponto was too good to gravitate to the first sphere. He might not have been very wise, but he was exceedingly forgiving, devotedly affectionate and good. There are not many Indians in the first sphere. They, also, have too much native wisdom and goodness. In fact, Indians may be found in all the spheres, but in the second sphere they have their ponies and their dogs, and they actually go hunting the buffalo. It is wild sport and joy to them. They are not able, of course, to kill the buffalo, but ponies, dogs and the buffalo all seem to enjoy

the sport hugely, together with the Indians. The Indians could not progress or be happy, unless there were correspondences like these in the happy hunting grounds—otherwise the spirit spheres. There comes a time when they get beyond all this, but it is a long time.

You may ask me now, how it is with vicious and degraded mothers who may be in the first sphere? Are they not allowed to be with their children?

A mother so vile and degraded that she is in the first sphere, has become lost to all parental feeling. A mother who is capable of loving and teaching her child does not gravitate to the first sphere. There are not as many women in the first sphere as there are men and youths; but youths do not remain in the first sphere long, for the higher spirits and angels seize upon these budding, growing minds and instill wisdom and good principles within them and they are soon taken out of the first sphere and placed in schools where they can come in contact with nothing but good.

Oh, we have work to do here. None may be idle, not one. And none are. The second sphere is absolutely filled with schools and children. They are met with in all places and everywhere. Yet children and schools are found in all the spheres, even to the seventh, for many exceedingly wise angels, who naturally gravitate to the seventh sphere, draw the children of their love to themselves; yet the children in the sixth and seventh spheres are comparatively few, for not many parents who have little children are wise enough to gravitate to these spheres themselves; still, there are some; but, in the zodiacal zone there are none whatever.

Few spirits remain very long within the first sphere, for they are constantly being snatched as brands from the burning and as constantly being replaced by others who are always arriving from earth; here we find the drunkard, the opium-eater, the libertine, the gross, the exceedingly selfish, the murderer, the rapist, the robber, the seducer, the degraded and vicious youth, the cruel and the heartless; and, oftener than otherwise, the men and women who have been exceedingly rich on earth; especially if their wealth has been obtained at the expense of their brother man, and when it has rendered them selfish, unfeeling and dishonest in all things; the miser, the procurer and the brothel-keeper—these oftener than their vic-

tims. Sufferers and victims, from any cause or of any kind, are not often in the first sphere. The unprogressed and lowest tribes of mankind are also in the first sphere.

And now you might like to know about the scenery of this lower sphere. It is not much removed from the scenery of earth, for here all that is hideous and squalid halts for a while until it can gather a little order and beauty, for order and beauty gravitate to the second sphere, together with the souls that are fitted for that sphere. The following is what usually remains in the first sphere for a while: Jungles, thickets, and all disorderly things; barren plains and deserts; bare and jagged mountains, muddy, turbulent streams, and, if you can believe me, for I am telling the truth, old monasteries, together with their monks and priests, those who cannot and will not listen to reason or let the light of truth penetrate their souls.

You will find more convents and monasteries in the first sphere than on the earth, and it is more difficult to gain or enlighten those, who persist in inhabiting them, than any others. Here in the first sphere are the coarsest of weeds and wild flowers, the odor of which is very obnoxious, coarse, unsightly grasses, cactus, prairie dogs and rattlesnakes.

Let me tell you, my friends, that the drunkard who has delirium tremens, actually sees the spirits of reptiles and snakes. It is not his imagination, but the intoxicant, in a measure, sets his spirit free and he beholds that which actually exists.

A soul perceives that which is in correspondence with itself. An orderly and beautiful soul gravitates to an orderly and beautiful sphere—a low and degraded one to the lowest sphere and even then must find that which corresponds to it.

And now, friends, allow me to tell you that a low, degraded spirit takes on a form which corresponds to itself. In the story, published in *The Progressive Thinker*, entitled *Juno*, inspired by Charles Dickens, the great truth is well shown up. All manner of horrors are perpetrated within the first sphere. Life, of course, cannot be taken, but think for a moment of all the dreadful things and awful souls that leave your earth. How can one expect it to be otherwise? These spirits generate filth, rags and squalor. Their habitations correspond to themselves if

they have any. Many have none at all, not having constructiveness enough to even build a spiritual shanty, and no one loves them enough to construct one for them. They are, as yet, too vile to enter the habitation of a good or wise spirit; yet, gradually, all are raised one by one. None are so low that time does not retrieve them.

LETTER NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT.

We return to earth at a stated time to dictate these letters, two evenings in a week, commencing precisely at seven o'clock. This is well understood both by ourselves and the sensitive. If this were not the case very little could be accomplished.

There are those who seem to think that spirits have no other employment than to stand by the side of an earthly medium at all times and seasons, ever ready to answer the most foolish and trivial questions. If there are spirits who spend their time in this way we are not of them. Any spirit who would do this could not possibly make any progress whatever within the celestial life and consequently could teach nothing of importance. We do not spend over four hours in a week for the purpose of giving that which we have found to be true to the earthly sphere. About one-half of the remaining time we spend in obtaining knowledge for ourselves, and the other half in teaching and aiding the spirits who are below us in wisdom; for be it ever borne in mind that our wives are always with us and they have as much to do with these letters as the personalities whose names are signed. The language of earth does not always permit us to make this clear and we must often use the personal pronoun, which is misleading.

Now when we put ourselves en rapport with the one who writes for us, we often find within the mind something which antagonizes the truth. Oftener than otherwise some article has been read that does not agree with that which we have already told the medium or written to

the world at large, and we find it to be the case this evening. The article which has been read is from the pen of an eminent medium, relative to the homes within the spiritual realm.

That medium says to the effect that a spirit who might greatly desire a home in spirit life must be earth-bound.

According to this medium a wise and progressed spirit does not desire or need a home, as it does not meet with heat, or cold, or rain or snow; also, that a soul very far on toward wisdom does not need clothing, and as the medium who said, or wrote this, is considered to be exceedingly wise, my poor medium recoils like one of those sensitive plants that folds its leaves at the touch of a finger.

My medium, personally, would not dare to write anything in contradistinction to this eminent lady medium, for it was spoken or written by a lady, but of course we being already within the realm of the spiritual do not feel so, for we write only of that which we know.

We have said in a former letter that we had visited all the spheres, even to the great zone, outside of the earth's orbit, which is true, and the only sphere that we have found where there are those who are homeless is the first sphere above the earth. Here, there are some so low in the scale of being that they are without homes, and wander about like tramps and vagabonds of earth. The only souls that go unclothed are those who are so low in the scale of being that the emanations of the mind are not sufficient to wrap them about, and none love, or are attracted to them, enough to do it for them, and these are few, very few indeed. Even the tiniest infants are appropriately clothed by those who love, or those who care for them.

Dear friends, your earth is a type of the celestial life, and you are safe in believing that as it is with you of earth, so it is with the celestial world on a grander, higher scale. That we are not clothed in the same manner that those of earth are is true. Our women and girls do not wear corsets, they do not wear tight, pointed shoes, they do not wear enormous hats covered with tall ostrich plumes, they do not bang their hair nor roll it over enormous rats—rats is the word used, we think, for the large rolls, or cushions, over which the hair is combed. Our ladies do not wear dresses low in the neck, with short sleeves, for no lady here desires to attract the gaze of any

man except her husband or other self, and modesty before him enwraps her about like a garment of violets. She is like a sweet, modest violet, or like a regal rose, or like a fair, sweet lily; her clothing corresponds to her soul, for it emanates from her soul and wraps her about like a garment of light.

We have never yet met a soul unclothed except in the lowest sphere. The higher and more exalted the angel the more beautiful their clothing, for it is from the emanations of their love, truth and wisdom that they are clothed. Well, you ask, what is their general appearance, or rather, how are the women in the celestial world clothed?

Their garments are soft and flowing, floating about them in exquisite grace, and we have never yet seen two of the same color; the style and color correspond to the soul, and as no two souls are alike, so no two garments are exactly alike, yet all are flowing.

How do they wear their hair? This is an all-important question with many women of earth. I will tell you, my pretty girls.

The angels wear their hair as nature intended all women should, flowing about their shoulders in beauty. There are those who braid it slightly and tie a ribbon about it, but such have not been long in spirit life and still retain some of the earthly habits. We are well aware when spiritual beings present themselves before the clairvoyant sight of mediums, they appear clothed as they were wont to be clothed on earth; but they merely assume the garb that they may be recognized, and throw it off immediately thereafter.

We shall not speak of many of the miserable, misguided creatures of the lower sphere or of the earthly sphere, for we do not like to allow the mind to dwell on impure subjects.

Do the angels wear shoes? They wear something that corresponds to soft sandals, which is usually of a rose color, and soft bands of rose-colored ribbons that confine them to the feet; yet this is not invariably the rule. Sometimes a soul is so engrossed, or enwrapped about, that nothing is visible but a figure of light, and when startled a beautiful angelic face peeps forth at the beholding intruder.

The garments of those who dwell in the grand zone are

so dazzling in splendor that a man of earth could not behold them and yet remain within the fleshly form.

And now about the homes in spirit life. To be without a home is to be a spiritual vagabond, and these are only in the lowest sphere.

Well, won't you tell us about these homes? Yes, we will tell you, and tell you the truth, but we forgot to tell you how the men are clothed. We will do this first and afterward describe the homes.

The clothing of the men differs but little from that of the women. Their garments also flow about them, but more in a belted style, not as long or flowing as those of the women, of graver hue, usually not quite as beautiful. They do not cut their hair or beard, but wear it as nature intended, full and flowing. No two are exactly alike, for all things and creatures in nature differ.

Now we have said and reiterated again and again that all souls are united in oneness to their eternal counterparts, and we are telling you of the greatest and grandest truths in nature. It seems strange to us that the people of earth are so loth to accept such a great and eternal verity.

"Oh!" we hear someone say, "that might smack of free love or affinity," but none are ever united to their soul-mates until they are above and beyond all such foolish thoughts.

Does an eternal counterpart, soul-mate, or other-self—the actual other half of that which is only a half, not a whole—smack of free love? Then all the angels in the celestial world are free-lovers, for there is not one that is incomplete or without the other half of itself. If that were the case it would simply be an undeveloped spirit yet seeking the other half of itself.

Now in the present state of the earthly world marriage, if possible, should be kept inviolate, and all those who are reasonably happy in each other should remain together. Soul-mating is not so much for earth as it is for heaven and people on earth do not, as yet, understand the law. They marry when quite ignorant and youthful—they marry after the flesh and beget children after the flesh, but they pass on and leave their fleshly bodies behind—they are no more of the flesh but of the spirit—and now commences a higher and better education; but, thousands on earth are, through natural attraction, really, al-

though ignorantly, united to their own true other self. These will always remain together as one, for they are one; but thousands more are not, and these will be released on leaving the body, to be properly united to the true counterpart. If by free love is meant promiscuity, nothing can be more abhorrent to a pure angel. Anything of the kind would be utterly impossible in the angelic world, and it is that nature abhors this horror that the great law of eternal counterparts exists. Promiscuity exists only in the lowest sphere and on the earth; but it seems to us here that free-love is a misnomer. All men and angels should love one another, and all angels do. Wisdom, love and truth may be called God, for want of a better name—but we are coming to the homes, presently.

Now when the male and female here are rightly conjoined together their first thought is to create a home for themselves, a home wherein they can abide, a home wherein they can receive other angels, a home wherein they can retire from the gaze of innumerable hosts, a home wherein they may rest and recuperate, a home wherein they may cultivate the beautiful; they want a home precisely as men of earth do, but on a higher, grander scale. Homes of earth are types of heavenly homes—small types. The sparkling light and glare of the celestial heavens is often as wearisome to an angel as the outdoors of mankind, and the light and glory are veiled by homes, as on earth. We need homes on all accounts and could not, and do not, exist without them.

The medium before mentioned says that we have neither cold, heat, nor storms of any kind. Now we beg to differ, for we are here and know about it. That we do not have the coarser earthly storm, we admit; that the elements do not war so violently as on earth, we also admit; but it is not one eternal, everlasting day of intense light here, no more than there. We have a soft dew and many light clouds; we also have gentle rain, and sometimes there is quite a breeze, for we have a spiritual atmosphere. Of course it is very refined and rare, but it is as real to us as the earth's atmosphere is to earth. We also have heat and cold. In fact, heat and cold do not really originate on earth at all; then why suppose that we are not to a certain degree, subject to them both? But such is the case, whether accepted by man or not, he will soon find it out when he gets here. Moreover, we must

have homes wherein to educate and care for children, youths and maidens. They are coming here at all times and seasons.

Now we find in the mind of the medium something else that requires an answer. Another writer goes on to tell how a spirit lady takes the spirit of a dying child into her bosom and smiles into its eyes, and one would be led to suppose from what was written that she held the child in her bosom until it was grown. Don't you think she would get a little weary and want to lay the child down occasionally? But whether she would weary of it or not the child would soon become restless and want a change and we don't think the lady could lay it down on ambient ether any more than she could on the ambient air of earth.

Oh, no, friends; that lady and that child must have a home just as you of earth have homes, and that child must be educated and taught just as children of earth are educated and taught; it must be carried to the home of that lady—if very small it must be laid on a couch and cared for almost exactly as infants of earth are cared for—its mind must grow gradually as the minds of earthly children do; it must be surrounded by objects; it must, after awhile, have its playthings—its little pet animals. Children here are surrounded by little pet animals, singing birds, flowers—and boys and girls have their dogs and ponies—they also have play-houses and boats, and a thousand and one things similar to earth. That which is not good for them is invariably left out.

How else do you think we could possibly get along and teach the millions and millions of babes and little children that are coming here all the time? They cannot reach the altitude of abstruse philosophy or great scientific attainments for many, many years after coming here; yet in our schools we teach both philosophy and science. moreover we can't have our schools and classes all out in the ambient ether without any objects whatever wherewith to teach them.

We must have halls, temples and beautiful public buildings of all kinds, just as you do on earth, only higher up the scale, refined and spiritualized; and sometime we shall describe many of these homes and halls, temples and elegant structures. We have already done so in the two books—*Mary Ann Carew* and *The Discovered Country*—

but we intend also to do something of the kind in these letters. It is precisely what the world most needs at the present time—a correct understanding of the things which are spiritual. The young do not, as yet, understand these things. They look upon the spirit world—if they think of one at all—as a kind of not understandable nothingness, made up of ambient ether and floating angels, neither men nor women. One young lady told the medium that she thought the spirit world was like the Fourth of July—minus the fire-crackers—great crowds of people or rather, angels, just floating aimlessly about with nothing to do except to sing and shake hands and be glad to see each other.

Oh, friends, this is almost as bad as the orthodox heaven and hell. They, at least, have a little something more tangible. And now allow us to say right here, that the spiritual world, together with all its spheres, is a vast deal more tangible than the coarser earth. What do you of earth have in your hand when the spirit has left? Crumble a dried leaf and see. Simply ashes. Cremate the body of a man and what have you? Ashes. The real, the substantial, the enduring has left and gone up higher. The ashes are left behind; the real and tangible has arisen; the form has gone up, the color has gone up, the ego, spirit and soul have gone up, all that was real and tangible has departed and finds a spiritual world containing all the living entities that he had known on earth, or those like them, that had preceded him.

Dr. Babbitt says that the first spiritual sphere is about fifty miles above the earth, extending each side of the equator about sixty degrees. This is as true as truth can be. We had told our medium the same thing long before this had been read by the medium, and was read in the *Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World* with a start of joyful surprise that the same thing had been told to others or another as well, it being the first time the medium had ever read it in any book or paper. But we had said this years ago, for it is the truth.

Now, if your astronomers can see, with the aid of the telescope, nebulae, millions of miles from the earthly sphere, why should it not be accepted that we here in the celestial life have fleecy clouds and gentle rain? exceedingly rarefied to be sure, to suit the rare condition of our ethereal atmosphere. Our atmosphere is, after all, some-

thing more than ether—it is ethereal but more dense, or different from the fundamental ether. What we are now saying, of course, pertains to the spiritual spheres around the earth which go with it in its revolutions, held to it by the law of attraction. Now if there were nothing but ether to attract, there would be no spiritual spheres at all, as anyone can readily see, for ether extends through all space and holds no more attraction for one globe or planet than for another, consequently there would be nothing to be attracted. The spiritual spheres must consist of something tangible or the earth could not hold them around it. There must be, as there is, tangible matter that can be attracted and held by the great law of attraction. The merest schoolboy can well understand this, and when all the world comprehends that all space whatsoever is filled by matter, spirit, and germinal points, and that all space whatsoever is ether, that there is no such things as void or nothing, then this which we have told them will be clearly understood. You must in earth life either give up the idea of spiritual spheres, or admit that they are composed of sublimated or attenuated matter, which is nevertheless solid enough to attract and be attracted, else spirits must simply roam through ether, intangible and consequently without form—roam without aim or object forevermore. But natural law never works by or through this method. Natural law is forever striving to bring forth forms of beauty, intelligence and use, and the higher the spheres the more pronounced and unmistakable is this law.

When matter becomes too ethereal to be attracted by the earth, it is thrown off into the great zone of the earth's orbit, that we spoke of in our last letter.

We do not intend to write anything but that if one will stop to consider, it will be seen at once that it must be so in the very nature of its being at all. But we have promised to describe some of our homes, temples, halls, and palaces of learning, which we will proceed to do in our forthcoming letter.

LETTER NUMBER TWENTY-NINE.

We will not try to describe anything outside of the sphere in which we now reside, for fear that it might be inaccurate, as we have not yet wisdom enough to thoroughly understand all that we have seen that is above us.

Much of our architecture is like the old Grecian style, yet we have every kind that can be conceived by the soul of man; but the one we are now about to describe is somewhat like the Grecian style, yet not altogether: A long, wide building, square, like many buildings of earth, sustained throughout by great arches and massive pillars, crowned by an immense circular dome. The facade is very grand and beautiful, the roof here being supported by twenty-four majestic pillars, a large arched entrance in the centre, and a somewhat smaller one on either side of the central one; these are also arched. There are twenty-four large windows on each side of the building, but none at the back; there are three steps extending the entire length of the front, leading on to a very wide porch which also extends the entire length of the frontage. You are now looking with me on the exterior of the edifice, and you will observe that there are in all, forty-eight windows and twenty-four pillars; three arches, three steps and an immense central dome. From the center of the dome we observe a flag-staff, and waving gracefully from it is a large flag. The dome being circular and the body of the building square, there is quite a space at each corner of the roof, and each corner is filled by a group of statuary. In the center of each side of the roof, stands an immense statue, making, of course, four in all. This, as you will perceive, is a general outline of the building, and everything within and without bears a deep significant meaning. Now, together with us, study this structure, that we

may discover the story it is designed to tell. The flag appears somewhat as a large, white, satin flag of earth, and the letters upon it are shining and golden; the flag-staff is also of shining gold, that is to say, it appears like that; the words upon the flag are, "Temple of Wisdom."

Now, of course, the temple we are showing you is but one. There are millions of others, even in this sphere.

The dome appears like shining gold, the statues and groups of statuary are almost lifelike in their appearance. The one directly in front is a majestic male figure, apparently crowned with the sun, which appears to shoot forth rays of scintillating light that are almost blinding in their beauty. In one extended hand a large volume appears, the index finger of the other is pointing upward and the meaning is: Man, know thyself and all that about you lies; also, study that which is above thee.

As we face the building, on the left side, which is at the right of the statue, is a beautiful female form—exquisitely beautiful in all its proportions. She is crowned with flowers and on one extended finger is perched a dove bearing an olive branch, with the other she is pointing downward—her eyes are also modestly cast downward toward the earth. The meaning is: The woman represents love, the dove peace, hope, and progress to all below. The statue at the back of the edifice is that of a male crowned with thorns, in fact, almost an exact representation of Christ on the cross. The meaning is: Error shall be crucified or conquered. The remaining figure at the side, is that of a female crowned with pale stars and pointing toward the horizon. The meaning is: The morning breaks.

On each corner of the roof is a group of statuary—a family group of the four distinct races of men on the earth—the white, the black, the red and the copper-colored; the father, mother, and two children of each. The Indian stands aiming with bow and arrow, while his squaw sits working at a beaded moccasin; the little maiden leaning upon the shoulder of her mother, whilst the boy eagerly and intently watches the point of the arrow. The black man is kneeling in chains, whilst a huge blood-hound has seized the terrified wife. The little boy and girl cling to each other with starting eyeballs. The copper-colored man kneels before a huge idol, fashioned by his own skillful hands, while his wife weaves straws and rushes into beautiful designs. The little girl is painting

china cups and glasses; the boy is laden with cakes and fruit, which he is presenting to the idol—and, lastly, the white group. The white man stands with an open book in his hand, the index finger of the other hand marking a passage or line, but his eyes are turned upward. His brow is noble, his head massive, his limbs strong, well proportioned and supple. His beautiful wife caresses the golden curls of a fair boy; the little girl watches with large, sweet brown eyes, a singing canary perched upon her extended finger. The meaning conveyed by each group is easily deciphered. The black man still wears the chains of ignorance and superstition, and, on account of this his wife is hunted by the emissaries of those who desire her subordination, and her children are also appropriated. The red man sends an arrow into the heart of his enemy in order to protect his wife and children as well as his own freedom and his hunting grounds.

The copper-colored man is so creative and industrious that he actually turns and worships the art created by his own handicraft; and his wife works out her beautiful and dainty fancies with rushes and straw, being filled with domestic virtues. The white man seeks to perpetuate his wisdom in books and legends, and still his eyes seek the realms of space for more. His wife desires that her boy shall be like his father, or, greater still, while the girl wishes to be like a beautiful soaring, singing bird, with swift wing cleaving the unknown.

The dome, which is a half sphere resting upon a square, signifies that wherever this form is found wisdom is not complete or perfect, but is striving toward it. The flag-staff reaching upward toward heaven signifies that wisdom descends from above as lightning from the clouds. The dome being golden—gold is less precious than diamonds, yet very precious.

The body of this temple appears like veined marble, the windows of stained glass of every existing color. If the marble was without veining it would signify firm, unalloyed wisdom, white and shining; but in the sphere where the veining appears it is somewhat adulterated by error—not yet perfect. The stained windows, in all their various colors, indicate that each soul as yet perceives the same thing in a little different light.

The twenty-four pillars are of polished granite, indicating that wisdom is strong, enduring and beautiful, and

that which upholds the universe together with all contained therein being twenty-four in number, indicates that there are twenty-four primary elements of wisdom underlying all things in nature—and the forty-eight windows, that these primary elements can be combined to bring forth forty-eight different results—we mean chemically combined.

The three steps leading into the temple signify body, spirit and soul germs; the three arches have their names written over them—upon their key-stones—the central one, Wisdom; the one at the right, Love; the one at the left, Truth. Matter, Spirit and Soul lead upward to Wisdom, Love and Truth. When these are once attained, happiness or heaven, is the result.

The reader will see at once that this temple is exceedingly large. The interior is supported by pillars and arches. There are twenty-four arches on either side, supported by forty-eight pillars, making forty-eight arches and ninety-six pillars. At the far end, opposite the entrance, is a raised platform or dais, and a pulpit or desk on which rests an exceedingly large book, together with a number of smaller books. There are very many beautiful chairs upon the platform, and a great scenic painting on the wall at the back.

The immense dome is filled by what might be called an electric clock, as nearly all these temples dedicated to wisdom and the arts and sciences are. The great clock represents some particular system of worlds, oftener the system belonging to your own sun, for within the spheres of earth the spirits and angels desire to teach of the system of worlds to which they belonged, before branching into others that they do not know so much about—and this dome is filled by representations of your own sun's system of worlds.

When I first came to spirit life these vast electric clocks interested me more than I can express.

There are the two bodies of the sun; the moon; your earth; all the various planets, together with their moons; and all in motion—worked by electricity—precisely as they roll in space in their various orbits.

Oh, it is most astonishing and wonderful! By this clock the science of astronomy is taught by the various professors of astronomy, many whose names are well known to earth.

About one-half of the floor, beneath the dome and in front of the platform, is filled by rows of seats for listeners, visitors and students. The spaces nearer the windows, inside the vast arches, are given up to various branches of science, chemistry and so forth, and on the key-stone of each arch is written the name of the particular branch within that particular arch, and within these arches are all the different instruments and paraphernalia needed for demonstration, and within each arch an eminent Professor presides.

The great painting at the back of the Temple, filling the entire wall at that end, represents the four great nations of earth, together with the country of each, its different animals, flowers and trees, and many other details too numerous to mention. This great Temple is free to all, and everyone who cares to visit it. It was erected by a large band of wise angels, wherein to instruct all who desire wisdom; and all angels who do not inculcate error, can give instruction here if they choose; but, first, they must pass an examination, conducted by a large concourse of very wise angels, in order that false teaching and erroneous opinions may not creep in. Helena and myself belong to this Temple and often teach within its revered precincts. We visit it nearly every day in order to instruct and be instructed.

This Temple appears precisely as we have described it; but, of course, it must be borne in mind that this is not a material temple, built with heavy, cumbersome marble, and so forth, such as it represents; but is a spiritual temple, not made by hands, but by the constructive faculties, or minds, of the angels working with spiritualized matter or substance—their thoughts are tangible things, and take on tangible clothing, and are arranged by the will power of each, intently fixed on the one purpose—and it is precisely so in earth life. A company of men in earth life build a church or college, all agreeing in mind just what they desire, and then it is clothed with material substance, such as wood, granite or marble, and these are but small types of the greater, grander colleges and temples of wisdom within the spheres.

Do not say that what we have herein related is a work of the imagination until you understand the full meaning of the word imagination. A man, or company of men, must first image or imagine a house, hall or church, on earth,

before it can be clothed with material substance, and it is precisely the same here. We must first image or imagine what we want and then clothe it with spiritual substance. Yours are real and tangible to you, there. Ours are real and tangible to us, here.

LETTER NUMBER THIRTY.

In our last letter we described a Temple of Wisdom within the celestial spheres. The temple which we described is in the fourth sphere, and there are temples, halls, and schools without number; yet no two are alike; still, a similitude runs through them all. They are of all grades and sizes, from the merest infant kindergarten to the most lofty and sublime. There are also grand conservatories of music, there are lofty edifices in which architectural designing is taught; there are thousands of thousands of chemical laboratories; there are brilliant buildings for the inventive faculties to grow and expand, especially those appertaining to electrical appliances, together with the study and uses of electricity—and, let us here say, that the knowledge of the electrical power, on earth, is yet in its infancy. We would like, also, to state how it will be on your earth a century or more from the present time.

All steam and horse power will be entirely obsolete. Electricity will supersede all other motive power, whatever. No other kind of light will be used. New inventions will rapidly appear for the generation of heat as well as light, and all heating and cooking will be accomplished by its aid. Another element will be joined to the electrical, which will give a pure white heat, that will melt rock and iron, and all smelting will be done with it. The day is not far distant when great palaces will be erected, built from vast blocks of crystal, in all the beautiful shades and colors found in prismatic states. Many of these buildings will be patterned after the brilliantly-stained glass, now only used in windows, but as soon as

the great white heat is discovered, sand will be more precious than gold, and will be used for thousands of purposes never thought of before—it will be smelted into glass, most elegantly colored, and pressed into great thick slabs and tiles; also beautiful pillars, domes, and arabesques. Great glass manufactories will line the seashores, ocean beaches and inland, wherever sand may be found. Houses will be built entirely of glass, requiring no inside work except doors, and these also will be made of pressed glass, after the most beautiful patterns. The glass for building will not be transparent but opaque, yet light will be seen glittering through all the lovely coloring. Sidewalks and flaggings will be laid in ground glass.

Now, how do we know all this? Because it already exists, as a great scientific truth, here in the spheres, as soon as possible, to be given to earth. We withhold nothing from earth that the people are capable of receiving. The waters of the ocean, and the air, will be made to generate as much heat and electricity as your whole world will need for all purposes to which it may be put—even your cars and vehicles will be made of glass. There will shortly come a time which might be properly called the "Glass Age." There has been a "Stone Age," an "Iron Age," and so forth, and one might say there had been, or is, a "Wooden Age" and "Brick Age"—although wood, brick, and stone, have been used in nearly every age—but there never yet has been, on earth, a glass age. That will soon appear. Nothing now seems so utterly worthless and barren as a great sand desert, but when the glass age comes, nothing will be more precious or useful; in fact, together with electricity and white heat, it will make a new and most brilliant age and, really, little else will be needed except food and clothing; but there will also be new inventions to supply these wants. There will come a time when woven cloth will be out of date and clothing will all be made from pressed material, much of it brilliant and shining in the extreme. Sea-weed and kelp will be used extensively in its manufacture, yet a great many other things besides.

Washing and laundry business will be entirely done away with. Exceedingly soft, warm, pliable material will be pressed into suitable underclothing that will not cost as much as the washing of a garment does now, and when soiled, can be burned instead of being washed. All man-

ner of ordinary, as well as beautiful and brilliant dresses, cloaks, and so forth, will also be manufactured. The present fashions will have changed, and the attire of men less irksome and more suitable and durable.

But the ladies—bless their souls—they will revel in beauty to their heart's content. The most beautiful flowers will be made of thin flexible glass—for a method will be discovered whereby glass can be made as flexible and soft as any velvet or silk—and these flowers will be colored to imitate the natural ones which they will fairly rival, and subtile odors will be introduced that will be enduring. And now about food.

The diet of mankind will also change, and flesh will be eaten no more, neither of beast, fish nor fowl. That age will entirely pass away, and the glass age will rapidly hasten its decline. When all motive power is electrical, as it then will be, vast fields can be easily and rapidly cultivated. Men will sit in glass cabooses, or little cabins, when working their electrical machines, which will plow, harrow and sow, all combined in one machine; then another will reap and rake, while yet another will thresh and bag the grain, together with an appliance that will hoist and throw or place it into a great receiver or car, which will straightway carry it to be cooked and flaked, then packed into glass jars. Thus much for grain.

The bakeries on earth will all disappear—and it is about time they should, for as it is at present they turn out very little that is not slow poison—and the cooking and flaking of grain, of all kinds, will leave little to be done except to stir it together with water, or some other refined liquid—probably the extracted juice of fruit—into pudding or small cakes which will be both delicious and nutritious.

Fruit of all kinds will be cultivated extensively, for there will be a combination cultivator and pruning machine run by electrical motive power, and a man, neatly attired, sitting in a glass caboose, will run and work the machine. Fruit in immense quantities will be sent to great glass canning factories, and all not eaten in its natural state will thus be preserved. Glass cans, or jars will be much better and cheaper than tin, and exceedingly more healthful. Olive and nuts will take the place of meat, vegetable oils will be extracted, condensed into small cakes or preserved as oil in glass casks and bottles to be used in broths and soups.

Vegetables of all kinds will be cooked, mashed and mixed with a suitable amount of the aforesaid oils, packed in air-tight glass receivers, ready for consumption. People can have beautiful homes wherein very little labor will be needed. All manner of dishes and household utensils will be made of glass, easily kept clean. Beds and pillows will be made of air cushions, as will all couches, sofas and all sorts of upholstery. Carpets will be entirely out of fashion—all floors will be laid in beautiful glass tiles—mosaic floors will be all the rage with occasionally a rug here and there.

All slaughter houses will be abolished, as well as the raising of animals for the purpose of murdering them and eating their flesh.

Animal life will gradually become extinct upon the earth, as it has become extinct in many of the planets.

So you perceive by this, dear friends, those who think there would not be room enough in Eternity for so much animal life, that animal life exists only for a time on any planet—for a time surely comes when it ceases to be—and that time is when the glass and electrical ages takes the place of wood, stone and iron, and electrical motive power takes the place of steam and animal power—and as soon as men cease to be cannibals, animal life will fade away, that is to say, from your earth; but upon the earths not yet progressed up to that point, it will be as it has been, and was, on the earth.

Now when some read this they will say at once: "Oh, that is all speculation. One can imagine almost anything."

Now, kind friends, let us beg to differ, for we know whereof we speak. Just this that we have written has already been taught us in the Temple of Wisdom that we told you of in our last letter.

What good will it do you, or the world, at the present time, to know what may be a hundred years or more from now?

Well, it will do you the same amount of good that it does us here. Do you say: "I shall be dead a hundred years from now. All that you have said, that will come to pass, will not benefit me any." But, my friend, you will be just as much interested in the welfare of the earth and its inhabitants as you are at the present moment; aye, a thousand times more so, for your understanding will be

immensely enlarged. You will be as eager for wisdom then as you are now, and will be as impatient to give it to the earth and all spirits who have it not, as we are. The grand-children of those who inhabit the earth to-day will be in the heyday of their earthly lives—middle-aged, active men and women. Will you not feel interested in your grand-children? Your own children will be in the spheres with you, but their children will be upon the earth, and surely your children will be deeply interested in the children left below, as we are now in those we have left there, and you will desire to benefit your children the same as you do now, and you will love their children, left on earth, nearly or quite as much as you do them, in a hundred years from now, which is but a moment to Eternity.

There will be no mail service, and you will signal and talk freely with the inhabitants of Mars.

"No mail service? How is that?"

Well, my friend, the fad will be wireless telegraphy; and there will be a receiver in every house, and a little bell in every room. When friends who are divided by distance desire to talk to each other they will simply touch a little electric button, to call the attention of the distant friend; then they will talk with their friends as long as they please, back and forth, and not an electric wire will be used on the earth—not an iron railroad will be in existence.

"Not a railroad? What then, pray? You are growing wild, we think."

Oh, no, no, my friends. We are as level-headed and sane as possible. Pneumatic tires will be exceedingly fashionable, a hundred years from now, and asphaltum grooves will take the place of iron rails. We know it is not all clear to you now, but it will be then, and you will be the very ones, after you have been taught these things here, to push them forward to your grand-children.

"Well, how about accidents?"

There will be very few, or no accidents, for when your cars are all run by electrical power, there will be no long trains, as at present. Each car will generate its own electricity at a trifling expense, and each can be stopped at a moment's warning. Most families will have a car of their own—they will keep a car as they keep carriages now—and grooved roads will take the place of highways—all

persons paying a small road tax. Horses will be entirely out of date, but when the glass and electric age comes, people will not be in such a dreadful hurry as they are now, men will not be in such fearful haste to get rich, the railroad companies will have all gone to smash—not a railroad company on the earth, a hundred years from now. Just think of it, friends, and “Uncle Huntington” will be as eager for the new state of things as he has been for the interests of the railroad companies he has managed on earth.

“Well, how about the great heavy lines of freight trains? They cannot be run with pneumatic tires and grooves.”

No, they cannot. and will not, for there will be none to run.

“Oh, you are talking folly.”

No, my friend, we are telling the truth. First of all, no cattle cars will be needed, for no cattle or animals of any kind will be raised or slaughtered. Next, all arable lands will be tilled as we have previously stated, and any very great amount of transportation will not be necessary, and great flaking mills will exist everywhere, as will, also, canning factories and merchants or families—there will be comparatively few merchants—will run their own private car to the mills and back, as people drive their carriages now, and the mills will also run their own cars through all the streets of a town or city for the purpose of supplying families with cooked and flaked cereals or other produce, such as we have previously described. The transportation of wood, lumber, brick, stone, lime, coal, oil, and all corresponding things, will have ceased. There will be no further use for them. Joining or cementing will be done, mostly, by fusion and all your great iron foundries will be no more. Of course, these things will decline gradually, as they cease to be needed. When manufactories can all be run by electricity, generated on the spot, they will start up everywhere, wherever needed, which will do away with an immense amount of transportation; in fact, every home will have its own generating appliances, and there will be so many new inventions for the use of electricity, that each house or family will manufacture much of that which they require. It may take something over a hundred years to bring all this to pass, but very much that we have said will be brought about in a hundred years, for

the inventions are even now already started, or are being worked out in the minds of men. They think they are doing it all themselves. How surprised they will be when they find that it was not themselves, alone, but that they were working out that which we had impressed upon their plastic brains, just as we are impressing this brain, at this writing, to tell these inventors these things.

"Well, what good can be accomplished by telling us what will be, so far in the future?"

We will tell you, friends. Thousands will read this, among them many inventors. Many minds will receive an impetus from what we have written. It all goes toward helping the time to come. If no one ever thought ahead of the times, there would never be any progress. Looking ahead is the cause of all progress. It is looking ahead and thinking of the good time coming that makes that good time come.

Can anyone gainsay this? We are helping to bring about that good time in the future at this moment, and this medium is helping to bring it about by writing for us and listening to that which we have to say.

Suppose when a grand Wisdom Spirit stands by the side of Thomas Edison and impresses upon his brain great inventions, he should say, "Oh, I will not give thought or time to anything so visionary—so speculative. What we have now is quite good enough for me. What do I care about a hundred years hence?" He well understands that he is only sowing the seeds for something great and grand in the future, long after he has joined us here. If, we say, great sensitive minds like his should say this, the world might be to-day where it was two hundred or a thousand years ago.

"Well, can't you tell us something about the churches, creeds, and so forth?" and when we come to these, friend Robert steps forward. "I would like to take a hand here," he says, and we gracefully and gratefully step one side that he may have his say—and he says:

LETTER NUMBER THIRTY-ONE.

“Talmage! Talmage! Brother Talmage! Will you put on the gloves, my gentle brother, and take a friendly bout with me? and if we get too furious, Herr Franz here will throw up the sponge.

“Brother, you told your congregation, some time ago, that when you became a spirit, you would visit them. You said: ‘When I get to heaven—as by the grace of God I am destined to go to that place—I will come and see you all. Yes, I will come to all the people to whom I have administered the gospel, and to millions of souls to whom through the kindness of the printing press, I am permitted to preach every week to the uttermost parts of the earth. I will visit them all. I give you fair notice. Our departed friends of the ministry are now engaged in that delectable entertainment and undertaking.’

“There, I believe I have fairly quoted your words. You will come to them all, my brother, all those to whom you have preached the gospel, either by word of mouth or through the printing press?

“When you made the foregoing remarks, did you ask the people how they would receive you? Did you tell them in what manner you would come? I think you intimated that you would come as one of God’s soldiers. I suppose you forgot all about that ‘still small voice.’ Did you mean one of God’s soldiers, or one of Christ’s soldiers? But as you believe God and Christ are one and the same, and as you pretend to be a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, I take it that you meant a soldier belonging to his regiment—or, did you mean to imply that God was the general of the armies in heaven, said armies being reviewed by the Holy Ghost, while Jesus was, or

would be, the captain of your particular company? You did not inform your hearers, if I make no mistake, whether you were to be a private, sergeant, or lieutenant, but as you are supposed to feed the people, I think that you really, cannot rightfully take the place of a fighting soldier. I greatly fear, my brother, that you are placing yourself a little too high in the list. You cannot be a fighting soldier in the ranks and feed the army at the same time. I have been a soldier and know whereof I speak. I have been a soldier, and they called me Colonel, Colonel Bob, Colonel Robert, Colonel Ingersoll, and so forth, and the regulations do not admit the one who feeds the army, or a regiment, into the ranks as a fighting soldier.

"If you claim Jesus as your captain, he said 'feed my lambs.' What are you giving them, my brother? How are you feeding them? Are you giving them good, wholesome food, or embalmed beef?

"You say you have administered unto the people the gospel. You feed them upon gospel according to your own words, and you will come as a spirit to those whom you have fed upon the gospel.

"Well, now we really ought to analyze gospel and find out what it is—whether it is good for the people or not. The regulations for the army say, that the men shall be fed on good, nourishing food. Now, as you feed the mind instead of the body—that is, we will say that you feed the spirit, mind, and soul, instead of the body, you certainly are expected to furnish good, wholesome, nourishing food to the spirit, mind and soul of man. You feed them gospel—the gospel of Christ Jesus. You feed the people gospel.

"Gospel is good news; consequently you feed the good news. Now instead of a fighting soldier, you are the bearer of good news—the messenger bringing good news.

"Gospel is not bad news, but good news. Nothing in the gospel has any reference to bad news. You are to feed your people on good news, and I take it that good news is of the kind which makes everybody happy, otherwise it would be bad news. not good for the mind, spirit, and soul of man.

"Good news, good news! I fear, Brother Talmage, you are making a greater mistake than I did. I was mistaken, I admit. Are you sure that you are quite right?

"Brother, be sure that your news is all correct. Don't let any blunders or mistakes creep in. The gospel food must be as pure and unadulterated as truth can, possibly make it; then, as I understand it, the gospel means good news, pure and truthful, not a single lie or misrepresentation must be in it—pure as clear, spring water, Brother Talmage.

"The gospel of Jesus the Christ, or anointed one, that is, the good news, the truthful news that Christ gave to the people. Well, what was the news that Christ had for the people?

"'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' 'If thy brother offend thee forgive him seventy times seven times. 'Bear not false witness against thy neighbor.' 'Bless them that curse you.' Now this is just a little bit of the good news that Jesus had to bring to the world, and you are one supposed to be called by the meek and lowly Jesus to give of his good news to the people.

"I suppose, Brother Talmage, you admit, as Jesus did, that all men are brothers and consequently even a spiritual man is your brother—or rather a man who believes he has a spirit—and a man who believes he has a spirit is a Spiritualist, otherwise a Spiritualist is one who believes he has an immortal soul.

"Anything wrong about that, Brother Talmage? and the man who thus believes—the Spiritualist—is your brother. Now all Spiritualists believe they have an immortal spirit, consequently all Spiritualists are your brothers. Have you been careful in your bearing of the good news, to do unto the Spiritualist as you would have the Spiritualist do unto you? Have you forgiven what you suppose to be his mistakes 'seventy times seven times?' Have you been exceedingly careful not to bear false witness against your brothers? Have you blessed and not cursed them? I ask these pertinent questions, that you may reflect whether or no you have not been making a few mistakes—that the good news you bring from Christ is purely that which he commanded you to give? Are you bringing the good news directly from God or Christ? If you say from God direct, I reply, that God, as you believe, never commanded any man to give gospel direct from him except his only begotten son, Jesus, the Christ. You must fight me on that ground or none. It is Christ or nothing. If, as you say, Christ is

the only begotten son of God, then you are not the son of God and can only know or see God through Christ. So it is with Christ and Christ only you have to deal, and it is his commands, and his only, that you are expected to obey.

"Did Christ say anything about such a heaven as you talk of? He is supposed to have said, 'In my father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also;' and he is supposed to have said to the thief on the cross, 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' He never said a word about an army, never mentioned the name of a general, captain or colonel, but he said, 'In my father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you.' Mansions! very many mansions—and the father's house must be the place where the spirits of men dwell.

"Brother Talmage, where do the spirits of men dwell? Where are the many mansions that Christ spoke of? Do you know? Can you tell me? If you cannot and your Spiritualist brother can, why he must be nearer to Christ than you are. Why, you must be a very poor commissariat, to allow your Spiritualist brother to take your business out of your hands on account of your incompetence. You are engaged to feed the people with good news, true news, unadulterated food, direct from the fountain head, Christ; and you can't even tell them where the father's house is situated. Do not hate your brother because he can give them better news than you can, for the gospel is good news, not bad.

"'If I go to my father—or to the place where the spirits of men dwell—I will come again.' He was going to the father's house, or to the place where the spirits of men dwell—to the place where they had a great many mansions—he was going as a spirit freed from his body and he would come again.

"Did he keep his word, Brother Talmage? You believe that he did. He first appeared to Mary Magdalene and she ran directly and told the good news to others.

"What a crazy, debauched Spiritualist she must have been. You also think she was an immoral woman. I don't know that we can settle that question now, and really it may be quite unimportant whether she was a perfectly pure woman or not, but your captain thought

her good enough to give the good news to the people, and if he thought so, what right have you to differ from him?

"We have no record that Christ said to her, 'Mary, you are a magdalene, consequently I forbid you to tell the people, and my disciples, that you have seen me. No; you must keep perfectly silent about having seen me, while I will go and find a pure, moral, upright, wise and good man—like Brother Talmage, of course—who will tell the people that I have kept my word and have come again.' No; he didn't say anything of the kind that we know about, but he said, 'Mary, it is I. Be not afraid. Go and tell the people, and my disciples, that you have seen me.'

"Now, Brother Talmage, you have dwelt largely on that seance that King Saul had with the woman of Endor—a seance which took place, probably, thousands of years before Christ, your Captain, lived in the lower world. Your captain never had a word to say about that seance, that I know of. What right have you to talk of that which your captain ignored? Why don't you tell us about that seance in that upper chamber, where the doors were all shut and the spirit of Jesus stood in their midst.

"Now this seance had nothing so awful about it. Why don't you give good, pleasant news to the people? 'and the doors being shut, Jesus stood in their midst.' Were these men nice, rich, fashionable? Tell us, brother, were they? No; they were poor, common, illiterate fishermen, not altogether good either, for Judas betrayed his master, Simon Peter denied that he knew him, and Thomas doubted that it was he. So we have among the disciples a betrayer who sold his master for silver. Do you ever sell the truth for silver, Brother Talmage? If you do not, then the Rev. Mr. ———, of Hornsy Rise, London, must bear false witness against you, for he said that you would not even enter the pulpit to give the hungry, poor people of a parish, the good news until you had received five hundred dollars in advance.

"That was really more than Judas received for betraying his master, and that master distinctly commanded, 'Go, give the gospel—or the good news—to the people, without money and without price.'

"You ought to be court-martialed for disobedience and insubordination! But to return to that seance in that upper chamber, with those closed doors—and the book

says that Jesus appeared to the eleven. Simon Peter had already denied his master, being ashamed to own him; probably he thought he might be laughed at; and Thomas would not believe that it was Jesus. He, no doubt, thought it a fraudulent materialization, and so he had to take hold of Jesus and feel the wounds in his hands, feet, and side, before he would believe his own eyes.

"Now Jesus did not stop to ask whether they had all been good boys or not; fact is, he knew very well that they were not all good, but, he commanded; 'Go, preach to the world the glad tidings of great joy, that you have seen me—that I still live and have kept my word and come again. Although you thought me dead, Lo, I still live!' and many believed and were glad.

"Now at this seance nothing was said about Jesus coming up through the floor; but, 'the doors being shut he appeared in their midst.' We are not even told that they were immoral, insane, cadaverous, nervous, clammy, exhausted, sepulchral, weak, epileptic or cataleptic; but, simply, that 'Jesus stood in their midst,' and that it was an incident to inspire joy and gladness, and they were to publish it to the world as such. 'Gospel! Good news! Jesus still lives; and if Jesus still lives, we also shall live. This is evidence to our material senses. It is positive evidence, for we have seen him, had hold of him, and heard him talk. Now he is in that place where spirits dwell, and there are many mansions there. If he can come again, we also can come again. Go, tell the good news—the good news!'

"Brother Talmage, why didn't you tell the people about that seance instead of the other? Or, if you must tell about the other, tell about both of them.

"Now you say that you are coming back from that place where the spirits dwell—you call it heaven—your captain called it the fathers' house—you have faith to believe that you can come back—you say you will visit millions of people. Now, just here is the rub. Are you the only spirit who will be permitted?

"You have told your hearers and readers that the seance room is the door of hell, or of all that is vile, debauched, immoral, licentious, cadaverous, nervous, weak, sepulchral; you have warned them away from it as from a horrible pit of darkness and depravity, and held up the mediums or sensitives, as abhorrent wretches. I am

really anxious about you, my brother, for I sincerely hope you will be able to visit those millions of people.

"Brother, having shut all the doors against yourself, and thrown the keys into the abyss, will you climb up some other way—some way especially designed for Talmage? Even your master must use the medium, Mary Magdalene, and that upper chamber, with the closed doors, for a séance room, and a circle composed of the apostles or believers.

"Your captain can't speak a word to the world to-day without mouth-pieces, or mediums. You pretend to be a mouth-piece, or medium, for Christ to manifest through to-day; in fact, you say that you are a medium for God himself to manifest through, you do not even stop at Christ. Then you are a sorcerer of all sorcerers, and a few hundred years back would have been burned at the stake. Are you insane, immoral, licentious, weak, nervous, cadaverous, epileptic, cataleptic, and a moral leper generally?

"Fie, fie! my brother. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Your captain commanded you to love your brother, bless him and forgive him seventy times seven times. I am a spirit here in the father's house, or place where spirits dwell, and I have reported you to your captain. We have talked about your disobedience and insubordination together—yet he knew of it all along. Have you forgotten the Golden Rule—Do unto others as you would have others do unto you? Thou shalt not bear false witness. Now this command interests me fully as much, or more, than any other, for the simple reason that when with you in the form of perishable substance, I was much engaged in the courts of so-called Justice, and had much to do with witnesses; and I love the old calling still; and intend to engage in it whenever I find an opportunity. You, also, hope to be engaged in the delectable entertainment and undertaking of carrying good news to the people; but if you bear false witness, I will subpoena you to appear before the courts of heaven to answer to the charges of defamation of character, public slanderous utterances, and malicious falsehoods; and, if you cannot prove your innocence, you will certainly be obliged to suffer the penalty for such crimes.

"First, defamation of character. You have, with malice aforethought, defamed all those persons whom you

call Spiritualists, although yourself a Spiritualist, as has been amply proved by your own concessions. You have publicly defamed them by the most base and false accusations. You have accused them of about every crime the world knows anything about; and when a supposed follower of the meek and lowly Jesus so far forgets himself, and the express commands of his master, it should be taken up on the plea of justice to the world at large. You have made a public statement to the effect that the insane asylums of the world are filled with those whom you call Spiritualists. This is utterly false, as has been proved again and again. You have borne false witness against your brothers, and your master said: 'He that loveth and maketh a lie shall have his part in the lake of fire and brimstone, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.' If he did not say so, you believe he did, which amounts to the same thing to you.

"Then, Brother Talmage, as you are proven guilty, your sentence has already been pronounced by your captain. Your sentence is just. You are to have your part in the lake of fire and brimstone, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.

"Why, Brother Talmage, even I, the 'Infidel,' the 'Atheist,' the 'Great Agnostic'—Bob Ingersoll—have escaped that hell. I really can't help laughing to think that the 'Great Preacher' of the 'Divine Gospel' or 'Good News,' should get into that dreadful place with his eyes wide open, while poor, foolish Bob, with shut eyes, has actually escaped.

How do you feel down there, Brother Talmage? That is what I shall ask you.

"Give me your hand, my poor fellow, and I will try to lift you out. You may refuse, and not care to associate, or receive help from a 'Vile Infidel.' In that case you must remain until someone else offers you a helping hand.

"Now all the various counts, or accusations, that you have brought against Spiritualists, are, in the main, false and untrue. You have, with malice aforethought, prevaricated the truth, and wilfully borne false witness, knowing it to be so; and you stand accused before the all-seeing eye—and the all-seeing eye is the all-seeing Spiritual world—those who dwell in the father's house, or that place where the emancipated spirits of men dwell. In three or four years, you, also, will be here, for age is al-

ready upon you, and I want to tell you now, before you come, precisely how it will be with you.

"You now expect that God himself will stand ready to receive one of his great vicegerents—DeWitt Talmage—and you will be crowned by him, in person, to the sound of martial music—for you are a soldier, you say—with great honor and glory. Well, that is all in your imagination, my dear brother. You are being tricked by it. It tricks you worse than any fraudulent medium ever tricked at a seance. Oh, I know whereof I speak! You are, really, more gullible than any Spiritualist that ever lived, and are doomed to suffer far greater disappointment than a Spiritualist who has grasped and holds in his hands the medium instead of the spirit of his friend.

"Well, you will come here. After a little while you will be conscious that you have departed the earth life, then, presently, you will be very eager to see God. But no God will appear. Then you will ask to be taken directly to him; but there will be none to respond. Then probably, you will try to get somewhere yourself—you won't have any clear idea where, but you will cry out for God and heaven, for you have told the people, that by the grace of God you are destined to go to heaven. The spirits won't hurry at all, and you will actually get into a white heat of exasperation at their delay. Perhaps you'll shout a little and pound an imaginary pulpit with your fists in a commanding and authoritative sort of way, but the spirits will only smile and say: 'That's Talmage! Wait till he gets over some of that earthly bluff. It is useless to say very much to him at present. Let him shout and pound until he wearies of it.'

"And now, brother, I will tell you what I mean to do. I mean to go right up to you and offer you my hand. I expect that you will look at me in the most scornful way imaginable, and say, 'Can it be possible that my God has consigned me to the same place with infidels and scoffers?' Then I shall make reply:

"Brother Talmage, I simply heard the rustle of a wing and caught a glimpse of the beaming star of hope, and it has really done as much for me and perhaps more than your God and heaven have done for you. And if you read this you will remember these words. Come, brother! I hear the rustling wings now, and the star of hope still leads onward; Come!

"Come where? Do you still tell me there is no God, no heaven, and that I cannot wear a crown and don heavenly regimentals?"

"Not yet—not yet. Oh, my brother! But I will tell you something very sweet. If you desire, I will take you to your captain, Jesus, whom men have called the Christ. Perhaps you will say, 'But it is through Jesus that I shall see God.'

"But Jesus himself has never seen God—not God as you understand him. We may and can have an interview with Jesus, and when you look into his sweet eyes all your past follies will rush over you like a whirlwind, yet no word of his will accuse you, still, the sweet truth will strike you like an electric shock: 'Neither do I accuse you. Go and sin no more.' But the sweet soul will not be able to remain in our atmosphere long and we shall presently find ourselves standing alone; then, all the abusive slanders, falsehoods, and insults you have heaped upon those whom you sneeringly call Spiritualists, will, like chickens—the brood hatched by yourself—come home to roost and your soul will be shaken by remorse as by a whirlwind—aye, you will cower and hide your face, but you can't hide yourself from yourself and the brood will refuse to budge.

"Now, what's to be done? Reparation, Talmage, Reparation. Pay all that thou owest. Repair the wrongs you have committed as quickly as possible, and let me just whisper now: The sooner you commence the better. There is no need of waiting until you get here. Better leave a portion of the vile brood behind. Take back your insults, falsehoods and abusive slanders, and give the Spiritualists due credit for what rightly belongs to them, as good and pure as you are, perhaps more so. They are, as a rule, far more modest; and no medium living on your earth to-day, has even received one-half the money—or as you have often called, 'filthy lucre'—that you have; and now I shall hip you a little here. You have cajoled the people into paying you what to a medium would be an enormous salary each year, and nearly every word you have uttered, in all these years on the subject of religion, is utterly false—has no foundation in truth whatever. You are, and have been, a blind leader of the blind. Who is the greater fraud, you or the Spiritualist medium? Who has robbed the public most, you or the Spiritualist

medium? As a rule the Spiritualist medium is as sincere as you are and far nearer the truth. He gives his time and services as you give yours. He receives, perhaps, an eighth part of what you do, and many, very many give their time and services free. I do not believe there is a medium in the United States who would have refused to give of his gospel, or good news, to the hungry people of London, Eng., until he had at first received five hundred dollars in his hand, or a hundred pounds.

"The people of some of those churches were poor, very poor, indeed, could scarcely provide themselves food, shelter and clothing, but they were eager to hear the gospel and so managed to scrape together the money, and nearly every word you told them was false, utterly false. Don't call other men sinners until you cleanse your own soul.

"You may reply: 'Well, I believe all that I say to be true.' In an earthly court of Justice it counts for nothing that you are ignorant of the law and through that ignorance transgressed it. The court exacts the penalty just the same, holding you responsible for your ignorance, saying you should have informed yourself; and we now say to you: Natural law requires you to pay the penalty of transgressed law, whether it be transgressed ignorantly or otherwise, thereby compelling one in a measure to inform oneself.

"From the spirit of

"ROBERT G. INGERSOLL."

LETTER NUMBER THIRTY-TWO.

We have a friend, still remaining on earth, in whom we are deeply interested.

This friend is worthy of all honor and esteem, and is greatly beloved and revered, as he should be. We visit him often, put ourselves en rapport with him, when his mind becomes to us like a page from an open book, to be read and understood. This friend is called a Spiritualist and believes himself to be one. He is also somewhat mediumistic, but as we in spirit read his mind, we find that he is really more of an evolutionist than a Spiritualist. He accepts evolution without demur or question, but casts aside involution; which reminds us of a man with only one arm, having lost the other, and it being so long gone from his memory, he either thinks he never had another, or, if once he had, he believes it was useless, of no account whatever, and that he is better off without it; this strong right arm of evolution is all he needs, or all that anyone needs or ought to have—it is enough for all humanity. And here he rests, placid and secure, believing he has truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and yet this dear friend believes in eternal progression.

As we have said before, we often visit this friend, in spirit, put ourselves en rapport with him, thereby agitating the calm surface of his mind.

Friends, do not allow your minds to become fixed on any one point and think you have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, for, like the friend above mentioned, you may have only a part of the truth. We have purposely caused this friend a good deal of agitation of mind, for if the mind is not agitated it becomes

like a calm and placid pool and stagnation is the result. We beg of you, each and all, do not stagnate. Do not allow any idea to become unalterably fixed within the mind, for in that case progression is impossible. The meaning of the word progression is, that the mind receives new truths which it had not previously understood or conceived to be true, and when the mind becomes so fixed, it becomes blind to the truth, consequently cannot see it, although it may be very plain to many others.

We agitate the waters of this friend's mind, that we may benefit him—keep him from becoming fixed, stagnant and blind to that which he ought to comprehend, in other words we desire him to progress.

Personalities should be hidden behind truthful principles. Persons are, after all, but like grains of sand on the sea-shore of life, all necessary, yet each separate grain is of little value.

Sarcasm never yet convinced any man of truth, and calling names is rather undignified and childish and is calculated to weaken the position taken by the person who indulges in the, to him, pleasing pastime—that is, it is supposed to be pleasing to the one who indulges in that delectable entertainment; but, to come back to our friend.

This friend is somewhat mediumistic and clairvoyant, but his clairvoyant sight is not always as clear as it might be. He sees things, as it were, afar off, and you are all aware that things look somewhat different off than they do near by.

This friend, who believes in evolution and discards involution, says that he discerns, or sees with the clairvoyant vision, a "Shining City," within the spiritual spheres, where those who pass out of earth life will meet—friend with friend—husband with wife and children—where all husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, children and friends will be re-united and happy together.

Now this is all true, looking at it from a distance, but rather vague and uncertain. The point that we wish particularly to make, is this: This friend believes and teaches that only man, or the human race, exists after the death of the body—only man is immortal. This has become a fixed or stagnant idea with him, which is much to be deplored, for his mind is grand and noble and should not become permanently or immovably fixed, consequently

unprogressive. No one can go on and remain stationary at the same time.

Now as we are spirits within the spiritual spheres, we have a right to assert that which is. We may not, and do not, know all there is to know, but there are many things that we do know positively—many things that we are not and cannot be mistaken in, no more than those on earth are and can be mistaken in much that they know. They know that they are surrounded by a multitude of other living creatures beside man. They cannot be mistaken in it. We here also know that we are, and cannot be mistaken in it. In former letters we have asserted this fact again and again. We also tried to prove it to the earthly world; but, like a sum in arithmetic, we have proved it one way, that is we have proved it by the great truth or rule of Involution; we will now try to prove it in another way, and if it stands the test both ways, we think our esteemed friend ought to accept the great fact, and thereby hasten his progress.

Now this time we intend to prove it—unmistakably prove it—through the very words that he has uttered and written himself. He first tells us that he sees—with the eye of the spirit, or clairvoyantly—a shining city within the spiritual spheres; which is as true as truth can be. He speaks of but one city, but no doubt he believes—as is the fact—that there are millions upon millions of shining cities; here; but we will simply examine the one city that he speaks of. By examining one city we can, usually, comprehend, more or less, that which appertains to other cities, for cities are all much alike, both here and on the earth; enough alike to give a true and comprehensive idea of them all.

Now, what we want to know first is, what is a city? And we do not think that any will disagree with us when we say that a city is an extremely large collection of buildings, and you are all well aware what kind of buildings make up an earthly city. But our friend saw a spiritual city, if he saw a city—which he certainly did, for we have taken great pains to inform ourselves correctly on this important subject—he saw a large collection of buildings, he does not say what kind of buildings they were, he merely tells us that they were shining—shining buildings or a shining city of buildings. Now we all know that a city is made up of houses or homes, public buildings and schools,

institutions of learning, and so forth; halls, temples, in fact, everything that is needed for the welfare of its inhabitants, consequently, this shining city seen by our friend, must be made up by all that we have mentioned; and we do not believe that he can deny this great truth himself.

He says it was a shining city, and he certainly tells the truth as we can vouch, for all our cities here are shining and are very splendid indeed, much more so than those of earth. Now, in order to be shining, nearly all the buildings must be constructed from precious and shining materials—there must be something to shine, you know, else it would not shine—so our friend is all right there. We all know that a shining city, or extremely large collection of buildings, must necessarily have something to stand upon, else it would be an extremely shaky shining city, or, perhaps, a mirage of the imagination.

Our friend did not say what it stood upon, but we all know that a large city cannot, in the nature of things, stand on ether, it must have something a little more substantial than ether, it must and does necessarily have spiritual earth or ground to stand upon, and that spiritual earth or ground must be as substantial, correspondingly, to the shining spiritual city as the material city, which does not always shine. We don't believe our friend can gainsay this point.

Now if the city stands on spiritual ground—as it certainly does and must—no one can think for a moment that the ground does not extend beyond the city limits. We don't believe even our friend could cherish that thought for any length of time. It certainly would be a very peculiar-looking city, perched up in ether, on a plat of ground just large enough to hold it. Oh, no. There must be in the very nature of things an extensive surrounding country, and this is true. Of course we have all heard about spheres upon spheres—spiritual spheres surrounding your globe—and this also is true, but we will try to confine ourselves to the shining city of which our friend speaks, and the surrounding country. Now, if our friend were in that city and looking out over the surrounding country, he would not expect to see the end of it, he really would expect that it would extend as far as the spiritual eye could reach and he would not think it ended there, either. We have now got a great extent of country, together with the shining city, spread out before

us, of firm, spiritual ground, on which stands a large and shining city unshaken. Now our friend certainly does not mean that this is all in his imagination, or that he sees and enjoys it as crazy or insane people of earth do, simply in the imagination; no, oh, no. These are real spiritual things. We can vouch for it. Friends, it is as true as heaven is true.

Now we want to know something about this large extent of country, firm and substantial enough to hold a large and shining city. Is it a barren plain without trees, shrubs or flowers—a dreary, endless nothingness? Tell us, my evolutionist friend. You believe heaven to be far more beautiful than earth. Would a barren nothingness be more beautiful than earth? Or even if—as is the case—this extensive surrounding country, or spiritual ground, was dotted over with little villages and sequestered homes, you would not like to see them standing upon a barren desert, without a tree, vine, flower, or shrub anywhere throughout the whole expanse? No, your eye would grow sick and weary of such a sight—and this throughout eternity! Oh, how you would long for the green old earth. You would be, methinks, like a nun who had been confined in a dungeon for twenty years or more, on escaping she threw herself down on the grass, kissing it again and again, hugging the ground and bathing it with her tears; but; my friend, although you did not say so, this vast extent of country, dotted over with villages and lovely sequestered homes, is as green and beautiful as possible, covered with trees, shrubs, flowers, groves and forests, as much more beautiful than earth as the shining city is than a city of earth. It is all sublimated and spiritual, to be sure, and therein lies its beauty. It has left all coarseness, disorder and grossness behind.

Now your shining city has led us directly into this most beautiful surrounding country, and from your own lips we have proved every word as we went. In order to give this up, you must necessarily give up the shining city, and call yourself a falsifier, and that you are not, as we shall still continue to prove. Now we have grass, trees, vines, and flowers, a shining city, villages and sequestered homes, for without them you can have no shining city.

Now over this endless expanse of country, is there not a drop of water? Can a green and beautiful country exist without a drop of water? Oh! my friend, how you would

long to quaff a little of the sparkling nectar—how you would long to bathe your face in its cool limpidness. Why, we think that to be without water would make us quite insane, indeed. Our imagination would become so heated we fear that we should see fire instead of the truth as it is, pure, sparkling, clear cool, limpid water. Well, now, nature is ever bountiful and we are not confined to a few drops, but this vast extent of country is intersected with pools, ponds, rivulets, rivers, and far out there in the distance a large lake, and farther on still rolls a restless ocean. The water is ethereal and spiritual, corresponding to the spiritual earth, grass, flowers, villages, homes and shining cities. See where your shining city leads, and you cannot gainsay it without giving up the city? You said the city was in the spiritual spheres, or one of them, and the surrounding country is a little part of one of them.

You told us that within the city dwelt man the immortal, and that he came from the earth, or that his spirit rose up from the earth. You did not say that the sublimated spiritual spheres also rose up from the earth, and you did not tell us who builded the shining city, or how it was built. There are only two ways that a city can be built; either God must build it with his own hands, alone, or it must be built by those who inhabit it. You, my friend, will surely repudiate the idea that God builded the shining city with his own hands, personally, for you do not believe in a personal God; herein you are right.

We have been here twenty years or more and we are as far away from a personal God as ever we were, and we have never met an angel who knows anything about a personal God. Then this city was builded by those who inhabit it, and the villages and sequestered homes were builded by those who inhabit them; otherwise, the angels and spirits built their own homes and houses, schools, colleges, halls, and temples of learning, and being a shining city, they builded them of beautiful and shining material—so we will pass on.

We have also told how by the great law of involution, all things were evolved—the involuting of spiritual germs of that which was to be evolved.

Now, man was involved as the germ of a man, and then evolved as a man—the germ developed and perfected within matter—from thence evolved into the celestial

spheres. The shining city, the villages and sequestered homes are works of art, existing within man, which he clothes with sublimated or spiritual matter, but not the spiritual ground, nor the grass, the trees, the flowers, the water; these were evolved from the earth as was man, first by involution and then by evolution.

Now we are here in this vast expanse of country which has been evolved from the earth, together with man. Did nature, when she evolved these forests, trees, shrubs, flowers, grass—and man evolved cities, towns, villages, sequestered homes, and so forth—did nature, we ask, make such a sad blunder as to leave out all other living creatures except man? Did she strike out the intermediate link between the vegetable and floral kingdoms and man? You say distinctly and emphatically, that she did. If so, it is the first and most awful blunder she ever made. The vegetable, floral and grassy kingdoms are, as you well know, below the living and breathing animal kingdoms. How did it happen that the lower was brought up and the higher left? That, surely, was the strangest freak that nature ever performed.

Look over the vast expanse of country; according to what you say, there is not a living or breathing thing in all this enormous expanse but man; and this is only the smallest little portion of one of the spiritual spheres, holding only one city and a few villages and homes; and throughout the spheres are millions upon millions of similar cities, towns and villages, and they are but dots in the limitless expanse of the spheres, mere, simple dots. According to you, not a bird sings, not an insect chirps, not a particle of life anywhere, for bacillus and scarlet fever germs might exist if anything were to be admitted here in the form of an insect or animal. The carnivorous would feed upon the herbivorous, and yet it is well understood that spirits do no gross feeding. If that were the case the spirit of man when he had no animal here to kill and feed upon might be obliged to eat grass, for he is exceedingly carnivorous as well as herbivorous. If no life can be taken within the spiritual spheres, no animal can take life any more than man. If man cannot slay his brother here, he cannot slay an animal. Life is life, whether in man or animal, and if man cannot slay an animal, animals cannot slay each other, neither do they desire to. It is simply hunger that causes them to slay each

other on earth, and, yet, even there, they slay nothing but the gross body, the sublimated spirit lives as does man's—the life the form.

But, my friend, although you have made a great mistake, nature has not. Thanks to the grand old dame, she has brought them all here without a single break. Bless her dear old soul! She never forgot one, but gathered them all up like a wise and bountiful mother. She knew beforehand that to leave out a vast link would spoil the whole chain.

As for the bacillus and scarlet fever germs, given a chance and they would be as active as ever, but having no longer matter to feed upon, and being too minute to think about, they do no harm whatever. As for fleas, they can be found here as upon earth—but the dogs are not troubled, and their feeding days are over. We have not the slightest objection to anything that nature has seen fit to involve and evolve, and if we had, nature would certainly overrule our objections. You seem to get along very well on earth without the insect and animal life being left out, and as you come up higher they can do you no harm whatever.

Nature loves a toad just as well as she loves a man. She does not stop to ask whether one has a little more intelligence than another. She loves intelligence, but she loves form and beauty and life, whether in man or animal, flower or tree. She never stops to ask the tree whether it is intelligent or not, or the flower, or the shrub, or man; but she makes the best use possible of them all. The smallest thing that lives has a certain amount of reason. There never lived an animal that had not its share of reason—not a bird that flies nor an insect that chirps.

Man is the crown, you say, but nature does not think so. Man thinks that of himself. But whether he is the crown or not, he is no more immortal than the rest of living and created things. Nature is as careful of her lowest treasures as she is of man.

And now, my friends—together with my particular friend, who by telling us of the shining city, without knowing it, admitted all the rest—cast your eyes over the large expanse of spiritual territory and let us see what we see: Singing birds are flying about among the trees—beautiful, exquisitely beautiful! Their songs are far sweeter than they were on the earth. Look at those homes. Do

you not perceive that there is, as usual about such homes of earth, cats and dogs, rabbits, poultry, horses, cows and so forth? But these are all pets, and they are not numerous. The spiritual realms are exceedingly spacious, not cramped for room at all. Now glance into those waters—fish? Yes, fish. Now let us enter the forest—wild animals? Yes, wild animals. Not wild now, however, but exceedingly beautiful. As nothing propagates within all the great realm of spirit, the earths can give no more than is needed to give life and beauty to its great fields, forests, oceans, seas, rivers, and so on—to give life and beauty, pets and living companionship to men, women and children.

Old Mother Nature is far wiser than man, and knew best what was for his good, better far than he knows himself.

Now we hope that we have amply proved, from the very utterances of one who does not believe in the immortality of anything but man, that he has made a mistake, as all men are liable to; for if there were no mistakes, or errors there could be no progress. The very fact that man is a progressive being, is evidence within itself, that there is something to progress toward, that truth is veiled like a coy maiden or a modest woman, likewise that she forever flies onward leading the way to higher ground; man follows after but never quite overtakes her. She often turns her radiant face and form toward him, presses a few jewels into his hands, then flies onward with beckoning hand. Don't stop, O man! but follow her as closely as possible.

Nature has never asked man whether he would have serpents, reptiles, noxious weeds, bacillus, scarlet fever germs, yellow fever germs, small-pox germs, carnivorous animals, birds of prey, sharks, whales, sea-serpents, crocodiles, asps, cobras, or anything else which he considers obnoxious. She never consulted him about it but placed his life in the midst of all other teeming lives. Their lives are just as sweet to them as his life is to him. Their lives are just as necessary in the great ocean of life as his is. The animals that man slays and feeds upon, object strongly to being murdered and eaten by him, as he objects strongly to being eaten by some of them. Man objects to being stung by a cobra. The cobra objects to the man's crushing heel and has nothing but a poisonous fang to

protect herself with, together with her young. The cobra and the man are antagonistic, that is all. Mother Nature sees to it that her most helpless ones shall have some means of defending themselves.

Man talks of wild animals while he goes to war with cannon, shell and gatling-guns, slaying his fellow-men by the thousands. He talks of himself as being the only creature worthy immortality, while he invents the most horrible tortures, such as no animal ever did or could inflict upon him.

Ah! the egotism of it!

LETTER NUMBER THIRTY-THREE.

As we come en rapport with the forty or fifty thousand readers of *The Progressive Thinker*, we find within the minds of these persons a question—a really imperative question—which they greatly desire that we, as spirits, should answer.

“Is it possible for spiritual beings to visit such remote, far-away zones as the so-called Milky Way, or stars so far distant that it takes such a long period of time for their light to reach us here? Can a spiritual being travel more rapidly than light?” and we answer:

A spiritual being cannot travel to these far distant spheres. A spiritual body cannot travel faster than light—but within this body is another body, which for want of a better name we shall call the thought body.

Some may think that we here mean the soul, but we do not, for within this thought body dwells the soul. A person on earth, who has not yet laid aside the material body, has a material body, a spiritual body, a thought body, and a soul. The soul is the immortal living principle that has neither beginning nor end, and it clothes itself with these various bodies or substances—the material body, the spiritual body, the thought body—and it expresses itself through these various forms.

The material body cannot leave the material earth, and

yet the thought body can transfer itself instantaneously to any part of the globe, as well as to the far-away regions in space. The spiritual body, after leaving the material body, cannot leave the spiritual spheres, but the thought body can go, in a comparatively short time, to any sphere or zone that it is possible to cognize; but when the spirit is freed from the earthly body its powers are increased an hundred fold, and its perceptions and sight become clear and lucid.

If, while in the material body one can weigh and measure the stars and compute their distance, understand them somewhat, and see their light, what may not the soul and thought body be capable of? But we have the power here of freeing ourselves of the spiritual body for quite lengthy periods of time. One might say the spiritual body goes to sleep, or becomes unconscious, while the soul and thought body fly away to other zones.

And this is what we meant when, in a former letter we stated that men of earth traveled from one city to another, from one country to another, and occasionally around the globe; while we, here, travel from one sphere to another, from one planet to another, and occasionally took a turn through the milky way, as we really do; still, we can visit all the planets in our sublimated spiritual body, that is, all belonging to the system of which your earth is one.

After we have taken these delightful journeys we return home, so to speak, enlarged and refreshed, having added to our store of knowledge. We return and impart what we have gained to those who are not yet able to disentangle themselves from their material, spiritual bodies, and to those of earth, if they desire to know, and ask in all seriousness, with minds receptive to truth; but a carking, captious, fault-finding spirit is obnoxious to the higher intelligences; and when a spirit is doing its utmost to give truth to the world, it does not like to be met with the cry—"Evil spirit! Fraud! Lying spirit! Deceiver!" Suppose, for instance, that a teacher or lecturer of earth was engaged in giving the best of the knowledge he had attained to an audience, and as he was striving to elucidate some point one should rise up and shout—"Liar! Deceiver! Fraud! Blatant Ananias!" and so forth. What would you think of such an one? Probably the lecturer would sit down in confusion and one in authority, or in other words a policeman, would immediately remove the

offender of good manners and decency; and we here in the spirit are even more sensitive to such rudeness than those of earth. But when one asks questions which one really and earnestly desires to have answered because one wishes to know, then it is a pleasure to us to answer such questions to the best of our knowledge and ability.

There are spirits here who might not be able to visit any zone, or even a planet, in a thousand years; such ones being bound down to gross materiality; and, allow us to say, that some of the very learned and erudite ones of earth, on coming here, are more obtuse than some of those who were on earth considered extremely ignorant. Take, for instance, one who is all technic—who can tell you the names of almost everything, but has little or no perception of spirituality or spiritual things—one who deals in words, words, words, and when he gets through one can scarcely find an idea among them—one who, perhaps, can talk or write for hours, and when he is done you look for an original thought, or, in fact, any thought at all, and feel as though you were looking for a needle in a hay-mow. Such spirits may be, and often are, here a great many years and know but little if any more than they did when on earth. Oh, they are dry souls—husky and dry beyond measure!

Nearly all the technical terms used on earth are useless to us here—so useless, indeed, that we often quite forget them. Spirits use very little language, their thoughts being transferred one to another without much speaking.

Error can be clothed in words without number—yea, a whole dictionary of words; but truth is so simple that it needs little more than a glance or gesture. A mother has only to look into her baby's eyes to tell it that she loves it, and the baby understands it entirely, trusts her wholly, without a word being spoken on either side; in fact the baby does not yet understand a word of spoken language, but it understands perfectly just what the mother wishes it to know. The most silent people are often the wisest, and the greatest amount of wisdom is gained by retiring into the silence where the soul holds silent communion with the higher angels, the thoughts or truths of the angels flowing into the receptive mind without a word being uttered on either side. There is scarcely a question that the human mind can ask that may not be answered, truthfully, in this way. The more erroneous an idea, the

more words it takes to bolster it up, but truth can stand alone without such wordy props. Beautiful jewels are often hidden by heaps of rubbish.

LETTER NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR.

We wish now to tell you a little more about the future of the earthly world. Do not say that the future cannot be prophesied, for that which exists here with us we know and are sure of. We also know that many of the truths that are in operation here will soon be given to the world below, and one, among many others, is that of thought photography.

You have already got wireless telegraphy; the next thing will be thought telegraphy together with thought photography.

Now thought can travel as fast as electricity and even faster. The brain is really a storage battery, it not only sends forth its currents of thought but it is a receiver at the same time. Earthly language is to become less instead of more, for when once thought photography becomes firmly established and in fine working order, people will learn to condense their thoughts into as few words as possible, and the simpler the better. Much that is now called imagination is really photography. The sensitive brain of one who is highly mediumistic receives impressions from the ethereal atmosphere, just as a sensitized plate receives and holds fast the objects designed to be photographed.

We know a lady who is so mediumistic, and whose brain is so sensitive, that she knows about all that is taking place on the earth, at all times, without taking the slightest trouble to inform herself of these things by reading the daily papers. In fact, daily papers are not admitted into her house, and she has, long ago, ceased to read them, they render her so miserable—the murders, the suicides, the scandal, the police records, the catering to fashion and fads, the sickening details of fashionable society, the

cruelty, the injustice, and all the details that go to make up a daily newspaper; but, without reading or hearing a word she can tell nearly all that is transpiring in the world; and those who are, as they suppose, thinking, planning, and perhaps writing great things secretly, their thoughts are not secret at all, for the electrical ether, or the electrical currents within the ether, are carrying them almost instantly, and they are being reproduced or photographed on the brain of this sensitive and all other sensitives like her, also the image of the person or persons who are thus, thinking, planning and writing.

That which is called clairvoyance will, bye and bye, be much better understood than at present. Hundreds on the earth to-day are secretly, or otherwise, engaged in testing telepathy, and the results, to them, have been most wonderful; although the words are never quite exact the thought is; and this shows the truth of what we before stated, that words will become of less account while the thoughts will be all important.

Now there are those at the present time who are trying to discover the method whereby thoughts can be photographed so that they may be seen with the material eye; and, believe us, friends, it will soon be brought about; the time is also near at hand when your spirit friends will be able to give you their pictures together with much of the scenery in spirit life, and then will be proved, beyond cavil or doubt, the existence of animal life here in the spheres; for in the spirit scenery the animals will appear.

It is knowledge like this which will save the world and bring it up out of selfish sensuality; not the crystallizing of new creeds and the forming of new societies, patterned after the old, where a few may have honors and emolument conferred upon them and thereby reap a goodly harvest of shekels. Sitting in the silence to receive instruction from higher intelligences, the home circle where there is no incentive for fraud, and the reading and writing of good spiritual literature is better, far better, than all the societies, creeds and promiscuous seances in the world. When mediumship is not bartered for money it will be better for all.

Why should the divine gift of mediumship be sold for filthy lucre? Why not earn money in other ways, through regular business channels, and keep the divine gift pure and unspotted from the world? It may be said that the

laborer is worthy of his hire; but why make it a calling for hire? Just so long as it is, just so long the world must expect fraud, for the persons who work for hire will always try to please those who pay them that they may gain more and larger hire. So, wonder not that your ranks are filled with fraud, for the one who can give the most wonderful things gets the most money. Now if mediumship never received a cent of pay from any quarter, fraud would die a natural death and be buried out of sight forever—and, friends, allow us to tell you that all will have to come to this at last. Your wonderful materializing seances and public tests will all have to die the death, for so many frauds will arise—so many disgraceful arrests will be made, that these things will become a stench in the nostrils.

Spirits never materialize that a so-called medium may receive a dollar for each visitor—never, never, dear friends! Do not believe it. Spiritual beings very rarely materialize and when they do it is usually in private. They sometimes make themselves visible to some dearly beloved, grief-stricken friend; to whom they were tenderly attached, to assure them that they are not dead, but simply invisible to the eyes of the mourner; they strive hard to let the grief-stricken one know this great truth by making themselves as tangible as possible for a few moments. Sometimes an earthbound spirit will haunt a house, or other locality, occasionally making itself visible. Then there are spirits who are revengeful; they desire to be revenged on someone who injured them in life; perhaps they were murdered, or robbed, or ruined, and they thirst for revenge; but these are earth-bound and there is very little good accomplished by such appearances.

If every seance-room could be visited by men of science—exact science—and every medium claiming the gift of being able to make spirits materialize could be subjected to such conditions that fraud would be impossible, very little materializing would be found in the world, and what there was would be genuine and worthy to be placed, as a great truth, with the exact sciences. When such a medium was found and tested beyond all question of doubt, then such an one should be surrounded by the most favorable conditions and all reasonable wants and necessities supplied or a reasonable salary paid them as well as a guarantee of support in sickness or old age; but, even

then, each seance should be strictly tested so that no fraud could possibly creep in.

There are other errors that we should like to write about, and one is, that some who leave earth are not given a chance to manifest themselves if they would. This does not apply to the phase of materialization, but to that of spirit control of thought photography. If a very noted person of earth comes here and wishes to give information to the world he has left, he is met by the cry, "Oh, this cannot emanate from the spirit of such an one. It is not worthy of him;" and Mr. Ingersoll wants to say a few words on this subject which we will reserve for our next letter.

LETTER NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE.

Robt. G. Ingersoll says: Friends and readers of *The Progressive Thinker*:—I want to say a few words on an all-important subject. Do not expect the spirit of a man to talk precisely as he did when on the earth and within his material body, for a great change has come to that man.

All the eloquence of rhetoric he has, mayhap, thrown into the waste basket as so much rubbish, or so many unnecessary words. I tell you, my friends, it takes the starch out of a man, mightily, to find out that he really knew so little after all. I feel now as though I were sifting jewels from an enormous amount of chaff—the jewels being few, rare, and far between; and, then, friends, my power as a writer was never as great as that of a talker or lecturer, for I gained power and strength from those whom I was addressing or talking to, and when I got well started I sometimes ran at a headlong pace and did not always know just where I should stop; moreover, spirits sometimes got hold of my brain and worked it to suit themselves, for some especial purpose. I often wondered if this were not the case, providing there were any such beings. Well, now it is quite different. I am not talk-

ing but writing, and writing through a foreign instrument or brain.

Now I don't want to be slapped in the face, because I am doing my level best to let you all know that I am not dead. I don't want to be told that my efforts are not worthy of me. That which I am trying to do is worthy of any man or spirit. I am trying to tell the truth—the great and glorious truth of the immortality of the soul. When a man is in deep, dead earnest, he doesn't always stop to cut and dry his words, but he shouts them forth in terse, short sentences. He is not trying to cater to an audience or please the people, but he shouts forth, "I have got it! Great God! I have found it;" and you cry, "What have you found?" and he shouts back, "That which all humanity have been seeking since the world began—Immortality! There is no Death!"

"How do you know?"

"Because I am here. I have passed the Rubicon. I have entered in at the straight gate, even the gate beautiful. Men call it death; but death and life are weird twin sisters. You pass from the hands of one directly into those of the other. Death is misnamed. She is really Life Eternal. Death is a phantom, but Life is real. Life is earnest. Life is beautiful, crowned with the flowers of immortal youth. I thought I was growing old and here I am, youthful, strong and powerful as a young lion—aye, I feel like a God. Ah! I realize now, to the fullest extent, the true meaning of all those old Greek gods. Symbols—symbols, my friends; nothing more. Why do I feel like a God? Because man is a God. That which I thought I did not know, I now know. To be immortal is to be a God. To never die—to live and learn forever is to be God, and they tell me here, that immortality is all the God I shall ever know."

I said when I was with you in the body, that all men ought to be happy, that all men should surround themselves with beautiful objects, that their homes should be models of comfort and beauty, that all men had a right even to the luxuries that mother nature bountifully supplies, and my mind is not changed in the least on those points, but rather I am more and more confirmed in such opinions. Every human being should surround himself or herself with the very most beautiful and comfortable things possible for him or her to obtain, and they should

strive hard thus to do; but, do not misunderstand my meaning; in doing this they should be very careful not to rob or wrong another, for every penny a human being obtains unjustly, that he must return sooner or later. By this, one can see what a hell the millionaires are making for themselves. If they could repay these wrongs with money it might be easy for them; but money has no value here; the soul must pay—pay to the uttermost farthing; not in cash, but in unutterable woe. This is not fancy, my friends; these are not idle words but everlasting truths.

Every man, woman and child on earth has a right to a good and comfortable home wherein they may surround themselves with objects of art and beauty. No man should be in poverty and no man should be over rich, and no company of men should have the power to rob the people. A company of men whose business it is to rob the people are no better nor different, except in name, than a company of highwaymen. Robbery is robbery, call it by whatever name one may please.

Oh! it is beautiful here. Such wrongs are all righted here; and, perhaps, you will be better able to understand how it should be on earth if I tell you how it is here. First, then, we have no such thing as money value. All the riches we have belong wholly and entirely to the soul and spirit, and those who are the very richest in spirit have the most to bestow, and those who can give or bestow the most are the happiest; those who have not riches of soul or spirit are the poverty-stricken ones, consequently are the most unhappy. How strange it would seem to you of earth, if one of your multi-millionaires should say to himself: "I begin to see the error of my ways. Instead of gathering to myself I will bestow. Here, now, I am worth so many million dollars. I will reserve enough of this money to make myself and family comfortable, also to make my home beautiful and luxurious if need be; the remainder I will bestow upon those who have no homes. I begin to see that all would have homes if they had not been robbed of that which rightfully belonged to them. Now I will bestow all my surplus wealth and try to induce others, who are rich, to do likewise."

This man then takes his money and with it purchases a tract of land in a pleasant locality, divides it up into

acre lots and upon each lot erects a pretty, convenient cottage—a real comfortable home—he can make as many improvements as his means will allow. Now he has got so many pretty and comfortable homes for as many **as** they will shelter, and he sets himself to the task of finding occupants among the poor and needy that he may bestow these homes to those who need them.

First, perhaps, he finds a widow with a family of little, helpless children; her husband, maybe, has just been killed on the railroad and herself and little ones about to be ejected from their miserable tenement rooms, and cold winter near at hand. He says to her: “Madame, I will present to you one of these nice cottages together with its acre of ground—that is I will give you a life lease of it—for these homes may not be bought or sold for money. I will also do what I can to aid you in obtaining food and clothing for yourself and children.”

Again he finds a hard-working man with a family to support. The poor man has been out of work more or less for many months; he is utterly discouraged and dejected; he cannot pay the rent of the miserable and uncomfortable tenement which he calls home, but which is to him hell instead of home. The man has often longed for a pretty cottage and a nice bit of ground to cultivate, but has been too poor to obtain it. The rich man says to this poor fellow, “Come with me and bring your wife and children. Look! is not this a nice, comfortable home, and this acre of ground is just what you want. Here is a life lease of it. It is yours as long as you live and wish **to** reside in it. Take it, and thereby make me happy as well as yourself.” And the poor man weeps for joy.

“I will also aid you in obtaining work, good, remunerative employment. I will employ you myself, if need be, for four hours each day, for which I will pay you one dollar per day.”

How long do you think it would take this rich man, in or near Chicago, to give away these nice homes to those who cruelly need them; and those who suffer thus have been robbed of their rights, as men and citizens, by the rich and powerful, by monopolies, trusts, and so forth.

Now in the whole course of the rich man's life, he never experienced such joy as he now feels. Try it, some of you, and see if I do not tell the truth. Every man on the face of the earth has a moral right to an acre of ground

with a pretty and comfortable home in the center of it, and no man on the earth has a right to any more in his own personality, and human beings ought not to live, huddled together like sheep, in a city, in tenement houses—houses owned by rich landlords who, each week, rob these poor people of their hard earnings and in return give them a place to live, little better than dog kennels, and treat them worse than they do their dumb animals.

Well, the rich man who has thus bestowed his surplus wealth becomes exceedingly happy, and his face shines with joy; for love, wisdom and goodness have entered into his soul. Now he says: "If my capabilities are larger than some of my poor brothers and sisters, and circumstances have placed me where I am able to do more good, I ought to be very happy and thankful; but, I want to be happier still; I want to be wiser yet; consequently, I will look around; mayhap there is other work for me to do. How much happier it makes me to work for the good of my brother man than it does to simply work for myself alone. As a rich, grasping man, I was always miserable, and now I have found the way to be happy, so I will work for the good of others with all my might, and as long as I can, for I like to be good and happy."

That man said, "As long as I can," and he can forever and forever, and forever more, and the more he does the happier he gets, the wiser he becomes—aye, he is a very God—an immortal Jove!

Now, my friends, that is one way of getting into heaven, and one of the very best ways I know anything about. You all want to go to heaven, don't you? That is when you die, or shuffle off the mortal coil? Well, why not go to heaven right now, just where you are? Don't wait a moment if you can help it. Why, the spirit can have heaven in the body as well as out of it. You don't need to get out of it to get into heaven, and if you don't get heaven before you get out of it, you won't find it when you do, for as you are, so you will be for a long time to come. Better hurry a little; you can't afford to wait. Why live in hell fifty years, more or less, hoping to find heaven at the other end, when you might find and take it along with you each hour and year you live on earth? Why, my friends, you don't know what a great big heaven you can make in that length of time; so, go right about it this moment, one and all; no matter whether you are a

multi-millionaire or not, you certainly are able to do something toward making a heaven for yourself. If you have not got any money, you can search for jewels to distribute among your fellow-men, or you can do as I used to do, knock down some grinning monster that threatens to destroy the happiness of your brother or sister. The jewels are truths, the monster is error. Knock him down, knock him down! I say, and spare not—demolish him root and branch.

Error is a blatant Ananias, and Robert G. Ingersoll will kill him if possible. I wonder if blatant liars go about doing good? I wonder if they advise people to be generous, good, wise, virtuous, truthful, and to do unto others as they would have others do unto them? I wonder if they inspire men to give their money and talents toward furthering all good works, without hope of recompense other than the heaven it brings to them? Very strange kind of blatant Ananiases, are they not? Very peculiar kind of evil spirits, are not they? And fraud? Whom do they defraud? Well, suppose I admit the fraud, or, rather, defraud. I will admit the defraud. To defraud is to take away something that one possesses. If one possesses a spirit of evil, defraud him of it if you can. If one is grasping, cruel, selfish, immoral, it is good that he be defrauded of those qualities and their places substituted by the jewels of wisdom, love and truth, and by the beautiful flowers of generosity and benevolence.

The government should bestow on every man who reaches the age of taxation, or the age of twenty-one years, an acre of land, not to be sold, but leased to him during his natural life, and if the young man is not able to put up for himself a neat house, his friends and neighbors should do it for him.

Since coming here I find that people, as a rule, eat too much, and their food is not of the kind it should be. Now an acre of ground, put to good use—the best possible use—will nearly support a small family, and people should not have extremely large families. No man should toil more than four hours a day, the remainder of the time should be given toward cultivating some art or science, or all of them as for that matter. No person should eat more than two meals a day, and many can get along with one. If a man does not toil more than four hours a day a light breakfast and a good dinner is all that he requires,

and he will find his brain clearer for the study of the arts and sciences.

No intoxicating beverages should ever be distilled or sold, and it is a great sinful blot on the government that licenses are granted for the selling of that which takes away man's reason and fills his body with disease. When a man has an acre of ground and a good home, a faithful, loving wife and two or three sweet children, he ought to be good and happy, and the most of men would be. When men and women cease to be cannibals, that is when they eat no flesh, the cost of living can be brought down to a very small amount. Now, friends, suppose some of you try a method of living such as I will here suggest.

We will say that already you are comfortably housed, that you have, at least, an income of six dollars per week, and your family consists of, say, five persons, perhaps father, mother, and three children; or it may be other relatives; suppose you sit down to a breakfast of oat-meal mush and a cup of coffee, the coffee really can be dispensed with, one would be all the better if one did not drink it. One-half pound of oatmeal will make breakfast for five persons, plenty, all they ought to eat; the oatmeal costs two and one-half cents, this feeds, and feeds well, five people; but when dinner time comes, we will have a greater variety, we will have bread, potatoes, together with some other vegetable; vary the vegetables each day in the week, that is, we will have peas one day, beans another, onions another, squash another, and so on; then we will have fruit; vary the fruit each day if the season will permit; and nuts; vary the nuts likewise. Now a dinner of this kind will not cost more than ten cents each person; so a good dinner for five persons will cost fifty cents, the breakfast and remaining household expenses would not exceed twenty-five cents, consequently a family of five persons can be well fed for seventy-five cents a day, and we think that even fifty cents a day could be made to cover the cost. If one had his acre of ground and house, free of expense, he could raise at least one-half the food necessary, which would bring his expenses down to twenty-five cents a day.

Now, as a rule, people dress more expensively than they ought, especially women. Women should dress simply and neat. Diamonds, velvets, silks and satins are not at all necessary, and an enormous, costly head-gear would

put a savage to blush. Many women can dress very well on twenty-five dollars a year; fifty dollars a year can be made to clothe a family of five if three of them are children. Two hundred dollars a year can be made to support a family of five persons in comfort, and even a certain amount of luxury, providing the acre of land and house are at their disposal; and if the government owned all public works whatever, every man who needed employment could be employed by the government at the rate of one dollar for four hours' labor. Now I put the question to the government itself, if this would not be political economy? There would not be a really poor man or tramp in your land. All prisons and penitentiaries would soon die a natural death, and governmental institutions of learning would take their places. When men have homes and are properly educated, there will be no crime provided intoxicating liquors are not sold or distilled. Turn your great distilleries into temples of wisdom. Turn your churches into schools. Educate your young men to be as pure as you would have your girls. One should be as pure as the other. If a young man requires a pure wife, a young woman should require a pure husband. Oh, it would take very little, after all, to make the world good and altogether lovely and beautiful as it is here in the spiritual world.

This may not be considered by some as being very eloquent, but I feel quite eloquent on the subject.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

LETTER NUMBER THIRTY-SIX.

Men of earth strive to become rich and famous, and the moment they get here fame and riches fall away from them like black shadows. Not a penny of their money can they bring here with them—and fame?

Well, there are many things that render a man famous on earth. Suppose he has made, as he thinks and as other men think, some great discovery, or he has invented something that is exceedingly useful, and his name rings from one part of the world to another; he comes here perhaps filled with vain-glory, he is the great Mr. So-and-So. He is often met by a band of spirits, or as we here call them, angels, and he soon discovers that he, personally, had very little to do with the discovery or invention. It does not take him long to learn that he had simply been an instrument in the hands of this band of angels—that his only merit has been in giving himself up to his impressions, and those impressions had been made or photographed upon his brain by those in the celestial life whom he now meets face to face—and his fame falls away from him like a shadow. It is foolish for men to wrangle over that which they imagine they have discovered; for no man ever yet discovered anything. He merely thinks he has. Everything has always existed and always will. He may have learned something which is new to him but really is as old as eternity itself. Then why seek fame? Let us tell you, men of earth, how to be happy. That is what you all want; happiness or heaven. Riches never yet made any man happy. Fame never yet made any man happy; but, wisdom, love, and truth, will make all men happy.

Well, what is wisdom? Wisdom is knowledge of that which is true. Wisdom is the knowledge of truth, and

knowledge is obtained by seeking diligently after that which is true—the correct understanding of natural laws as they really are, and if one is in the slightest degree unhappy something is wrong, there is some natural law that one does not yet fully comprehend. Let one seek for that law that one may understand it rightly.

Nature intended that all men, as well as all animals, should be happy. Errors and ignorance have caused all the unhappiness and misery that mankind have ever known. A wrong conception of a future state of being has caused war, murder, and horrors of all kinds. Those who believe in a hell after death, make a corresponding hell on earth. Those who believe in a tyrannical male personality, whom they call God, become tyrants themselves, crushing other men beneath their tyrannical hand. Those who believe in a murdered God, are filled with war and murder themselves; and all this is the cause of the wretchedness of mankind. Those who believe that natural laws are beneficent, become beneficent. Those who believe that nature is a great loving mother, become loving. Those who believe in eternal progression, walk steadily along a progressive pathway. Those who become loving will injure no one, neither will they injure themselves. When a man loves his brother as himself, he will do him every kindness in his power, and will divide with him even his last loaf.

Let the poor man remember that he is far happier than the rich man. Let the loving man remember that he is far happier than the powerful, tyrannical man. Let no one aspire to place or power, for such create hell. Do not be a creator of hell or unhappiness. To be truly great is to be good, loving and wise.

Well, friends, I am about to discontinue these letters for the present. Those who have accepted and believed in me I thank with all my soul. My greatest desire has been to benefit humanity, for certainly, no especial benefit could accrue to myself except the satisfaction of doing that which I should do; but, for the present, I have done enough. It is worse than useless to give to the world more than it can receive and make use of.

A lady, knowing that I am about to retire from this work for a season, earnestly entreats me to allow her to take my place; and, as I find her a grand and noble woman, one whom I can trust entirely, I shall allow her to

become the guide or controlling power of my sensitive, for a time, at least.

I cannot now say whether Mr. Ingersoll will continue his letters or not.

Good-bye, my friends, and many thanks to those who have loved and trusted me.

Good-bye! Good-bye! FRANZ PETERSILEA.

PART II.

A Series of Letters From the Spirit of a Well-Known Lady, Through the Mediumship of Carlyle Petersilea.

LETTER NUMBER ONE.

Good people, I make my bow. Indifferent people, I make my bow. Do you like me? We shall see. Who am I? I shall not tell you. How do I look? That you have a right to know. Am I large or small? Quite large, I thank you. Black eyes or blue? Neither black nor blue—brown. And your hair? Brown also, and very long and thick. How old are you? Somewhere near a hundred. Too old, am I? Wait until you know me better. I ran up the hill of age, but I have come back again, and I make you my bow once more.

Do you remember me? Some of you may. Are you curious about me? Ah! You may discover me yet. What was my nationality? I tried hard to find that out for myself, but was not quite successful. Of one thing I was quite certain, however. I was not an American, yet America was my home for quite a length of time and I made many other countries my home as well. Was I nobly born? Yes. Was I happy? No. Did I marry? Yes. Had I children? No. Did I belong to any church or sect? Yes. What church? The Mother church. Do

you say, that is enough; we Spiritualists don't want you? But you do. No people ever wanted or needed me more.

A woman who lived on earth to be old, a woman who lived in many countries there, and became acquainted with many nations and peoples, who knew the inside workings of the Mother church, and who also well understood many other religions, one, too, who knew much about Spiritualism and who has already passed through the gate called Death, is wanted by you all, and you will admit it before I am done.

Well, then, if you have passed through the gate of Death, tell us which religion is right.

They are all right, and, at the same time, they are all wrong. Am I paradoxical? Yes; for life is a paradox and all religions are paradoxical. No man or religion on earth is entirely right, and no man or religion is entirely wrong. You tell us that you were not happy on earth: Are you happy now?

That is an old, worn-out question, which would take a month of Sundays to answer. Happiness is something that needs to be analyzed again and again, and, when you are done, analyze it many times more. Are you all happy, my good people?

Listen! I hear a big groan: No! No! But we hope to be after we pass through that gate, Death.

And I laugh and point to another gate away in the dim distance and say, you must travel a long way and pass through that gate first. What is the name of that gate? and I say, Wisdom, and then I hear there are many, many other gates, and long weary roads to go. The best way is to seek the acquaintance of happiness just where you are at this present moment, and take her along with you as a companion to laugh and be merry with at all times. She will assist you wonderfully through the gate Death and make you joyful all the way across the field toward the gate Wisdom. Never let go her hand nor lose sight of her smiling face.

Now, madam, you stand before us to amuse and instruct us; but, whether you instruct us or not, it is imperative that you amuse us.

Right, my dear people. Yes; I will do my best to amuse and instruct you at the same time.

Am I away up in the seventh sphere? No.

Where then? Right here upon the earth, just at pres-

ent, in a room, in a house in Southern California, trying to write to the people whom I love, attracted to this sensitive, whom I am controlling to write for me, because many spirits have told me that here was my golden opportunity, and I have hastened to improve it.

Have I seen God? No; and I don't trouble myself about him; don't think I care to see him. I have long ago wearied out of that great, egotistical, male potentate—Jehovah—Yahveh—Jove—or whatever his name may be. Don't you think it time that this great imaginary idol was demolished? It is just as foolish to worship an imaginary idol as a bronze or wooden one. Fact is, I prefer the wooden one, as doing far less mischief. Don't you think it about time to put a woman in Yahveh's place. There would be a modicum of sense in worshipping a woman. Could a great, male potentate, create the earth and all therein contained, all by himself?

How preposterous! There never has been the slightest thing in nature created without a female or the female element, therefore, have done worshipping that hydra-headed, male monster, Yahveh. I call upon all the women of the world to rise up and dethrone the great male idol. The egotism of a male is insufferable at all times, and by nature he is the inferior of woman, designed to serve her and the children she brings forth. If she magnanimously calls him her equal it is from the generosity of her soul.

Rise up, my sisters, pull down this great male idol, and, if you can't do any better, put a three-headed woman in his place. It is father, son, and holy ghost, with the mother and daughters left out. Now I propose that if we must have a three-headed God, we make it father, mother, and the holy bond between the two; which, to my way of thinking, are the children the union creates. The union is the creator or that which creates. The great, male monster, or idol, was never married, however, still he begets a son by coming down from his throne and seducing a woman. This great Yahveh becomes a seducer.

O, how wicked and preposterous; consequently the greater portion of mankind are like their God, or idol. They are seducers of women; and, as a woman, if there is one thing that I despise more than another, it is a lecherous seducer of women. The Pope, like his God,

must be unmarried; the priests likewise. How long, my sisters, shall we allow this state of things to go on. Let us rise up in our might and dethrone this horrible monster.

Very many men at the present day are better than their God, for they have wives and children that they love. Very few of them would cause their sons to be murdered. How unfortunate that they should still worship an idol so much lower in the scale of goodness and morality than themselves.

An unmarried ascetic is considered by the Mother church—and in fact by many outside of it—as an unusually holy man. In order to be exceedingly good, holy and wise, a man must not marry. But the question I would ask of you, my sisters, is: Of what good is such a man except as a blind leader of the blind? He ceases to take any part in creation and becomes a useless drone in the hive except as a propagandist of error, and he becomes a great egotistical Ego—a regular chip from his great male, egotistical idol.

Now, when I look at such a man I feel like laughing. He amuses me immensely. What a great, puffed up bag of wind he usually becomes. He really ignores the manner in which he was created and seems to forget that a woman ever had any part in it. He looks upon women as really quite unnecessary in the plan of creation, and often wonders why his great egotistical idol created them at all; but, after much pondering on the subject, he came to the conclusion that she was a sort of necessary evil, a great temptation placed in man's way, to be repelled and resisted; a wily serpent in the guise of a female in his Eden. She was, of course, to be held in contempt and abhorrence; still he thought he might make some use of her as a kind of bond-woman or slave; and, after all was said, unless she worshiped him, who would? Certainly other egotistical males like himself would not; they were great Egos likewise, desiring to be worshiped as he desired to be. Ah, he had discovered another reason why she had been created—that she might fall down and worship him; and after awhile he came to the conclusion that she had no soul.

Ah! Forsooth: Nothing had a soul or existed after death except great, egotistical male Egos; and they surrounded the throne of their great, egotistical idol: Not a woman in it. Sisters, I am telling you the truth and

you know it. Of course it is a little better now; and, perhaps, even St. Paul thought that, possibly, she had a soul. I don't know that he says so anywhere, however; but he did not consider that she was fit to have a word to say in the church, but she must remain abased and covered, and if she wanted to know anything she must ask her husband at home, providing she had one, and if she had not of course she must remain in ignorance. Paul was too holy himself to think of marrying, but since I came to the spirit world I have discovered that he was a little like King David, who, as you all know, my sisters, was a man after God's own heart. Of course the great idol loved those best that were the most like himself. Do you think that St. Paul stands exceedingly high here in the spirit world? If you do you are mistaken; and on earth he was a squint-eyed, knock-kneed, somewhat deformed Jew, very short in stature, high-shouldered, with his head sunk upon his chest, his legs so short and his arms so long that his long bony hands nearly touched the ground; he had scraggy, unkempt, black hair; a long, thick, unclean beard; a hook-nose that resembled an eagle's beak, and a pointed, protruding chin; his brows were thick and corrugated, with hardly a forehead visible. He looks considerably better now, however. I don't think it would have been possible for any woman to fall in love with him, not even a slavish, Jewish maiden of the lowest degree.

Now I am telling you the exact truth about it, and if you could know all about the most of the saints, you would dash your idols to the ground in horror. They are all idols, my sisters, every one of them—horrible, detestable idols—and your Roman Catholics and Protestants are no better than other heathen nations and not as good as some of them.

The Hindus worship a better idol than you do. I said so when with you in the flesh, and I still say so. If there is one idol worse than another it is the Jewish Yahveh; he is the most cruel, the most vindictive, the most selfish, the most vain-glorious and egotistical; and it is claimed for him by his followers that he is the creator of all things that exist. When I have thought of him, and sometimes when I used to read about him I have often wished that my sister woman would drop out of creation altogether, at least for a hundred years or so.

If women would drop out of the world, let us say for a

hundred and fifty years, allowing the males to go on by themselves, how would it be with creation then? How many popes, priests and bishops would there be at the end of that time? How many lordly Egos, chips from the old idol, would there be left? But perhaps you think he might be able to create others without the help of woman. If so, why does woman exist at all? No doubt many of those old lordlings thought, simply to perform the drudgery of bringing them into the world and suckling them that they might, in the end, rule over her. And, don't you think there is a slight taint in the old ideas left among the lordlings of the present day? To be sure it is somewhat better than it used to be, but there is a great chance for improvement yet—still woman brings forth man that he may rule over her, and he, like his idol, is a grasping, cruel, vindictive, selfish, egotistical Ego.

Do you say I am hard and unjust in my statement? I will prove that I am not. Who loves place and power and will have them at any price? Man! Who rules the American Nation? Man! Who are Governors of states or provinces? Men! Who are sent to Congress? Men! Who are the ambassadors and ministers of state? Men! Who are the popes, priests and bishops? Men! Do women have any voice in making the laws by which they must abide? No! And yet without woman not a man would exist on the face of the earth—without her, there would not be a spirit nor an angel within the heavens. Woman does ten times more toward creation than man does. This is the natural law. For nine months she creates or nourishes the unborn babe, for a year or more thereafter, it draws its life directly from her vitals—in other words from her very heart's blood—then, for the next ten years, at least, the child is helpless without her—yea, even up to twenty years it can scarcely let her go. Who is the creator? I ask you in all seriousness, or who does the most toward creation, man or woman? Let us dethrone that monstrous idol, Yahveh, and place a better representative upon the throne.

But we will say that while woman is doing all this, man cherishes and supports her, that is a part of them do. Admitted. We will also admit that he has qualities that offset hers, such as courage, strength and so forth; we will be magnanimous and say that he is her equal, setting one

thing against another, that together in oneness they are the creators.

If we must have a God, a creator, an idol, let us have one who represents the truth as it is. Let us seat upon the throne of heaven a Unity; a man and a woman side by side, united in oneness of thought and purpose. If we could find anything in nature created without the male and the female principles united—if creation hung upon the male element alone, we might still continue to worship the old male idol, Yahveh, or his representatives of a later date; but, as we cannot find such an anomaly in nature, let us be sensible and enthrone a God worthy of what we see around us.

When we have dethroned the old male idol and enthroned the male and the female instead, woman will begin to find her rightful position in the world, for the world is like its God—in other words its idol is itself—and so long as that idol is a great, egotistical male, so long will man be like his God and rule over or dominate the female. But old things are rapidly passing away.

Yours truly,

MADAME

LETTER NUMBER TWO.

It is customary when one writes a letter or message to the public to commence it with, "Dear Friends."

Now I shall not do what is customary; I will not speak that which I do not feel. The most of you whom I address and who will read this are not at all dear to me. Many of you I despise most heartily—all of you, more especially, who are hypocrites, sycophants, time-servers, those of you who love money and position better than truth.

"What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" for he who puts all his mind and energies toward the accumulation of material wealth, stultifies the spiritual, or his own soul, which becomes obscured in darkness and error. When one's soul is in error it is in unhappiness or hell, and that is all the old

saying ever meant. I don't like people who are in hell; do you? I don't like hell either; do you?

But there are some of you who will read this, who are in heaven or happiness; you have not lost your souls but have found them; and you I love; you are very dear to me; you are my friends; you who love truth better than error, better than all the wealth which the world could give.

When I was with you in the body of matter, I sought diligently to find my own soul, and was partly successful; not entirely, however. Now, I am here in the spiritual world, and much that was dark to me when in the body is now clear; but, if I tell you of my mistakes, the most of you who knew me there will not believe me. This is my grief. This is my sorrow. Oh, how can I undo that which I did.

I will scold you; I will scold you all, hard. Why do you say the souls or spirits of men and women progress, after they go to the spirit world? And then when they come back and tell you of the things which they have learned there, tell you of the mistakes they made when in the body, you will not believe them; you say: "O, that is not the spirit of So-and-so; that is not what he or she taught when here with us."

When that grand man, Robert G. Ingersoll, with much difficulty returns to tell you that he made some mistakes and tries to set them right, you scoff and say: "This is not the eloquent Mr. Ingersoll. He did not talk like this. He did not believe thus and so." How, then, can he do you any good? How can he rectify the mistakes he made?

When Mr. Darwin discovers, on coming here, that he made mistakes when with you there, you scoff and say: "Mr. Darwin taught nothing of the kind when here," and although you say that you believe spirits return and communicate with the people of earth, yet you do not believe them when they do come. They cannot rectify the mistakes they made if they would; and you are commanded not to grieve the spirit, or spirits, but try the spirits whether they be good or evil.

If you sat in your own parlor and an acquaintance or friend were ushered in, and when he was seated and you were conversing freely with him, he should say: "Since you saw me last I have been away to a far country. I have visited other nations and peoples, and I find that

much which I formerly thought true about them is not so, that many mistakes have been made concerning them and their country, and that my former ideas were mostly incorrect," you should rise up and tell that friend that he was a fraud and a falsifier, that he must leave your house because that which he was now telling you did not accord with that which he formerly thought and said to you. That friend would have just cause to feel aggrieved and to resent your treatment of him; and that is the way that many of us feel here. We come to our own and they receive us not. But you are to try the spirits to see of what manner they are.

If a spirit comes to you who, when with you in the flesh, was good and true, and he tells you to commit all kinds of wickedness and can give you no information at all, in fact, if by his words he shows himself to be degraded and vile, then is he false and a deceiver; and it is in this way that you shall know whether he be false or true, not simply that he has that to tell you which does not entirely agree with that which he taught on earth, for he has visited in person that other country and finds that much of what he used to think is not correct, and he wants to rectify his former mistakes.

Then, again, many of you say the person who pretends to write for the spirits, to give messages for them, likes to quote great names. We don't believe the spirits who give these names are the spirits who once bore them. The great spirits don't come back at all. If they would just call themselves John Smith or Tom Jones, or some other ordinary names, then we might believe.

What valuable information, let me ask, could such spirits give you? Not much. They could simply tell you that they were not dead, that they still felt regard for you, and so forth; and then you cry out: "Oh, what drivell!" And so, no matter what we do, we may not please you.

Thus, then, I take it in my own hands, so far as my messages are concerned, to do as I please. You may accept me or not as you like; you may call me a lying and evil spirit if you wish. I will not mind you more than I would a fretful, peevish child that knows not what it wants and cannot tell what is good for it. When the persons whom you now call so very great were with you in the flesh, you scoffed at them just the same. You only called them great after they left you, then they have be-

come too great to feel an interest in you at all, and so very far removed from you in their greatness that they could not come to you if they would.

O, the inconsistency of the inconsistent! The greater one is, the more love and wisdom he has and the more he desires to do you good and share with you his knowledge. But owing to all that I have herein mentioned, I shall not tell you who I am. Those who love me and that which I have to tell them will receive me, and those who do not I need not trouble myself about. Enough to say, I am a woman. Many of you considered me great when I was with you, and some of you have almost deified me since I left you.

Now, I want none of it. I was simply an earnest woman desiring the truth and with it to benefit the world. Did I have the truth? I thought so then, but now I look and find that, like most others, I had much chaff and a little wheat. Now when I return to you and try to blow away the chaff with the strong breath of my higher knowledge and conception of truth, the most of you will not receive me but will persist in holding the wheat and the chaff together. However, I shall do what I can, and as opportunity presents.

Friends, when I left the fleshly form I thought sometime I should take on another, and now that idea has become so ridiculous to me that I have no patience with that poor, plodding mortal which was myself. I look down upon that selfhood, sometimes in wrath, sometimes in pity, and again with much commiseration; but I think, on the whole, the feeling of commiseration and pity is paramount. Now, friends, as well as my enemies, I want you to look at me just as I am.

I am a very large woman, as large as a woman of earth who would weigh two hundred pounds, and when with you in the flesh I weighed much more than that. To you, as a spirit, I weigh, now, nothing; but as a spirit I weigh two hundred pounds; that is as clear as I can make it to you. I have had the experience of nearly an hundred years, and retain all the knowledge that they have brought me. Do you think, for a moment, that I would be content to return, even if it were possible, and become a drooling infant once more—to live over again a plodding, wearisome, miserable earthly life? What good could it possibly do me under any circumstances? For the varied

experiences many incarnations would bring me, do you say? Why, I have reached that altitude where I can enter into sympathy, and the full experience and knowledge which it brings, of a million or more of different lives. What need for me to live them in my own personality? I live them now as I come en rapport with not only all the personalities of earth that I desire to, but the various spirits in the many spiritual spheres. But, whatever my belief was in the matter, reincarnation is not true but a great error, and I wish to correct that error, just as Ingersoll and Darwin wish to correct the errors which they taught and believed when in the flesh.

Will you allow me to do so, or will you turn from me that I may grieve and say, I came unto mine own but they received me not? Do you say that the poor must live again on earth that they may be rich, or that the rich may be poor, or the murderer that he may be murdered? Out upon such folly! O, how could I ever have believed it? How dark was my mind to spiritual things.

The poor are rich and the rich are poor on earth. Material wealth has nothing to do with the spirit.

And the murderer returns that more murders may be committed? O, the folly of it all! I cannot bear to think of it now. The great natural law says: Return, O soul, and help to undo the errors which you were guilty of when in the flesh—guilty then through ignorance—now from your wisdom make restitution; for a greater or nobler work cannot be assigned you. Progressed so far, do you say, that I cannot come back? What good, then, is my progress? If I have learned anything and will not impart it to my brothers and sisters in the flesh, of what use then is my knowledge?

If those whom you call great on earth should loftily say, I have great wisdom, and attainments, but I will not impart any of it to those who are not as wise as myself. I am too far above them. Such talk is the merest twaddle and nonsense. But there are many other reasons why reincarnation is utterly impossible. The chief and most important reason of all is, that a soul-germ, or a germ of anything as for that matter, can never, under any circumstances, after being once developed, return again to the germinal state; and every child born on the face of your earth, or on any earth, was, before being inhaled by the father, a spiritual or soul germ floating in ethereal space.

Germens may not be visible to all persons, but they are to many, and I think all could see them if they felt inclined and would take the trouble, after throwing aside preconceived ideas and prejudices. Now, of course, as each germ can never be anything but itself and each child born on earth can never be any other than itself—a developed spiritual or soul germ—consequently you all perceive that a fully matured soul-germ could not enter the body of an infant, for that infant is a germ itself in process of development.

We here in the spiritual world can see these germens at all times and in all places, so might you if you cared to look.

Now Professor Franz Petersilea says to me: “Madam, I believe that I was the first to tell the world of these soul-germens; but I did not, perhaps, explain matters quite as clearly as you may be able to do. Do me the kindness, madam, to explain things in your own womanly way; for women are, as a rule, clearer, finer and quicker than men.”

Well, then, I shall take my own way and tell you about it. We, here in the spirit world, know all that you are thinking, saying, and doing; and we know that many do not believe in the great truth of spiritual or soul germens. Some claim to be evolutionists, followers of Darwin, and so reason that the soul of man traveled all the way up, or down, from a speck of protoplasm or matter, and Mr. Darwin is most heartily sorry, I can assure you, just as I am sorry that I taught the doctrine of reincarnation; and now I shall prove to all reasonable minds that I was wrong, and in proving myself wrong I shall also prove, as Mr. Darwin desires me to, that he was wrong.

All physicians agree, as well as other learned men, that the human body changes entirely once in seven years. Many now think and say that it does not require so long a period of time. Be that as it may, we will allow seven years, and what these learned men assert is true. We, here, absolutely know it to be true. Now if every atom of matter within a man’s body is renewed every seven years that is after seven years there is not one atom of the old body remaining, how, then, is it possible that the germens of his future children still remain, for every atom of his body has been renewed, and as each seven years roll around not an atom of the old remains and before puberty he had not even the power of generation, such power did not reside

within his body. Now, where did he get the new atoms which go to make up his new body every seven years? From the food he eats, from the water he drinks, from the air he breathes. Water alone will not sustain him. Food alone will not sustain him. Added to these he must have air, and plenty of it. He can live without food for many days. He can live without water for a considerable time; but he cannot live ten minutes in a conscious, breathing state without air. Now, does he obtain the souls of his future children from the food he eats? His food is dead matter, devoid of soul or spirit. Does he obtain them from the water he drinks? No. The germs of the human soul do not reside within water as water, but they do reside within the air; or, more properly speaking, within the ethereal or spiritual atmosphere which he inhales at every breath. All the food he eats and all the water he drinks cannot even make blood until through the lungs the air comes in contact with it. You depend entirely on the air to even form the blood in your veins—and in seven years not an atom of the old body remains, not even a drop of the old blood.

Now, answer me—a woman—ye great egotistical egos. From whence are the germs of the souls of your future children. I have cornered you and you cannot escape.

Now, I will most solemnly answer: The soul germs of your children enter your lungs with the air you breathe, from the lungs they enter your blood, they pass through your heart with every pulsation, the germs then commence to clothe themselves with material substance in the father's blood. All hereditary tendencies come from the clothing the spiritual germ takes on, and are not in the pure spiritual germ itself. Heredity is all in matter, and not in the pure spirit. But these germs are as indestructible as the ether in which they reside and those that do not find an opportunity to develop simply escape all environments, just as the air and ether escape in which they reside, from the lungs and from all parts and pores of the body. All germs which are simply clothed with matter in the blood of the father and do not find lodgment within an egg or ovum, the matter dies and drops away from them, for they themselves are indestructible, and they float away once more within the ethereal air. Now, God wot, I have told you the truth! It is a delicate subject for a woman to write about or I could tell you much more:

but you are all aware that there is an Anthony Comstock, so it won't do to talk or write of the things which might enlighten the world on the great question of how they came to be in existence. You must believe, perforce, that God created a man from the dirt, then took out one of his ribs and made a woman. Why did he not make her out of the dirt also?

Now you ask me: "But the female inhales germs as well as the male?" Yes; but she makes no use of them; they are to her, simply as the air she breathes. Nature is positive and negative, male and female. The positive force holds and makes use of them, the negative force repels or exhales them.

All creatures attract, hold and make use of the germs belonging to their own species or kind. An animal cannot hold and make use of the germs of human beings. Each attracts and holds its own kind. A germ which forms a grain of wheat cannot form corn, or maize; that is why things do not get mixed up more than they do. The old idea of pollen is nearly obsolete, for it has been found that things blossom and form seed without it, and it never was the real cause of fecundity, and even if it were they would be but germs clothed with a little matter. Most botanists and florists do not now accept that idea as being the true theory of the formation of seed, for so many things have seeds that do not form pollen. What kind of a germ is that which forms a mulatto? If the father is a negro he holds the germs which develop negroes. If the mother is white the matter with which she clothes the child is white, but the original germ is black, consequently a mulatto is the result. If the mother is black and the father white, the germ is white, but the mother clothes it with her black blood, consequently a mulatto results.

There is a great truth at the bottom of the old legend of Adam and Eve. "God formed Adam out of the dust of the ground," and if one could know the original meaning of, and language used by those ancient philosophers, it would not be far from the truth; for man's body is formed of material substance, while life resides within the atmosphere, and his nostrils breathe it in.

Now I hope I have made it clear that reincarnation cannot be true, and yet when I was with you I was a blind

leader of the blind. But why persist in blindness when you discover that it is possible to see?

Most truly yours, MADAM

LETTER NUMBER THREE.

In my last letter I wrote of soul-germs, and I told you the truth, no matter that many of you think to the contrary; and, as you see, reincarnation cannot be true. Now, I want to write you how it is with me here. I long to tell you, for many of you loved and trusted me when I was with you in the flesh, many of you remember and love me still, and many of you will be very glad to hear from me; but if I write to you, I must write as it is, regardless of your prejudices. When I first arrived here I was in much perplexity and trouble. It was not at all as I thought it would be, and it was a long time before I could see my way clear. Many Adepts and Mahatmas met me and shook me by the hand; then, a great many people met me, and were very glad to see me, and they said: "Now Madam is here. Come and talk to us," and I made reply: "I think it would be more appropriate that you should talk to me. What have you to tell me? You who have been here a good while," for I saw many that I had known years before, and some that I had known in my early days, even the days of my girlhood.

I looked at them all and was bewildered; but the Adepts and Mahatmas were uneasy and appeared to me rather sorrowful and crestfallen.

"Come, Madam," said they, "and talk to us, that our souls may revive with hope." Then they brought me to a large hall and it was filled with people. Of course I mean spirit people, for they were all out of the flesh as I was, and there were many on the platform who were going to talk to the people, and they seated me on the platform with the others, and I was more bewildered and dazed than before.

Then a Mahatma began to talk, and he asked how many of them had tried to rehabilitate themselves in the flesh,

for the great law of reincarnation must be obeyed? And every spirit there raised a hand.

"You have all tried, then?"

A sighing chorus of assent was the response.

"And all have failed?"

Another assent more sorrowful than the last.

"Have you exercised your will power to the very utmost?"

Another deep-breathed assent.

"Let the person who has been here longer than any other, come forward and speak."

A tottering old man slowly made his way to the platform.

"How long have you been here?" asked the Mahatma.

"A long and wearisome time," answered the old man; "but I cannot say just how many years."

"When on earth you dwelt in India—you were a Hindoo?"

"Yes."

"And during all these years you have daily, almost hourly, tried your utmost to reincarnate yourself within the body of an infant of earth, that you might be young once more, that you might again be a child, a youth, a young man strong and vigorous?"

"Yes."

"And yet you have not succeeded and are still here?"

"As you see," dejectedly answered the old man. "I have spent all the time at my command, these many years, and yet here I am."

"And you have tried in all countries and among all peoples?"

"I have," answered the old man, wearily.

"Tell us somewhat about it, that we may discover where the trouble may be, the hindrance or bar to success."

"Well," said the old man, "at first I was full of hope and expectation. On earth I was poor and unfortunate, but not wilfully sinful, so I thought that in justice I ought now to be reborn into a family of high rank, consequently I sought out family after family where the birth of an infant was soon expected, and did my best to enter, or will myself to enter, its yet unborn body; but I found that each child, even then, had an individual spirit and soul of its own, exactly corresponding to the growth of its little fleshly body, and it was impossible for me, an old and sor-

rowful man filled with the experiences of three score years and ten—yea, even many more—to crowd myself into the little, tender, budding body and soul of an unborn babe; the spirit and soul of the babe filled its own body entirely.

“Well, I did not get discouraged for many a weary year, for I reasoned that, perhaps another spirit had already taken the body for its own. Yes, for a long time I thought thus, then I tried many and many a babe at the very moment of birth, thinking I would enter its body with its first cry; but the child was its own self and I was another and distinct individual.

“I felt more like taking the little wailing creature in my arms and comforting it; and I always went away balked and ashamed of myself. What had I, an old and experienced man, to do with a budding infant? I had been an infant once myself and did not need another experience in that direction; but, during all my earthly life I had been taught and fully believed in reincarnation; and each time I failed I concluded that I had not yet discovered the right one—and thus my time has been spent.”

Tears rolled down the cheeks of the sorrowful old man.

“I have now made my last attempt,” he added more brightly. “I have ceased to desire to live another life on earth. I do not need another fleshly body. I am done with the flesh and I am confident that I should not now stand before you a dejected and withered old man if I had listened to the voice of reason within my own soul and spent my time in acquiring wisdom here in this spirit realm. Yea, I have seen many, who have been here a much shorter period of time than myself, grow youthful, bright and beautiful, and they said: ‘Come with us. Reincarnation is all a fable. It is not true.’ But I remained firm in my conviction and they passed on and left me.

“Would to God I had gone with them,” groaned the old man. He then turned to me and extended his hand. “I am very glad that you are now here with us,” he said, “but I fear we are in error.”

“In order to be wise and happy,” I said, “in order to reach Nirvana, you need a great many varied earthly experiences.”

“Well, I thought so, too, but I am sorry to say I can no longer believe it. The power of my own soul begins to

assert itself and I need not return into the flesh to gain knowledge or happiness. If I want to know anything I have but to put myself en rapport with one who does know that which I desire to know and the knowledge is at once imparted to me." He sighed. "Oh, how much I have lost in time—time in which I might have been gaining wisdom and happiness. "Madam," he continued, "take my advice and lose no valuable time trying to reincarnate yourself."

But I was not yet ready to take the old man's advice, and he, soon after, left the hall. I turned to the Mahatma. "Have you been long here?" I asked.

"Yes, for some time," he replied.

"I should like to hear what you have been doing," I said.

"You shall," he answered, with a low bow. "I have not endeavored as yet to reincarnate myself. The fact is, although I firmly believe in the truth of it, I still have a secret repugnance to the flesh. I really don't want to live again in it or on the earth. You ask me how I have spent my time? Well, Madam, I have been working wonders for the Yogis of earth. I have been trying my power as a spirit to the utmost, and when I tired of the Yogis of India, I went to England and America. Ah, you shall praise me, Madam! My time has been well spent. I have been showing them what spirits can do."

"Well, what have you accomplished?" for he interested and pleased me far more than the old man had. This man appeared to be in the prime of life and very powerful, yet there was a sinister expression about his face that I did not wholly like.

"Well," said he, "I have materialized, as they call it, and made myself visible to many people. I have been performing wonders and miracles; playing musical instruments, ringing bells, rapping on furniture, lifting inanimate objects in the air, also people; tipping tables, controlling various media in various ways; carrying various things from place to place. Oh, Madam, my time has been well spent; besides, I have delivered long lectures through many sensitive persons whom I could control, and you may be sure I have preached and taught the truths of our grand religion enough to satisfy even you;" and he bowed low once more; "besides, I lecture here to the spirits as often as I find time,"

I did not then know why, but I felt uneasy.

"But have you gained nothing new?" I asked, "nothing beyond all this?"

He shook his head. "Nothing except that I have become very powerful—an Adept in all this work."

"Do you find great pleasure in it? Does it satisfy the great hunger of the soul?" My own soul was feeling quite hungry about this time. He looked thoughtful and somewhat dejected, I thought.

"Well, I have the satisfaction of proving immortality to the people of earth," he said. "That, surely, is of great importance."

"Yes;" and I sighed also.

"I am doing a good work. My time has not been spent in vain, like the old man's time, who has just left us."

Yet this Adept did not satisfy my mind or even please me, and I could not discover much that was noble about him.

"When you have done with all this," I said, "what then?"

"Oh, the future must take care of itself. I cannot bother my mind about it. But you must come with me, sometime, Madam, and watch, and also help me with my tricks."

Tricks! The word grated harshly on my ear.

"Why call them tricks?" I asked. "You really do these things through the aid of an earthly medium."

"Some of them," he answered. "Yes, all of them, occasionally; but I must tell you the truth, Madam. When I cannot find all the conditions favorable, I control, or induce by suggestion, the medium to do them himself or herself and, of course, when this is discovered the people call it trickery, fraud, and this makes me unhappy as well as the person whom I control."

The spirits present were all listening to us eagerly.

"Well," I said, "in that case, the medium is not altogether to blame. There is a great truth, then, in hypnotic suggestion?"

"Nothing can be more true," he replied.

"Do you know, positively, of any spirit who has been able to reincarnate?" I asked.

"I am sorry to say, dear Madam, that I do not; although I fully believe in the truth of it."

"Then why do not you go, at once, and prove the truth of it?"

"Because the idea fills me with horror. I do not want to," and he shuddered. "Madam, with all my power, knowledge and attainments, I will not, if I can help it, become a drooling infant once more, to wearily and sorrowfully plod up through the flesh again—no not even to be a king, prince, or a multimillionaire. Madam, Madam! I hope I can be saved from such a fate."

"Are you satisfied, then, to go on as you are, simply performing tricks and controlling media to preach that which you do not positively know to be true?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and a murmur of dissatisfaction ran through the assembly.

"Perhaps," I said, as a thought struck me, "your former lives have not been as worthy as they might have been. It may be that you must take a lower position than that of a human being. It may be that you have thought too well of yourselves, all of you here assembled. Have any of you tried to incarnate yourselves within the animal kingdom?"

"Madam!" he cried aghast. "I have not tried, and I never will try, not even if I am never reincarnated again. My mind is, even now, trembling on the brink of despair. To simply perform wonders through a medium, Adept, or a Yogi, does not satisfy my soul; and you, also, Madam, will soon find yourself as unhappy as I am, or as the old man is. Not one of these people here has been able to reincarnate, and we know of no one who has been able to do so, and they all begin to have grave doubts about the truth of the matter, although they strive to keep up their faith and hope; still, I cannot now see wherein we should be at all benefited. Very few here remain long in the faith, however, and my own soul is trembling on the brink of doubt."

"Well," I said indignantly, "I know that reincarnation is a truth, and I am determined to be rehabilitated as quickly as possible."

Most truly yours,

MADAM

LETTER NUMBER FOUR.

A lady now came forward and took my hands.

"Madam," she asked, "do you remember me?"

I looked at her searchingly. Surely, yes. It was Lady ———. We shook hands warmly, then she embraced me with a kiss.

"How glad I am that you have come," she said. "We need a leader, and just such an one as you are. You were born to lead and dominate the minds of others. Your will power is exceedingly strong. You may be able to do, at once, what we have all, thus far, failed to accomplish."

I looked at her in amazement. She had always been a large, strong, powerful, dominant woman herself; yet, here she was, not yet reincarnated.

"Really, My Lady," I said, "I had expected better things of you. What is the matter? One would suppose that it would be easy to obey a great, divine, universal law."

"Well, there's the rub. The law, as far as I have thus far observed, is not universal—that is, we find ourselves, as on earth, surrounded by thousands and thousands of people and not one of them, so far as I can learn, has been able to take on another body of flesh. Madam, I have myself about given up the idea, but I was eager to see you. We were such old and good friends, you know, and used to think so much alike on all subjects. That is what has brought me here to-day."

"Lady ———, I am surprised at you. Have you, indeed, proved yourself so weak?"

"Well, I have come here to-day to see you, thinking that perhaps through you I might regain my former faith. But, really, I don't see how it can be. Look at me. Look at yourself. We are as large, nearly, as we were when the

flesh covered us. It seems to me that I have simply stepped out of a lot of heavy, cumbersome clothing and ran away and left it. You know that is a way we women had—of unfastening our clothes, allowing them to drop upon the floor, and stepping out of them, while our maids took care of them. Look at me, Madam, look at my hands, my form, my limbs. I am but very little smaller than formerly. How can I ever force this big hand of mine into the tiny hand of an infant, or this large head and my long, thick, flowing locks into the head of a puling babe? Madam, I have tried; I find it impossible.”

“But when we become less gross we shall lose these spiritual bodies,” I said, “and shall become drops in the great ocean of spirit life—in the great ocean of God’s life. It may be that we shall have to wait a long time before we return and take up another body.”

She shook her head. “Yes, we often used to talk about that, but I begin to think that we were egregiously mistaken. Why I have seen angels who have been here in the spiritual realm for thousands and thousands of years, they are like very Gods themselves, filled with all manner of knowledge and wisdom; besides, they are not one but two as one; that is, these God-like angels are male and female, two bright, shining forms united in love, wisdom, thoughts, words, deeds and purpose; to separate them would be impossible. You shall soon see for yourself, Madam. The union and coalescing of their minds, positive and negative, form a battery, as one might call it, which emits pure and sparkling thoughts, sweet, heavenly and God-like, besides they are constantly performing great and good deeds. It is because I have come in contact with one or two of these that my faith has begun to waver.”

“And what do they say on the subject of reincarnation?” I asked.

“They say it is utterly false, without the slightest foundation in truth.”

“Bah!” I ejaculated. They are lying spirits, trying to deceive you.”

She shook her head. “Can lying spirits be beautiful, bright and shining angels?” she asked. May it not be, rather, that we are mistaken?”

“Then,” said I, hotly, “where is the law of eternal justice? On earth some are rich, others poor; some are

slaves, others kings, rulers and princes, presidents and congressmen; there are lords and ladies; laborers and sewing girls; wretched women with drunken husbands who abuse them and the children they beget in sorrow and misery, poverty and degradation; there are those who are married and those who are single; those who are loved and those who are unloved; there are pure women and those who are not so; there are good men and bad. I have not seen justice on earth anywhere. How is all this to be righted, tell me that? Some live in palaces, some in hovels; there are some women who are happy with their husbands, others whose lives are intolerable in the married state, while there are others who are so wretched they wish themselves dead every moment of their earthly lives. No, Lady ———. I shall still hold to my views. The great law of reincarnation only can make things right. It is only through this law that the suffering ones of earth can receive justice and recompense for all they have endured."

The people were now listening eagerly to my words, but Lady ——— still shook her head.

"Madam," she said, "I shall show you, bye and bye, things which I have seen. You speak of the law of justice and recompense for the wrongs and inequalities of earthly life; but I have already seen with my own eyes one who was a crippled, wretched pauper on earth, owning and residing in an elegant mansion here, together with a beautiful lady, his wife. His limbs were crippled no longer, his form was erect, manly and beautiful, his face noble, his head surrounded by a shining light. I spoke to him. I asked him how he obtained all these things? and he replied:

"I do not wonder at the question, Lady ———, for when you saw me last on earth, I was a wretched sufferer. Because of my crippled body I could not labor to obtain the material things of life and so became a pauper, but I cherished all this beauty in my mind—my soul was filled with it. I planned this beautiful mansion day by day, yet I did not then know that it would ever become real. I thought of myself as being symmetrically and finely formed. I dreamed day-dreams of a pure and loving wife who would share with me my beautiful home. I thought of sweet children—in fact, dear lady, I thought constantly of everything that was beautiful, pure and good, and

would not allow my mind to think of anything that was not good and beautiful. Then I thought, if I were not crippled and in poverty, of all the good I would do to those who suffered. My mind was busy all the time giving of my imaginary riches to the poor and needy. Oh, Lady ——, as my body grew weaker these images grew stronger until they were so real that I was happy even before I threw down the misshapen body, and I had scarcely left it when to my utter surprise and amazement I was actually here, as you now see me, dwelling within the creations of my own soul, for all these things were spiritual realities, my thoughts were things—spiritual things—real to the soul as material things are to the material body. My spiritual form, dear lady, had never been crippled, and was as you see me now.’

“But your wife and children? I asked in astonishment.

“‘My wife was also real. She existed on earth as I did. Not a cripple, however, for an accident befell me; but owing to my misfortune we never met on earth. She was a poor, sewing-woman, and passed into spirit life in grief and poverty. There is a great natural law, lady, of counterparts, which you do not yet understand—that is, she was really myself or the other part of me and was in spirit precisely like the ideal that was ever present with me when in my crippled body on earth. She told me, when we met here, that she had always beheld me in her mind; that she had kept herself pure on account of this ideal, which has at length proved real. She is my wife. This is our home, at least for the present; but, lady, a grander palace yet awaits us, for it will be here according as we build.’

“But the children?” I cried. How about them?”

“‘We did not meet on earth to marry and have children of our own, that is, begotten through fleshly bodies; but there are millions of poor, little infants here, whose fathers and mothers are still on earth. We take many of these little ones, especially those that have no relatives to love and care for them. We usually take those that have been repudiated, or cast off, because not born in wedlock. These little creatures, not being to blame in the least, thus find justice and recompense.’”

There were others who had much to say while I remained in that hall; and I talked a little myself. I shall not go on with a continuous account of my experience in

spirit life, but give a sketch here and there as occasion requires. It is the uppermost and all-important questions in the minds of the people of earth that I desire to answer; and I will answer them truly; I will neither falsify nor deceive any.

How can I prove this to you? Simply by repeating the words that Jesus used, "By their works ye shall know them." I cannot always cater to preconceived ideas and stubborn prejudices and tell the truth; consequently, some may call me a blatant Ananias; but that will not make me such. Usually, the one who calls out such pretty names is throwing forth his own venom and is himself laboring under the most woeful delusions.

Most truly yours,

MADAM

LETTER NUMBER FIVE.

A lady has just written to our sensitive to know why the spirits do not help her? Why those on the brink of ruin are not saved? Why the spirits who can lift ponderable objects do not find gold and place it in mines or other places where she and others might find it? Why her father, who, as she says, is responsible for her being, does not come and help her, and do precisely as she desires him to do? That the spirits ought to do this, that and the other—that is to say, just that which she thinks they ought to do. That the spirit of Professor Franz Petersilea must know that she is writing a letter, and that he ought to govern things so that her particular spirit friends shall come to her and do just what she asks them to do. Now I am not Prof. Franz Petersilea, as I have already told you, but as I am inspiring or controlling the medium at the present time, I presume what I may have to say will answer as well. Prof. Franz Petersilea has left the medium for a while, and certainly I do not know where he is, although he told me he intended to take a long journey.

It would be impossible for a spirit to make any progress

if such spirit were confined in one place or attached to an earthly medium for a lengthy period of time.

Now, first, I shall say, it is not the province of mortals to command spiritual beings and tell them what they ought or ought not to do.

Spirits are not to be put beneath the feet of mortals, but it is the province of the spiritual to instruct and guide humanity, neither can a spiritual being transcend natural law. I do not know this lady's father. I am not acquainted with her, and her relatives are strangers to me. How preposterous to think that the spirit of Prof. Petersilea should know that she was writing a letter. Does this lady, and others, realize that there are many millions of beings residing on the earth at this moment? that there are countless millions of spiritual beings within the earth's spiritual spheres? that the earth and its inhabitants, together with its spheres and their inhabitants, are as but grains of sand in the great universes of space? that she herself is but a speck in the great universe of sentient creatures? that her father and her friends can only act in accordance with natural law?

She intimates that because Prof. Petersilea can control his son, her father ought to be able to control her.

Now I know nothing about these personalities. I only know this by coming en rapport with my sensitive at this time. I find it in the mind, as the medium has just received and read the letter from the lady; but I do understand the law which governs spiritual communication, and it is well that I should explain it, that all may understand as well as the lady mentioned. I also find that the medium has received many letters similar to the one of which we speak. One letter particularly, in which the writer states that he would like Prof. Petersilea to cause spirits—the spirits of his particular friends—to come and rap on the head-board of his bed, and they must rap Morse telegraph signals. There are many, many others who write that they do not believe in Spiritualism, but if the Professor will see to it that spirits come to them and do exactly as they may specify and desire, perhaps they will believe—maybe so—and if they were to change their minds they consider it would be the most important event that ever happened to the human race, for which the whole world ever after ought to be very grateful; and especially will they be conferring a great favor upon the medi-

um by condescending to admit, after all these wonderful things have been done especially for their benefit, to say that they don't know but it may be so. They say that the Professor's letters sound true. I suppose by that they mean there is written within them many things which appeal to their sense of truth.

Now, as before stated, I do not know these people and I do not think the Professor does, but I will go on and state how it is that the Professor is able to hold communion with his son. The father and son were, while the father still remained on earth, almost identical in their tastes and proclivities, both being eminent musicians. The father had almost absolute control of the son the greater part of his life on earth. The father and son, for many years, were associated together in the son's conservatory of music; they thought alike in nearly everything. The son was the very core of the father's heart, the apple of his eye, for the son carried out in detail that which the father had always striven to do but had not accomplished. The father did not become as great a player as he desired to be, the son became all that could be desired. The father had not been able to carry the business to a successful issue, the son accomplished all that the father desired to do.

On just one point they differed. The father did not believe in immortality, the son could not be made to disbelieve it. Unknown to himself there resided within the son great psychic powers, and this means that he was a greater sensitive than the father, more easily controlled by spiritual beings; and even in his early childhood he was controlled to play by the great masters in music, and at the early age of nine years played the most difficult music from Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart and many other of the grand old masters; but neither the son nor the father knew at that time, that it was spirit control. How well the father understands it now, and the son thinks he cannot be mistaken. The father went, at length, into the spirit world; and to his utter astonishment found that he still lived. The tie between the father and son could not be broken. The great sympathetic cord held the father and son firmly together. The father was a man of great determination. His earthly life had been a public life given to the teaching of the world, and this from his early manhood. studying first for

the ministry, but repudiating the creeds, became an agnostic, afterward studying music, becoming a professor and teacher of that art, teaching the public all his life on earth.

Now, as death could not break the tie between the father and son, and as the father had always controlled the son, he must still continue to do so—he must now make the son acquainted with all that transpired to him as a spirit—he must also still continue to teach the world. At first it was very difficult to overcome the son's prejudice against Spiritualism. Not that he did not believe in it, but he well knew that it meant ruin to his financial success—that it meant ruin to him in his business—that the moment he proclaimed that his father's spirit had returned with messages from the other and higher world, that moment all his former successes would melt away, and the brand, "Spiritualist," would be upon him.

Nevertheless, he bravely did it, because he could not be deceived nor mistaken in his father; and, as he well knew it would, the fashionable world fell away from him. No matter if he played like an angel—for the angels really played through him—or could teach their children better and more thoroughly than most others, he was a Spiritualist, and that was enough. Now this man has suffered untold agony, but he will never give up the truth. He has already sunk large sums of money in trying to give his father's messages to the world.

Altogether, these things have ruined his business and his financial prospects; from being able to earn thousands of dollars a year, he can earn but a very few hundreds, and musicians far, very far below him in ability, talent, education and attainment, take the places that he should occupy because, forsooth, he believes in a great and eternal truth. But if this man comes to the door of starvation and passes through it, he will never give up that which he knows to be true, and he will struggle to give to the world that which the spirit world desires that he should give. He asks not money nor scrip, but as one of old said: "That which I freely receive, I freely give."

Now, I have written out these details to show those and others, who have written the letters before spoken of, what it is to be a medium; moreover I wish to say right here and now, that although this man has for many years desired, as much as any of those who have written to him, rapping and some physical demonstrations, such as the

moving of ponderable bodies, he has never had even one; he has longed, as much as anyone could, to see a materialized or etherealized spirit; but has never seen one. These messages that his father allows given to him, is all the phase of power that he knows anything about personally, although he believes that all things are possible to the spirit.

Yes, this is true when conditions are favorable; but a spirit cannot go and rap on a headboard, rap out a telegraph dispatch and so forth, unless there are conditions that enable him to do so. A spirit cannot go and place gold in a mine under any circumstances. A father in spirit life, who is responsible for bringing a child into the world, may, in his higher wisdom, know what is best for the child, better than the child can know, and may in his love withhold that which the child cries for, because it would harm it. One cannot always know what one's spirit friends are doing for one. What might by one be considered ruin, might really be for one's eternal welfare; but these spirit messages are not designed to cater to this one or to that, but for the world at large, that all who read them may be benefited and that newer and higher truths may be given to the world than heretofore.

And now let me say to you one and all: Your spirit friends have something of more importance to do than to ever stand by your side, or under your feet, to do your bidding, to do just as you think they ought to do, to gratify your every whim, to ever stand ready to help you to grasp material wealth, for the richer you are in material things the poorer you will be in spiritual things. "What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and thereby lose his own soul? Cease trying to dictate to the spirits what they shall do, and what they are expected to do, and what they ought to do; and try to do something for yourselves. Probably if they did just as you desired in all things, you would repay them by calling them liars, deceivers, evil spirits and so forth; and if they would so demean themselves as to do all that you ask of them, they might deserve such epithets; and, certainly, if they would do just as you wish them to do, they would, perforce, be very ignorant, for they would have no time to inform themselves on any subject other than to delve in the earth after gold, or to put themselves below those of earth as servants to do their bidding.

Now, I am a spirit, and I am here with this medium, writing this message to the world. Do you think the medium tries to dictate to me what I shall write or what I shall not write? If that were the case I could not write at all. But I come and lay my hand upon the head of the passive medium and subdue the will entirely, then I gently take control of the brain until it is my own brain, as it were, and then write my own words and thoughts and wishes. There is no benefit accruing to the medium.

You who have written the letters herein spoken of, would you be willing to sit for hours and write for spiritual beings without even the faintest hope of reward—quite the contrary—laying yourself open to all manner of abuse, not even receiving or hoping for the slightest credit? and if the spirit in its higher wisdom said aught that conflicted with some one's supposed knowledge, to be called an ignoramus, one who attracted and was controlled by lying and evil spirits?

Now, when you are willing to lay down your life like this, to bear with equanimity all such insults, when you are willing to give all without hope of reward, then, perhaps, the spirits will come near unto you and make use of you as an humble instrument to benefit an unwilling world; and after you have sat hours each day or evening to receive the messages, which can only be given in the merest scrawl, employ and pay an amanuensis to copy them all out for you and put them in proper shape for the press, then when your manuscripts are ready, carry them to the postoffice and pay at the rate of letter postage; all this out of your own pocket, without hope of reward; or, at least, earthly or material reward—quite otherwise—doing the very thing that blights and ruins all your worldly prospects.

You say in your letters you want to be mediums. You blame the spirits that you are not. Are you willing to bear all that I have herein written for truth's sweet sake without other reward than the still small voice which says: "Well done, thou faithful servant. Enter into the joys of thy Lord?" And what are those joys? Tell us, ye wise men.

I hear some of you say the joys of heaven. Well, heaven is happiness.

Material wealth never yet gave happiness to any one. The joys of heaven are love and wisdom. To be wise

is to be happy; to be loving is to be happy; and as rapidly as one gains wisdom lovingly give of one's store to brothers and sisters without money and without price.

Would you, my friends, who have written these letters, be willing to spend a large portion of your time in writing books, publishing them at your own expense, which means about five hundred dollars for five hundred copies, perhaps sell a very few after paying a great deal for advertising them, would you be willing to do all this for truth's sweet sake? If so the spirits may use you as instruments wherewith to help the world; and this not one year, or two, but twenty years, and still expect so to do for the remainder of your earthly life, and the money that pays for all this must be earned some other way, and the very thing you are doing hinders you from earning it in that other way.

Friends, are you willing to do all this for truth's sweet sake? If you are, perhaps you may become mediums. After all I have said do you still wish to become mediums? If you do, I will yet tell you more.

Are you willing to be slandered and called a "free-lover," and to be looked upon with horror and aversion because the spirits write through you, that, in the spiritual world men are still men and women are still women, and that the union of the male and female constitutes a completed angel or whole—which is as true as that the sun shines or the worlds roll in space—and this, not by the outside world so much as by the ones calling themselves Spiritualists, those who say they want the truth but will not receive it when it is given to them. More yet—are you willing to be repudiated by your nearest of kin and cast off by those whom you thought loved you, looked upon with aversion and contempt, because the spirit of your father wrote messages, saying that he still lived, and told you somewhat of his present life? Now when you are willing to suffer all this for truth's sweet sake, perhaps you may become mediums. Most truly yours,

MADAM

LETTER NUMBER SIX.

My life on earth was not an ordinary one. My life here in the spirit spheres is still more extraordinary. The influence of my earthly career follows me into the spiritual. I would that it were otherwise, or rather I wish I had made no mistakes in my earthly life. Those who set up for teachers should be very careful what they teach, for it is hard to undo that which they have done. I had been here quite a length of time before I wavered in my belief in reincarnation. I was by nature very stubborn in my opinions, firm, one might say almost dogmatical; but when once convinced that I was in error I became enraged at the mistake I had made, and I can liken my feelings to nothing better than that I desire to crush the error under my feet and stamp it out; and this is about the way I feel at the present time; but when one finds that the errors which one taught on earth have followers by the thousands, then is one grieved to the soul, for now, even if one could, one finds it most difficult to counteract such errors, for the followers say: "Madam taught us thus and so," and if I come back and say I now find that I was mistaken, they will not believe that it is I, but rather that the medium is a falsifier, or that the control is a lying spirit.

Ah! I sigh deeply, for my heart is much grieved. But it is useless, for that which is done cannot be undone. I can only hope now to do all in my power to counteract the errors with truth, trusting that a few will believe me, and it is to these few that I shall now talk.

I shall not enter into the details of meeting my own particular friends and relatives, for that would be of no especial interest to the general reader; but I met them all, or all whom I desired to meet, and then once more, as

I had done on earth, I wanted to carve my own way, hew my own path, find out things for myself and in my own way.

No matter what Lady —— had said to me, no matter about the Mahatma, or the Old man, or all the others whom I met, my way was not their ways and so my own real character asserted itself. I made many, very many attempts myself to become re-embodied, only to meet, on every and all occasions, with signal and unequivocal failure.

At last my eyes were opened to my own folly, and when once they were opened I looked with surprise and disdain on my former self. Could it be possible that I had ever been so foolish? Ah, me! Yes, I had been, but it was the folly of a child, for my earthly life by this time had resolved into that of a childish rudimentary state, the very first rung on the ladder of existence. This thought comforted me somewhat, but the higher I climbed the more careful I would be and take better heed to my steps, place my feet more firmly on the rock of truth. When at length I became fully convinced that reincarnation was wholly without foundation in truth, I was eager to meet with various renowned men and women, who had, like myself, been teachers and reformers of earth. Lady —— was only too glad to be my companion, go with me and help me in my quest. She had for many years of earthly life been a true and faithful friend and trusted confidante, and we now seemed to take up anew the broken thread which had run through our earthly lives; and we found that all broken threads, or threads that seemed to be broken by so-called death, were again taken up here, so that not a single thread was broken after all, it was only in the seeming or rather some threads were taken up for a season, that a beautiful pattern might be the result when they were once more woven in with the web of eternal life. So it was with Lady —— and myself. Now someone will ask: "Did you not go and live with your former husband, the husband you had on earth?"

Now, you do not want me to be a lying spirit, do you, and say that I did at once? for if I did not I might be countenancing free-love or bigamy. Well, whether you say this or not, I shall tell the truth at all hazards.

No, I did not go and live with my former husband. He

was altogether hateful to me, and I would much have preferred the old reputed hades to companionship with him. I did not even seek him, or try to know anything about him, and if I had seen him coming in one direction, I would immediately have taken the opposite one.

Husband, do you say? Why, my soul had never been married, and I had really been as much alone as though I had never taken on the bonds of so-called matrimony; and, as no one came forward to claim me as an affinity, I still remained simply Madam ———. I did not affinitize very readily with the opposite sex when on earth, and I did not seem to take to it here either. I am simply relating my own experience, not that of others. Thousands of former husbands and wives were reunited here, but there were exceptions to the rule, and I was one of the exceptions. Thousands of others were drawn together here through natural affinity, but here, again, I was one of the exceptions.

So Lady ——— and I thought we would be companions in our search for truth until that truth should sever us. We really did not know how long that might be,

Did not Lady ——— meet her husband here?

No; he was still on earth and cared no more for truth or spiritual things than did his ox. He thought of little else than to eat, guzzle wine and beer, and when he should die he would know no more forever. And so Lady ——— and My Lord were separated. She found no pleasure in being near him, and his brain was too coarse and stupid to be impressed by her gentle spirit.

I always pitied her when we were in the earthly life, for she never dared to show what her feelings really were toward him, while I openly flouted my unnatural and most unhappy marriage.

So Lady ——— and I joined hands in friendship, and together went in quest of truth, that sweet, pure, coy maiden Truth; as beautiful as she is pure and simple. Truth and Simplicity are twin sisters, and are ever found in each other's company. Remember that, all ye esoteric teachers.

But Lady ——— and I found ourselves without homes, and I said to her: "Where have you kept yourself since you have been in this life?"

"Oh, I have been visiting round in various places," she answered, "among my friends and relatives, and have not,

as yet, provided a separate home for myself. You see, Madam, I am alone, and have not felt the need of a special home for myself. You have also visited many of your friends here, have you not?"

"Certainly," I replied, "all whom I care to visit. But you know, Lady ———, I have always been an odd stick among my friends, never agreeing with them on any point whatever, and I find the same old thread running through the web of my life. My friends were all devout Catholics in the lower life, and I find them changed but little now, and the most of them are here in this life."

"Yes," she said, "so are nearly all of mine; yet, as you know, I have a husband, two sons and a daughter still in the flesh. But daughter is married, with grown children of her own. My sons are both married, but the eldest, the heir, has lost his wife. She is here somewhere among her friends, but I have not yet met her. She disliked me very much because I had become a Hindoo, or Buddhist, as she expressed it, and I doubt if she would care to see me even as a spirit. So I have not sought her out. Why should I, pray?"

"Really, Lady ———, I don't know why we should or should not do anything. Perhaps we shall know better about it after awhile."

"Well, we ought to have a home somewhere, ought we not? I am getting rather way-worn and weary. It is all right, no doubt, for some to talk about eternally flying through space, or ether, I think they call it now, flying eternally through nothingness and progressing eternally toward nothingness. But I am made of different material, and feel like flopping down and wobbling about like a fledgling just leaving the old nest. No doubt I shall be able to fly all right by and bye. But I am broken on this great wheel of reincarnation. I have believed and trusted in it so long that I must have time to gather myself together before starting out on an endless and eternal journey, as it now seems to me. I do not know even how to build a home, or how to take care of it when it is built."

"Well, Madam," said Lady ———, "I feel somewhat as you do. Surely two lone women like us need not take the trouble to build. Do you know, dear, I feel very homesick and would like much to live on earth in a home as of yore?"

"Those are my sentiments exactly," I cried. "And if all the Spiritualists on earth rise up with one acclaim and call us earth-bound, that is precisely what we will do. Is there any reason why we may not become acquainted with truth by mingling with the wise and good of earth, even if we are spirits?"

"I will tell you what we will do, Madam," said Lady ——— enthusiastically. "We will spend a large portion of our time seeking out some of the wisest and best of earth, read what is in their minds, then we will seek out some of the wisest in the spirit world and see how nearly they agree, and if those of earth are not right we will do our best to set them right—we will be mediums or go-betweens. That will be even better than to be reincarnated."

"You are right," I exclaimed. "But where, in the meantime, shall we make our home?"

"I have it," said Lady ———, brightly. "You remember my estate, away in the wilds, in the province of ———, Russia. It is entirely sequestered and very beautiful, that is, it always seemed so to me. I used to visit it as often as I could and stay as long as possible. My two sons use it now as a retreat during the hunting season, but none of my family are there more than three months out of the year. No one lives there for the remainder of the time except the game-keeper, together with his wife and daughter. They occupy a little lodge near by. So the mansion is large, lone, and empty the most of the time. Let us go there and set up housekeeping," and she laughed. "We can rest in the beds and they will not require to be made up. We can occupy the rooms and they will never need to be arranged or put in order. We can walk whenever we please in the grounds, without being seen or molested. We can come and go at our pleasure without attendance! Why not be earth-bound for awhile and make that beautiful old estate our home? Earth-bound spirits are not always wicked, ignorant or vicious. We think ourselves very good spirits, do we not, Madam? Certainly we would harm no one, and from there we can make our journeys long or short as we please."

LETTER NUMBER SEVEN.

I was delighted with her proposal, and shortly thereafter we found ourselves comfortably established in the large, untenanted house, where we flitted through the rooms back and forth in high glee, in and around the grounds and over the tree tops, as suited our pleasure.

I have written out this truthful account, that those who read can see how it is that many old untenanted houses have the reputation of being haunted; for any and all spirits can do just as we did if they choose, and if there is an Adept or Mahatma, or even a Master of Black Magic among them, or if they can gain the services of such an one, very wonderful things can be done in order that the spirit or spirits may remain in the place unmolested, for when an earthly family live in a house it is filled with the magnetism and spiritual emanations of the inmates which is often not agreeable to the spirit or spirits. You of earth can readily see how this is. Now some spirits can remain thus for years without making any appreciable progress or becoming much wiser than they were on earth, or in the flesh rather, for they are still upon the earth, and there are millions of spirits who remain at statu quo for long periods of time. There are millions of other spirits who attach themselves to those still in the flesh, remaining with them for a length of time, and they are of all grades; good, bad, and indifferent. Of course, there comes a time when they must leave, for conditions change and time goes on. And I want to say right here, that those who think they remember a former incarnation are simply possessed by some spirit for the time being, and it is the memory of the spirit reproduced upon the brain of the sensitive.

Suppose, for instance, Queen Elizabeth wishes, for purposes best known to herself, to be en rapport with a sensitive. Elizabeth remembers her past life and her mem-

ory impinges upon the brain of the medium or person with whom she comes en rapport, the sensitive, not being able to distinguish, thinking it the memory of a former incarnation. And I find this to be more universal in the old world than the new. It has become about as bad as the plague.

In India the spirit of Buddha, or some other spirit claiming to be Buddha, perhaps some Mahatma who wishes to create a sensation and gain authority over the people, speaks through the lips of a child, saying, "I am Buddha." Immediately all believe that Buddha is reincarnated within the body of the infant.

But this is not so. Let me tell you, my dear earthly friends and adherents, this is not so, but a spirit who is attaching himself to the child, for the purpose of gaining his own ends. Such a spirit will often dwarf the spirit of the child to its harm. But the law works both good and evil, as one can see.

If a large-brained sensitive is controlled by a grand and noble spirit, who only desires the welfare of mankind and wishes to do nothing but good, and teaches wisdom, then the law works for good; but if a bad and selfish spirit controls a sensitive, then it works harm.

Many who read this will say: "Madam, why did you try so soon after reaching the spiritual life to become reincarnated, for you must be aware that fifteen hundred years might pass before you could or would reach the point where it became necessary to take on another earthly form? You, certainly, as a Theosophist, would hope to rest for a long time."

My dear, unsophisticated friends, it was just here where I found I had been mistaken. I found no rest in the great ocean of Divinity, but simply as I tell you, I found myself with a spiritual form and in a very active state indeed. My old Theosophical friends had not found rest. They were all distinct personalities, and extremely active ones at that. So, as I did not find the conditions that I expected, and as my friends had not, our very next thought was to reincarnate as quickly as possible, as we could not expect to reach Nirvana until after many incarnations. So, very naturally, according to my belief, I wanted to reincarnate as quickly as possible.

My dear, dear friends and readers, Theosophy is a hindrance to progress, and I am exceedingly sorry to say it.

It takes one who is rooted and grounded in the faith such a very long time to give it up; and yet there are many, very many great jewels of truth embedded in its teachings: For instance, the great eternal, rhythmical law of seven, and the more simple law of three. Friends, do not laugh about a three-headed God, for there is a great, grand, eternal truth underlying the idea. The real meaning is, father, mother and product or child. Spirit, matter and soul or intelligence. The male and female in oneness, producing the son or child. When two principles in nature are joined, a third or product invariably leaps forth. Now shortly after coming here I felt very much as a person would on visiting a foreign land, one he thought he knew all about, supposing he well understood the manners and customs of its people; and he had made up his mind precisely what he should do, how he would live; and all the particulars of his life lay in detail before the eye of his mind. When he arrived in that country, it was not at all as he had thought it to be, but entirely different excepting some few points. That person would be obliged to adjust himself or herself to the country as it really was, and to the people as he found them.

Well, that was just as it was with me. It was not as I thought it to be. This is all the apology I have to offer for not doing as one would have expected me to do.

At this point some one asks: "Well, Madam, how did you find it?" and to answer that question is the purpose of these letters, and from this time on I shall proceed to do so.

First, then, to rest in the bosom of the Infinite is an utter impossibility. Why, nothing is ever at rest—no, not for an instant. Rest would be utter oblivion or annihilation. There is no rest anywhere in nature, or all its vast and countless systems of worlds. Not an atom of matter is ever at rest. Not a spark of spirit. Not a thing that lives or moves or has a being. Not a flower, leaf, tree or twig. Not a world that rolls through space. Not a spirit. Not an angel. Not God; for God is all. So you perceive by this that a spirit cannot rest. It must forever go on. Neither can it return to any former estate, no more than a human being can return backward, day by day, to youth, childhood and infancy. A day or a week once past can never be lived over again, except in

memory. They have left their impress forever upon the soul who has lived them, which once developed can under no circumstances, become undeveloped, and I was now developed as a large, spiritual entity, having cast aside my covering of coarser matter; yet I still had a covering of matter, but it was extremely Spiritualized and refined, and nature still forced me onward—no return, no going back—I was not to be any other person through the eternal ages but just myself.

And now there came a soft whisper within my inner consciousness: "Are you, a woman, complete within yourself? Is there nothing lacking? Do you feel that you are whole and perfect?"

And I saw written in the ether before me as in letters of fire: "And they twain shall be one flesh: And they twain shall be one." The word flesh had disappeared for it had not been written in the ancient language. I looked at Lady ———, and she looked at me, for she also had seen the writing quivering and burning in the ether. "Let us make man in our image. Male and female created he them," or as it should read: "Male and female were they created. And they twain are one."

"Well," said I to Lady ———, laughingly, "we are two females and not male and female."

"Well, cannot we go on and attain wisdom just the same?" she asked, a little pettishly.

"We will certainly try," I responded. "I don't know what more we need. We are keeping house here very comfortably."

"In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are like the angels of God," quoted Lady ———, triumphantly.

"Well, there is the rub," I said. "We don't yet know how it may be with the angels. That they do not marry like people of earth, I feel quite sure, that is, no third party marries them, nor are they given in marriage by parents or guardians as you and I were. But we must first find out all about the angels of heaven before we are justified in saying that they are neither male nor female, for if they are in the image of God, male and female, and they twain shall be one"—and I stared at Lady ——— with round eyes—"why, perhaps they are united after all—perhaps that is the real meaning of: 'But are as the angels of heaven.'"

"Oh, well," cried Lady —, a little more petulantly than before, "one can make quotations from the Bible mean almost anything. Just think how that old book, or books, has been twisted to suit and prove anything and everything that one might wish. I am not going to run around after an affinity, even if I am a spirit."

"Nor I; most emphatically not. We are going to discover, if we can, how it is with the angels, and what constitutes an angel."

"Why," cried Lady —, an angel simply means a heavenly messenger. I really believe we are as much in the dark as ever."

"Well, one thing is sure: We are two women, females, if it pleases you, and we are not males in any sense of the word. We are just as much women as we ever were in the flesh, and I don't feel in the least like becoming something that is neither man nor woman, do you?"

"I am certain I do not. The thought is exceedingly distasteful to me."

"That may be because we are as yet so crude and undeveloped as spiritual beings."

"Yes; it may be," she asserted. "It is very puzzling, is it not? That man, the former cripple, said that there was a great law of counterparts, and he seemed very happy with his wife, so-called."

"Oh, well," I sighed, "he may be simply an unprogressed spirit, not an angel."

"True," replied Lady —, "but you and I, dear Madam, have not known true love and companionship with one of the opposite sex. My husband was no more fitted to be my companion, than a dog in his kennel. I used often to think the dog the more noble brute of the two, for I scarcely ever saw my husband sober. It was tippie, tippie, from morning until night, when he always went to bed in a drunken stupor. As for love; he did not know the meaning of the word. And you, Madam, what love and companionship have you ever had in the earth life?"

"None, whatever," I replied.

"Don't you think that we have met with great injustice?"

"That cannot be denied."

LETTER NUMBER EIGHT.

Lady — and I remained in this beautiful and quiet retreat for quite a length of time, until we were fully rested from the weariness caused by all the cares, turmoil and strife of our earthly lives. But we were not always free from callers, for a great many spirits knew where we were and would often find their way to our peaceful retreat.

Now, at this writing, I desire to tell the people still in the flesh that they ought to laugh more and be jolly, or rather, happy. Don't mourn over the woes of the world too much. All the mourning in the world will not alter the course of nature or change events in the least, any more than sanctimonious prayer will change the mind of so-called Deity. Laugh and be merry, but let your mirth be as pure and innocent as that of a little child, or as that of a laughing, smiling young girl, whose innocent heart knows no guile.

Do not say, "Ah, I am growing old. Death will soon be here." Laugh and be merry. Meet Death with a smile and he will be as gentle with you as a mother with her laughing babe. But Death is a misnomer. Translation is the better word.

Much of this I taught while with you in the flesh, and every word of that now gives me great satisfaction and pleasure. My friends, don't worry about anything. Everything comes right after a short time. Wait a little and be patient; laugh and be merry. Think about the time which will come sooner or later, when everything will be right, at the same time put a helping hand to the car of progress and aid with a smiling face and hearty good will to push it toward that which is higher and better. If you have made mistakes—and who has not—do not be ashamed to admit it. Do not stubbornly hold to the mis-

takes because you have made them, for therein lies your folly, but give up your mistakes with a smiling face and hearty good will. Mistake is the great teacher of wisdom. A child learns how to walk bravely, owing to the falls it has met with; but do not fall heedlessly and sink in the mire without effort to recover and retrieve your fall; but if you have made a mistake, or met with a fall, rise as quickly as possible, shake off the dust as clean as you can, and march onward with merry good cheer.

I have written these few lines to show how I felt after my refreshing rest in that lovely retreat before spoken of.

We might have remained there for a long period of time, but inactivity was not in my nature, and I wanted to be engaged in some good, grand, noble work. I wanted to continue in the same line of work that I had been engaged in before leaving the flesh, barring my mistakes, and Lady —— was of the same mind.

It was truth we wanted, unmixed with error, and our mistakes ought to and should make us wiser. So hand-in-hand we left our retreat in quest of wisdom and to do good and help all we could—help the earthly world, help the spiritual world, help everybody and everything we could help—and when we wished or became very weary, we would retire here to this quiet spot, unless we found one that was better suited to us. Now we two lone women, hand-in-hand, journeyed forth out into the great world of spirits. We were a little timid, one may be sure, not knowing what we might encounter. But to find out the truth of everything. This was our one great and mutual desire. Sects, creeds, fads; fashions, societies, great names, pompous, egotistical Egos, so great in their own conceit that they thought it impossible for them to make a mistake, all—all sunk into nothingness before the one great name Truth. Truth, truth! That is the main thing. All else is as nothing.

As I have already said, Lady —— and I had made up our minds that we would visit those of earth who were seeking truth, find out what they wanted to know, then make it our business to go and discover the truth, or be taught it by wiser spirits and returning give it to the hungry ones of earth. Now we naturally, according to our wish or the desire of our souls, found ourselves ascending into high regions above the earth, until we had reached an altitude of perhaps fifty miles. As we floated buoy-

antly through the atmosphere it did not seem very different from what it had when we were in the body. We were different, to be sure, but the atmosphere was the same except there was visible to our spiritual sight much that had not been to the earthly sight, that is, we perceived that the atmosphere was thick with emanations from earth. The first and most material emanation was from the waters of the earth; this was the cloud region, but before forming into clouds it was simply a vaporish emanation at a certain altitude above the earth. This vaporish emanation, according to its affinizing attraction, condensed into clouds and as they became more and more condensed by their own inherent attractive power, and by the pressure of the air upon them, and by the winds blowing them together, they become so heavy that the earth attracted them more and more until they fell upon it in the form of rain.

"Well," you say, "every school-boy knows this," but there was another thing we noticed that no school-boy understands. This vapor had a third quality or power that neither Lady — nor myself had ever known of, a more ethereal, finer portion did not condense, but continued to ascend.

We looked at this ascending vapor in utter surprise.

"Where do you suppose it goes?" asked Lady —, with curious eyes.

"I am sure I don't know," I answered.— Let us follow it and see."

So fixing our eyes on a large and beautiful mass, gauzy and thin as the veil of a bride, we followed on oblivious to all else.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Lady —. "Look! look, Madam!"

But there was no need for her to bid me look, for my astonished eyes were, like her own, fixed on a placid and beautiful sheet of water that the vapor was rapidly falling, or merging into. But this lake was not dense like the lakes of earth. How can I make it clear to you? It was a spirit lake, made up of this third principle that I spoke of. I shall not give it a long, hard, not-understandable name. Let the erudite ones of earth do that. It is not names I want to give you, but truth; and the day will come when this which I tell you will be proved true, for it is Truth.

"What does this lake rest upon?" said I; and as we looked we perceived that it rested on top of the earthly atmosphere as water of earth rests upon the material earth, that it rested and flowed gently just above the atmosphere, firmly resting upon it as an earthly lake rests on land. Lady ——— and I stood there with clasped hands, bewildered and surprised beyond anything we had ever experienced before; and then my soul was filled with glee. I waved my arms about joyfully and shook my hair, which seemed filled with living light, about my face and head from sheer delight; and the beautiful color of a pink sea-shell came into Lady ———'s cheeks while her dark hair shone like satin, her deep, blue eyes sparkled and glowed with happiness.

"O, how glad I am there is something real here," she said. "The Spiritualists of earth are always talking of the spirit world, but it seemed to me like a vague nothingness. They go on for hours and hours and talk and write of the glories of the spirit life and progressing forever onward and upward, but very few of them tell you anything tangible about it or in what that progress consists. It always seemed to me a sort of rhapsodical nothingness, without anything to rest upon, and that is one great reason why I became a Theosophist. I have often thought that I should like the old orthodox heaven better, for at least it had something that appeared real; but this—this is the real, and as tangible as anything can be."

We had been so engrossed that we had not noticed anything else. Now, we turned from the lake to look about us. Our feet were resting on a shining shore, in appearance like an idealized earthly shore of a lake, and further on were trees, shrubs, pathways, green lawns, sprinkled with bright flowers; and we could see a lovely landscape dotted with sparkling buildings, and hazy mountains, hills and so forth; but it was all so ethereal, so spiritual, so exceedingly beautiful that, as you say on earth, it quite took one's breath away. We also noticed that there were others on the shore of the lake as well as ourselves, but we were as yet quite strangers. As we looked over the lake we noticed a number of boats, beautiful, fairy-like things of different sizes, and in them also were people—spirit people like ourselves.

As we stood there in rapt astonishment, a boat containing an oarsman grated on the shore. He was a noble-

looking gentleman. He bowed politely as he said: "Pardon me, ladies, but would you like to take a row on the lake? I see that you are new-comers to this beautiful spirit land. I can show you much that is interesting on the lake—or within its waters, rather—if you will favor me with your company."

Lady —— and I stepped within the beautiful boat. I must describe this boat. I must tell you something about this world.

Some of those great egotistical Egos of earth may smile and call the truth the vaporings of imagination, and insist on sailing through barren ether without object, chart, rudder or compass; oh, yes; forever vibrating in nothingness. But they are mistaken, just as sure as you live they are mistaken, and I, a spirit woman, tell you so; believe me or not as you will, it doesn't alter the truth in the least—and as they vibrate about in nothingness they don't even remember—the higher vibrations take away their memory.

Ah, me! Ah, me! The folly of it all; but to return to my boat. The boat was in the form of a shell, that is a boat-shaped shell, all lined with mother-of-pearl, with cozy little seats like swan's down, into which we sunk rapturously, and we could not resist the temptation of allowing our hands to trail in the water. The boatman's oars appeared like pearl also. He pushed the boat out into the water and then with graceful, gentle strokes he rowed out far into the lake. Here he rested his oars as he said:

"Look into the water, ladies," and he smiled happily in the most friendly way imaginable.

Lady —— and I both gazed into the clear, sparkling, pelucid water, and there we saw another world of spiritual life—the spiritual life and forms of such fish as abound in the lakes of earth—their beautiful ethereal forms were sporting and gliding about in the most graceful manner, in all their dainty coloring.

Other little boats were dancing about over the lake and glad smiles and sweet laughter greeted us as we passed, and pretty hands were waved toward us with kisses. Lady ——and I did not talk much, for surprise kept us silent.

Now when I actually came to see these fishes in the water it did not seem at all strange to me—although if I had thought of such a thing on earth it would have seemed ridiculous—for I at once conceived how it was.

The ethereal, spiritual life of these fishes had arisen from earth. While the coarser, heavier portion forming water like that of earth had fallen back to earth, the fine, ethereal, spiritual water together with the spiritual, ethereal forms of the dead, earthly fishes—their spiritual life, their beauty of form—all were transported here within, and together with the fine vapor.

Now I hear some one of earth ask a sneering question:

“What becomes of the fishes that other fishes eat, for the big fish eat the little fish?” and I will ask that person in return, What becomes of a man, or the spirit of a man, when a bear eats him? The bear doesn’t eat the spirit of the man, he cannot. Like Socrates’ spirit, the bear can’t catch it, and only eats the material part of the man, that is, his fleshly body; and it is precisely thus with the fish. One can’t eat the spirit of the fish, simply its fleshly body.

Au revoir.

MADAM

LETTER NUMBER NINE.

My dear earthly friends and foes (I suppose my foes ought to be dear to me, as well as my friends, but nature rebels sometimes), I want to tell you all about this life where I now am. No doubt those who do not believe me will read or at least glance over this, as well as those who do, and no matter what they read it will be engraven on their souls forevermore, although they may think they have entirely forgotten it.

My first proposition is this: The spirit world is something, or it is nothing. There is a spirit world, or there is not. There can be no half-way about it.

Now if the spirit world is something, you of earth life ought to know about it. It is folly to say: “We can’t know very much about the higher life until we get there.” You can know a great deal about it. Anything and everything can be known if the knowledge is diligently sought for. There are thousands of spirits eager and willing to give this knowledge to those who seek for it in the right way; but when we tell you of our life here, you

meet us with a "Pooh, pooh! All imagination! The imagination of the medium." Of course the information we give you does you no immediate good.

As I before stated, the spirit world is something or nothing and does not exist; but, if it does exist, it is a real and tangible world filled with life and beauty, for if there is a spiritual world it is for the purpose of holding spiritual life, for life is spirit, and without spirit there is no life. Everything that lives and moves and has a being it is the spirit that lives and moves within it, or rather the life or spirit covers itself with matter and whenever that matter is cast aside the life or spirit rises and takes its place within the spiritual world, and the principle holds good with everything that has the power of growth or has a form. The trees, the grass, the flowers, the shrubs, even to the tiny mosses and lichens.

Now if I were not here and did not know this I should not tell you so.

In my last letter I told you of the waters, and how they rose into the spiritual realm, carrying with them the life and spirits within them in their various beautiful forms. In this letter I want to tell you about the land—the spirit land. You used to call it the Summer Land, and you were nearer right than you knew. Lady — and I remained in that beautiful spirit land for many days, and then returned to our earthly home in Russia.

Of all we learned and encountered during that time I shall not now speak. It is not so much of my own spiritual life that I wish to talk, as to make the people of earth understand how it is this spirit world exists.

After a few days of rest and quiet in our old home we started once more for the beautiful realm above, but our former experience there had somewhat spoiled us for our earthly habitation. Things of earth began to look coarse, unreal, and unsubstantial, that is, the material covering of them; but, it was knowledge and truth we were seeking and it seemed to be necessary that we should thus return to earth.

The day was very warm and sunny when we started, and this time it was not the watery clouds that we desired to examine. The sun was rapidly drawing the sweet life and essence out of all vegetation, and this was ascending and filling the air as the water had done. This substance, or vapor, if one may so call it, rose far above the watery

clouds before condensing. It did not condense in the same way the water had, but seemed to spread itself out in thin sheets, or layers, one above the other; and as we looked, the lower or coarser portion which the sun had drawn up kept gradually falling away from the finer or higher and fell, at last, back into the earth's atmosphere, but we followed the ascending, higher portion and mingled with it.

Ah! what a sight met our eyes. A kind of thin, phantom representation of all the things which the sun had kissed. This ethereal or phantom mist rose higher and higher until it rested, as the lake had done, upon the earth's atmosphere; and now we were once more within the Spirit World. We found that every flower, shrub and tree there absorbed and appropriated to itself its own—that is to say, the dying rose of earth had at first sent a thin spiritual film upward, and as the rose faded the spiritual rose grew bright and beautiful, nourished and fed by its own ambrosial nectar, and thus it was of all the trees, flowers, grasses and shrubs in the spiritual realm.

Now I discovered that all things separated, each to its own order or kingdom, just as things do on earth, for all the spiritual spheres of your earth are fed from the earth. The earth is the great reservoir or feeder of the realms which rise above and surround it. Vegetation, grass, trees and flowers yield up their lives more slowly than the animal and insect kingdom do, for the animal kingdom is higher than the vegetable or floral. The animal yields up his life, or spirit, at once, and rises rapidly upward, nor does it pause until it strikes the Spirit Land. The animal has a certain amount of intelligence and finds its place according to its attractions. That is to say, a wild animal immediately seeks a dense, spiritual forest; a domestic animal often pauses near the lovely, spiritual homes, or revels in the green meadows, or wanders beside the running streams and rivers, or gazes with its large, beautiful, dewy eyes at the lakes; the birds wing their way, as on earth, singing their sweet songs; and they love to linger near the habitations of men—or spirits, rather, the same as on earth. The insects also gravitate to their natural places.

Now as the spheres rise one above another, and as the earth is the nucleus or center, one can readily see that there is room enough for all and to spare, for the first

sphere above the earth is correspondingly larger than the earth, and so they go on enlarging, and when, at last, the outermost sphere is reached, the distance from the nucleus, or earth, is quite appalling and its circumference more appalling still, and even when that is at last reached there remains the earth's orbit, or as I shall here call it, its inconceivable pathway around the sun, which is also a vast zone of spiritual life and beauty.

O, my dear earthly friends, the spiritual world is not an intangible nothingness, but real, filled with real life and the living souls and spiritual bodies of men, women and children, with its homes, its colleges, its institutions for knowledge of all kinds, and as rapidly as the errors and mistakes of earth can be purged away, peace and purity reign supreme—wisdom and love go hand in hand, and an eternity of joy and gladness awaits the soul of man.

Of course you must all see by what I have herein written, that the details of spiritual lives are as numerous as those lives, and that all differ as on earth; but within the spheres there is no propagation proper. All spiritual forms come up from the earths, for all spiritual germs must develop within matter and as they develop and throw off their coarser covering they rise into the spiritual realm.

The human is so constituted that it wants proof of any assertion that may be made. If all minds are not thus constituted the majority are, and it is well that they are. It is childish and often an indication of a weak mind to take anything on faith, or because someone has made an assertion implicitly believe it to be true. For this reason every assertion that is made I shall try to prove.

As I am writing of the spiritual life the only way in which I can prove the statements made is by appealing to reason and common sense as well as by following out problems that can lead to but one result, that of truth.

As I know that Franz Petersilea has already told you how homes, halls, and temples are erected here, I will try not to go over the same ground, otherwise you all might grow weary of these letters. A woman's view of things is often different from that of a man's. For instance, Lady ——— and her husband might be taking a long and delightful journey. Every scene and incident that transpired during the tour might be noticed and indelibly fixed upon the mind of the lady, while my Lord might notice

but very little, his mind being engaged with other thoughts and things. At the end of the journey, my lady could tell one all about the country, its hills, dales and mountains, its splendid landscapes, the modes and customs of its people; while My Lord could tell nothing, for he had been engaged the most of the time in smoking, drinking, eating, playing cards with others like himself, and so on ad infinitum. No two minds can see the same thing alike. Each looks at it from a different point of view, and thousands do not see what another may. Two persons may visit the same place, one may tell of something very interesting and beautiful, the other will say: "Oh, that's not so at all. I was there myself, and I did not see it."

So when the spirits come back and tell you this, that and the other, do not be surprised if their stories do not agree, for each has had its own experience and each looks at things from its own standpoint.

Now if I should tell you something that the Professor had not, do not say the spirits do not agree, therefore one, or perhaps even both are falsifiers, but remember that the same thing appears different to different people. Another point I should like to make clear.

When Mr. Ingersoll controls one sensitive and then another, do not expect that both will be alike, for he can make certain things clear through one and other things through another; neither will the style be the same through each, for he is using different instruments. One man can use a saw and also a plane. The saw will do one kind of work and the plane another, yet the same man uses both; and do not expect a spirit to be precisely as he was on earth; remember he has entered a new life and that which was so important to him on earth may be entirely unimportant to him now, and that which he supposed to be true may be false. Yours truly,

MADAM

LETTER NUMBER TEN.

Now I, Madam ———, want to say a word or two about spirit memory, and I really hope you will believe me. It will be much better for all if you do. I shall make an assertion, then afterwards try to prove it. The assertion is this: Spiritual beings remember with great distinctness all that ever happened to them in the earth life—they remember every thought that has ever been impressed upon the mind, every word that has ever been heard by the ears, everything which the eyes have ever seen, every person with whom they have ever come in contact, not the smallest detail that they have ever been conscious of in the earth life is forgotten; but on the contrary everything is remembered with vivid clearness.

This is my assertion.

That they cannot give all this with clearness through an earthly medium is true. A man cannot see his own image in muddy water, but when this water is clear and undisturbed the image is distinctly outlined. Mediums are at fault, but it is not often that the spirits are. They nearly always do the best they can through the instruments they make use of. If that which they wish to convey through the mind of a medium is distorted according to the bent of the mind of the medium it is not the fault of the spirits. If the medium cannot give one everything that the spirit remembers well, it is not the fault of the spirit, or lack of memory on his part, but the waters are muddy and disturbed, consequently do not reflect the image which the spirit wishes to cast upon it. Mediums should try to become calm, clear reflectors, and even then names and dates cannot always be given. Names and dates become very unimportant to spiritual beings who have risen up out of and beyond days, weeks and months—aye, and years, too.

Persons on earth who have traveled long distances on deserts and prairies, with camels or oxen, often forget the time to that extent that they cannot tell how long they have been traveling and can only regain the time and dates on reaching their destination by asking what month or year it may be—what day of the week and the date of the month. This is often and often the case, consequently many take great care to mark each day as it passes, so that time may not slip out of the mind. Now on coming to the spirit life one enters upon an eternal journey, where there are no days, weeks or months, nor even years, for these only pertain to earths, and each earth is marked by a different time. One readily loses all sense of time and often cannot tell how long he or she has been in spirit life; and this is especially true of those who are far removed from earth.

Now when a spirit returns who has been for some time in the spirit world, and you say to him: "Father, how long have you been in spirit life?" he might truthfully say: "I do not know," for he does not, but he wants you to know that it is he, and he will try to read from your mind or the mind of some one else, how many years, months or days he has been there, consequently will tell you what you already know. Then you say, "This is not a test. The medium read it from the mind of the interlocutor." Then, again, one will say to a spirit: "Won't you give your name and tell how old you were when you passed out of the body?" Now, perhaps that person had been sick a long period of time before passing out, so weary and ill that he had not been conscious of time to any great extent, and many are entirely unconscious for days and days together before they cross the river called death, and they may have been in spirit life many more days, weeks, months or years, which do not exist for them; then how expect them to tell when they died, what they died of, and how long they have been in spirit life?

Now I hope I have been able to point out the rock on which so many split until they lose faith in spiritual communion. The fault is with themselves and not with the spirits. A spirit does not so readily forget the name he bore, still there are many instances when it is hard to tell even that. Few spirits in spirit life are called by the names they bore on earth. A child on earth is named or christened shortly after its birth. A spirit is named

shortly after arriving here unless it greatly desires to be called by the name it bore on earth. A great many people do not like the names they were called by on earth, and when they get here choose some pretty and appropriate name that suits and pleases them. The old name has fallen away from them like the old body, and it is often distasteful and hard for them to pick it up again, and small children do not even know what their names were.

It is very hard, even on earth, for a small child to tell you what his name is, or how old he may be. Some children of even eight or ten years often find it difficult to tell, and parents and guardians are drilling them continually on the subject. Yet, of course, it is far easier for a spirit to give his name than to tell time correctly; but, suppose he has been in spirit life fifty or more years, and has not in all that time even heard the name by which he was called on earth; one may see how hard it may be to recall it; besides he has passed through so many and exalted experiences, has visited so many other planets and worlds, that the old name, if not forgotten, is often recalled with much effort. Still if a spirit remains very near to earth and en rapport with his former relatives he does not find it so difficult.

Now I hear some one say: "Why, you are proving that spirits do forget instead of the contrary, according to your first assertion." No; I am simply explaining how it is that to you of earth it appears as though they had forgotten or do forget. But as I said at first, the soul forgets nothing, yet it often takes some time to recall unimportant events, or impressions that were not assimilated by the person enough to have become a part of his being, and what might seem of the utmost importance to a questioner might to the spirit have little or no interest, might, in fact, be extremely distasteful and irritating; besides the questioner and the spirit might be antagonistic.

A highly progressed, wise and good spirit, might want to give some great universal truths to a questioner, something of importance to the world at large, and the questioner, in the narrowness of his material earthly mind, might insist on asking silly or selfish questions, and because the spirit might not in its higher and broader wisdom reply to these questions just to suit the small mind of the questioner, immediately the questioner might say that the spirit forgot, or that it was a wicked or lying spirit

and so forth, ad nauseam; moreover, a spirit likes far better to impress directly the mind of some loved one than to work through a foreign instrument, one, perhaps, not to its liking. Many mediums are very distasteful to some spirits, and they do not come en rapport with them at all, although for the money which is paid them the mediums pretend that they do, and give fraudulent messages which, of course, are false, then the blame is laid to Spiritualism or to the spirits, when the fault is entirely with the mediums.

There are not nearly as many evil spirits as some suppose, and when all this is better understood we shall hear less about lying, wicked spirits, and more about goodness, virtue and truth, but—and now I expect to prove that spirits cannot and do not forget anything. Can the Infinite forget? Can a mother forget her child? The Infinite is the father and mother of the Finite. Can the Infinite forget its children? The Finite becomes the Infinite. Can the Infinite forget? An Immortal Spirit is Infinite, for Immortality constitutes Infinity. The spirit may apparently forget for a season, but the Infinite restores all that seemed to be lost. The Finite may not understand but the Infinite does.

Now before closing this letter I want to say a few words about astronomy. The heavenly bodies are very deceptive in their appearance, and what is at present, on the earth, supposed to be entirely correct will at length be found to be quite erroneous. New laws will be discovered that will change the aspect of that which is now the accepted theory regarding the worlds in space. So be very chary about calling the spirits bad names because they are already giving an inkling of the truth. Hear them gravely and ponder well what they tell you, for by so doing you may be the one to discover some great, eternal truth not known before.

*Galileo said that the earth moved. Astronomers thought they knew better, but you see he was right and they were wrong. It has been but a short time since it was discovered that what was before thought to be void was really ether and that this ether filled all space, penetrated in and through all things, and knowledge will not stop here; other things and laws will be discovered that will upset many of the present ideas about the heavenly bodies. So do not be too sure of anything, but, as I said

before, listen gravely to what the spirits have to tell you if you desire aid in any direction.

Perpetual motion has been laughed to scorn, but it is a great truth, as true as that the earth and all the worlds in space are in perpetual motion, and it will not be long before this great fact will be given to the world for its untold benefit. Some sensitive will listen to the voice of a spirit or spirits and it will be whispered within the soul; possibly it has already been done, for, let me tell you, we know all about it here and have only to wait to find the right one to give it to earth.

It has not been very long since the stars, in thousands of instances have been found to be double, and fifty years ago if one had pointed to a star and said: "That is not one star, but two," he would have been called lunny.

Now when Professor Petersilea tells you that the sun is dual in its nature, he is called—well, never mind what. It so grieved his noble, truthful soul that he had to leave the earthly atmosphere for awhile to regain his equilibrium.

Now I, Madam ———, a spirit, tell you the same thing. You may laugh me to scorn, you may call me a—well never mind what, but it will not change the fact one iota. You had better hear me with gravity, listen to what I say, and some other one of you may become a Galileo to be remembered as one of the world's great discoverers, and this discovery will mark an epoch in the history of the earthly world.

Again, the Professor told the world that animal life existed in the spiritual realm as well as man's. He was not the first to tell the world this for others had believed and said so, and in consequence been adjudged insane; but now a large portion of the world believe this great fact, and soon all will know it to be true. Be very cautious, friends and enemies, how you laugh or sneer, for you may be slapping one of the greatest and grandest truths in nature directly in the face. Examine everything gravely, minutely, without prejudice, for who can tell that beautiful Truth may not be hidden there simply waiting to be unveiled. Yours truly,

MADAM

LETTER NUMBER ELEVEN.

I am about to write something in this letter that may not meet the views of most Spiritualists, and I doubt very much if any will believe me. Nevertheless, I shall write nothing but the truth.

Any truth when first given to those of earth from the spheres is met in an antagonistic spirit, but if we ceased to give of our knowledge to the earthly world on that account no progress would be made there.

The startling truth I have to give is this:

No spiritual being ever yet returned to earth in its real, tangible, spiritual body. I mean its sublimated material body—the body that it at length takes on after being here quite a length of time. Do not start at this assertion and say that I am a falsifier, or that I contradict myself, as I have already told you that Lady —— and I went back to earth and dwelt in a sequestered home in Russia. But Lady —— and I had not yet taken on our sublimated material spiritual bodies; we were yet simply spirits without density and were not yet grown or covered by tangible bodies. That was still in store for us. To the spirits in the spheres we yet appeared pale, fluttering, weak and vaporish; fluctuating, undecided, for we as new-born spirits were in this condition. A spirit appears precisely like what it is. No one on earth expects a new-born babe to be like a large, solid man or woman; it is small, soft and tender. I do not mean that our bodies were small, they were exact counterparts of what our earthly bodies had been, minus decrepitude and age, but they were not yet firm, condensed and beautiful as they were at length destined to be.

And now you ask me: "What kind of a spirit body is it, then, that returns to earth?" and I reply: A soul can clothe itself in various bodies, or rather it has various bodies. It has a thought body, an astral body, a spiritual,

vaporish body, and a sublimated material spiritual body; and it is this last body that never returns to earth. While you are on earth in the fleshly form you have all these bodies, but are not yet conscious of them; still, the world is getting there very fast. You talk of telepathy. Well, that is the action of the thought body. You talk of etherealization. Well, that is the astral body—when it is genuine. You talk of an intangible, impalpable spiritual presence. Well, that is the thin, vaporish body, and this sometimes takes on from those sitting in a circle a materialized body—and it is just here that I shall prove to you the truth of what I say.

If an impalpable spiritual body can for a short time clothe itself with material substance on earth, can it not form and wear a body within the spheres, of sublimated material substance?

Whatever you may think, such is the fact. But this body cannot, and does not return to earth. It must remain, necessarily, beyond the attraction of gravitation, else it would be injured; for it is dense enough to receive injury were it to strike the hard, revolving earth.

My friends, the thought body returns, the astral body returns, and the vaporish spiritual body returns; but not the real, sublimated material spiritual body. The soul desires to return to earth. It leaves its dense body here in the spheres and goes forth clothed in its thought, astral and vaporish bodies, or rather it is covered by these bodies. The astral corresponds to the ether, the vaporish to the vapor, and the thought body to the thought, while the exquisite, sublimated material spiritual body is at rest here like one of earth who is sleeping. For instance: I, Madam ———, am here with this sensitive now, controlling to write; but, before coming here for that purpose, I said in my mind or with my thought body: "I am now going down to earth to write a message to the people," consequently I went and laid myself down, as one does who goes to sleep on earth, and my sublimated material body is asleep, or unconscious, while I am doing this. I sent forth my thought, it took with it my astral body and my vaporish, spiritual body, but the other body it must leave behind, then when I return I shall awake, or, rather, my various bodies will once more be joined together and I shall arise and go about my business in the spheres.

I hope I have made this clear to the most obtuse mind. I have tried to at least.

Now if earthly emanations condense here in the spheres, as they certainly do, and we have animals, vegetation, water, land and homes, you must see that our bodies must correspond, and that if we could take these bodies with us to earth, of course we could take—as those of earth do when they journey—many other things besides. So by this you perceive that I have told you a great truth.

How glad I am that so great and good a man as the Rev. Heber Newton has told his people, that in the heavenly world there are homes and employments similar to those of earth, for he has voiced a great, grand, eternal truth.

Yes, friends, we have all these things here in the spheres. If we only understood the Christians better, and they understood us better, we should scarcely disagree in anything. Professor Franz Petersilea tried to tell you of some of these halls, homes, institutions of learning, and so forth, and his heart is grieved and sore because he has been met by many in such a spirit of intolerance, the same spirit that you Spiritualists accuse the Christians of. We advise to pluck the beam from your own eyes before looking for the mote in your brother's eyes.

Those great and good men, Rev. Heber Newton, and Rev. Minot Savage, are more tolerant, by far, than the most so-called Spiritualists. It seems that most Spiritualists can not and will not accept any truth beyond that which they think they already know, yet they are continually talking of progression. If they will not accept any new truth which may be given, where is the progress, pray? Now there is just one point more that I wish to touch upon, and it is this: Franz Petersilea tried to tell how we build our homes in the spheres, and immediately there arose the cry: "Insane spirits! for it is nothing but insanity for a spirit to build his home within his mind and then reside within it as the insane of earth imagine they have what they have not."

If anything can be more material and obtuse than that, I should like to know it. And yet these same people will tell you of shining spiritual cities, and houses not made with hands, eternal and in the heavens. O consistency, thou art a jewel when found!

How do these intolerant, fault-finding ones think our

houses and cities are builded? Do they suppose they are built of brick, stone and mortar, or wood—that the workmen use plane, saw and trowel, ladders and derricks, together with all the paraphernalia that is made use of on earth? Do they think we burn brick, mix lime and cement, cut down trees, have planing and saw mills, make shingles, and so forth? If they do, then I reply, We do not.

How, then, do they build these homes and shining cities? They build them within the mind. Thoughts are things and go forth from the mind, and from the desire of the mind, or, rather, the force or will-power exercised they are clothed with sublimated material and become real. Do you call a man of earth insane because he first builds his house in his mind and then clothes it with brick, stone, and mortar or wood, glass, and so forth? But the house must be planned, or built in the mind first, or there can be no house. Throw brick, lime and mortar together promiscuously, and see if it will build itself. No, friends; all things, except natural things, must first exist in the mind or thought, to be clothed upon by material or spiritual substance, as the case may be. It is only an obtuse and intolerant spirit that can think or talk otherwise.

Rev. Heber Newton also referred to the employments of heaven, saying that they were similar to those of earth; and a greater truth was never uttered, for they are, indeed. There is not a trade, art or employment of earth that we do not have here, with this difference: we do not work with the hands, but with the mind, the thought, the spirit, and these thoughts take on tangible shape and are clothed with sublimated or spiritual substance, and you of earth must perceive this great truth.

How can we cut down a spiritual tree, or kill a spiritual animal, or burn brick and so forth? Spiritual life of any kind cannot be taken. If it could, the life of a spiritual man could be taken. Nothing can rob an Ego of its life. It may be robbed of material substance, but not of its identity or life. Life is life forever and aye!

Now the more perfect and beautiful our thoughts the more beautiful our houses or homes; the more perfect we are, the more perfect our surroundings; and thus it is. How sublime, beautiful and true: "A house not made with hands, eternal and in the heavens."

No; our houses are not made with hands and they are eternal and in the heavens. Also: "In my father's house are many mansions." There are mansions, very many mansions in the heavens, or, as you now call it—the Spiritual Spheres—which is all one and the same thing. The heavens are the spheres. A rose is a rose call it by whatever name one will. Heavens or spheres. Call them by which ever name one may choose.

A few words more and I am done with this letter. If the sound of a voice, or any other sound, goes on forever in the ether, how about the life or spirit of anything whatever? Will the bark of a dog go on forever in the ether, and the spirit that causes the dog to bark become extinct? Will the neigh of a horse go on forever, and the spirit, or living principle of the horse, become extinct? Think more deeply, oh, ye sapient sages, or a woman will outwit you, and that will never do, at least you think she never can. But I have to tell you that the coarser atmosphere of earth does not carry the sound of your voice beyond its own atmosphere, the finer ether holds the sound and carries it onward forever: I will not call it vibration, for people get terribly mixed on that word, but you may call it that or anything else you please.

So the finer ether holds the life, or spirit, of all things and carries it onward forever and forever. Spirits of animals seldom or never return to earth. Not having as much intelligence or mind as man, they do not wish, will or desire, consequently do not often return, but, sometimes do. A dog very much attached to his master may remain near him for a long time after leaving the material body, so may a horse, and occasionally some other pet animal or bird, but these are merely exceptions to the rule. Ethereal sounds are not heard by mortal ears, but the ethereal, or spiritual ear hears all the sounds that the ethereal air, or ether, brings to it. The mortal sight cannot see the spheres or the angels, it can only see what is within the dense earthly atmosphere, but the ethereal, or spiritual eye can see all things that exist within the ether. It is simply a difference of atmospheres, that is all. One is dense, almost opaque; the other sparkling and bright.

Yours truly,

MADAM

LETTER NUMBER TWELVE.

In my last letter I wrote of the sublimated material spiritual body, of the thought body, of the astral body, and the ego or soul; and fearing that I may be misunderstood, let me here say that on earth a man has a body of bones, a body of flesh, a body of nerves, a body of veins and arteries, and a body of skin, or the epidermis, and these various bodies go to make up his material form; but within that material form is a sensational or spiritual body, a thought body, an astral body, and the ego, or soul, yet all these are apparently within one body, for only one form is visible to the sight. So in spirit life, there is but one form apparent, yet this form is composed of spiritualized material substance—or like the epidermis—a fine spirit body, a thought body, and an astral body, together with the soul.

Therefore one can see that as Lady ——— and I grew wiser in spiritual knowledge we began to take on the more dense, sublimated material, spiritual body; consequently, each time we visited the spheres, it became more and more difficult for us to return to earth in our sublimated material forms, and at last we left the house in Russia altogether, for the spirit realm was so entrancingly beautiful, its homes so exquisite and refined, that earth and its scenes became more and more distasteful to us, almost disgustingly coarse, and really much of it quite so, and at last if we returned at all it must be in our attenuated spirit bodies, leaving our more dense bodies at rest in the spiritual realm. Besides, it now must be for a purpose, or some strong magnetic attraction must draw us, such as a powerful love of some kind, or that we have some especial mission or duty to perform, or we could join a band of spirits or angels for the same purpose, in that way becom-

ing stronger and more powerful for the performance of good works. Our sensitive says we flit back and forth like birds. But when we are engaged in writing a message we remain for an hour or more as the occasion requires.

Now I am here at this moment because I have a mission and duty to perform for those who are still in the material body, being one of the spirits or angels commissioned to give truth to the world below our own.

There is one idea that is at present being given forth to the world as a great scientific fact, while in reality it is scientific nonsense; and that is, that the minutest atom of matter is possessed of a certain amount of intelligent spirit.

O, what balderdash! Matter is matter, and spirit is spirit, and soul is soul. Spirit and soul clothe themselves with matter, and only the spirit and soul are intelligent. Matter possesses no intelligence of any kind, and speaking closer to the point, nothing possesses intelligence but the soul. The spirit is simply the soul's vehicle and matter its clothing. Does clothing or a dress possess intelligence? Bah! Can learned nonsense go farther into ridiculousness? One would think that there existed no air, no ether, nothing but matter—matter! and that all life first existed within matter, and spirit, intelligence, and soul was evolved from matter, whereas it is exactly the contrary.

Life—intelligence—soul—exists first within the air—the ether. It picks up matter as a rag to cover it, that it may dwell within materiality for a season until it is grown or developed. And this applies to the smallest thing that has life. It is life itself, and it is surprising that Spiritualists, of all others, should accept such nonsense. When the air and earth, or matter, kiss each other, then there is a marriage, and then life and intelligence enter earth, or matter, and only then. Take away the germs of life that exist within the air or the ether and matter would remain forever sterile. Take some earth, for instance, destroy all the germs that it might possibly contain—but here I wish to add, they are not destroyed, merely driven out or back into the ether—then seal up this matter so that not a particle of air or ether can touch it, and it would remain forever without life or intelligence.

Spiritualists, I, Madam —, caution you: Do not drift into such materialistic nonsense. Return, O my beloved, into true spiritual Spiritualism. It would be far better and even nearer the truth, if you were to believe as you formerly did, that God in person breathed the breath of life into man. But Professor Petersilea has already informed you—as I read in the mind of the medium—that all spiritual, or soul germs, are inhaled, or enter matter through the breathing process; or by the flower attracting and holding the germs of its own kind or species, which afterward bear seed, and seed is merely a living germ embedded deeply in matter, and the germs are all and wholly within the air or ether; it is simply the process by which germ life and matter meet and blend, or the spiritual intelligence buries or clothes itself, and in my last letter I told you of the emanations arising from the earth, which is merely the developed life and intelligence arising again into the air or ether. It really seems to me now, that such a great truth cannot but strike home to every reasoning mind. Besides, no earth whatever has life upon it of any kind that has not an atmosphere. You say the moon has no life upon it because it has no atmosphere; and you are right. Life does not reside within the bulk of its matter, or material substance, but if it had an atmosphere life would soon find lodgment there; be sure of that.

Now, some one says: "But it is surrounded by ether." Very true; but ether must convey life to matter through the atmospheric principle, through that principle by which life must be sustained and exist within matter. Even in the spiritual realm we have a refined and rare atmosphere entirely distinct from ether.

If you, as Spiritualists, drift back into materiality our fifty years of labor will be lost to you. Science never yet gave you the great truths of Spiritualism. Science might delve a thousand years—aye, even more—and not be any nearer the truth. Fact is, it is just as likely to burrow downward—even more likely—than to rise upward into the heavens of spirituality. It is like a blind mole digging away at matter without a ray of light to illumine its pathway, with the mind forever looking downward instead of upward, and it is folly to say that life commences and originates within a cell of matter, and the two cells meeting, and so forth. It does not. I, Madam —, a

spirit, tell you so and I tell you the truth, whether you accept it or not.

Sperm is formed in the blood, or takes on its first material clothing in the blood, and the invisible spermatozoas or germs are in the air and ether, and are taken in with the breath, clothed with matter in the blood, are then injected into an egg or ovum, which is simply food and clothing for it to develop in. Now when science begins here it will come out all right and very little burrowing will have to be done, for it will be working in the light of a great spiritual truth, and a truth that science never did nor never will give you without this light. They tell you that fish can be produced without milt, by certain chemicals, but they cannot keep fish alive, or the eggs of fish, without water; and as milt is invisible in the water, or we may call it spermatozoa, can any one say that it may not be in the water instead of in the chemicals? Whatever they may try to prove to the contrary, old Mother Nature will work her mill—the mill of life—just as she does at present, ten thousand years from now, the great new discovery of creating life to the contrary.

Most people are afraid to write against a great, scientific discovery, as they term it, but I, a spirit, am not afraid to write against it, for it is not true, and it is one of my duties as a spirit messenger to write against that which is not true and to write that which I know to be true.

Then one hears so much about differentiation, whatever that may mean, but the way it is put it is perfectly meaningless. A million or more, or many millions of entirely different forms of life all being produced from the word differentiation. Can unmeaningness go any farther? Or two cells starting exactly alike differentiating into a number of millions of different forms. O, consistency, what a jewel thou art! But here is the truth; accept it or not, as you please.

The germs of all things that exist in nature, exist in the atmosphere, each distinct as to its kind and species, and they have existed from all eternity and were different, from the beginning. Yet we as spirits cannot conceive of a beginning. Germinal life is co-existent with spirit and matter. Yours truly, MADAM

LETTER NUMBER THIRTEEN.

At this writing I wish to tell you about the attraction of gravitation. First I shall make an assertion, and the assertion shall be a most truthful one. Perhaps not many have thought much about it. All the better; you want new thoughts. Never run in an eternal treadmill of old thoughts. Try to get fresh, new ones, and if you try you will find an eternal supply ever ready to be received, and eager to be put to the best use possible. But, put your thoughts to the test—try them in the light of your highest wisdom and reason—and if they stand the test, then are they true.

My assertion is this: The earth has the power of drawing and holding to itself all material things. The spiritual world has the same power of drawing and holding to itself all spiritual things. One attracts heavy or coarse matter, the other fine, sublimated matter, and the attraction of gravitation of the one is as powerful as the other—no, that is not quite exact—one is far more powerful than the other. The spiritual realm is far more powerful than the coarser and heavier earth.

Why, the spiritual realm is attracting and holding countless billions of tons of attenuated matter every day, and yet with this great truth staring them in the face, some doubt the existence of a spiritual world. Every blade of grass, every leaf of vegetation, tree and shrub, every stream, river, pond, and all large bodies of water, are being drawn upward as rapidly as the sun and air can do it. To be sure a very large part of the water condenses, and when it becomes too heavy for the upper air is attracted back to earth, but not nearly all of it—much, very much never condenses sufficiently to be attracted back to earth, consequently is attracted by the higher, lighter spirit world, and as I stated in a former letter, be-

comes subject to the natural laws appertaining to that world—and what of the countless tons of other matter that is being drawn upward every day? Can the most learned of men on earth deny this statement? No, sirs, you cannot. Then why don't you tell the people something about it? Why don't you tell them what becomes of all these countless billions of tons of matter that are being drawn upward each day of the year?

Now, I, Madam —, a spirit, challenge the whole world of learned men to contradict my assertion. I want you to contradict it. Still, I would like you to contradict me in a gentlemanly manner. I expect you to treat me as gentlemen should treat each other, or as gentlemen treat ladies, even if I am a spirit lady.

When I was with you in the form I exacted gentle manners and kind treatment, and was ever ready to be gentle and kind to those who were gentle and kind to me. But, to take opposite sides in a debate is all right, and we can use any arguments we please if we do not descend to personal abuse, remembering that you have no more right to abuse a spirit, because it has left the body, than you have if it stood before you in the flesh, for it is a person the same as yourself. The reason why I want to be contradicted is that I wish to agitate the minds of the people of earth on this all-important subject.

When one speaks of the spirit world as anything tangible and real, as having land, water, hills, dales, grass, flowers, trees, buildings, schools, and so forth, others look upon them as lunatics fit for an asylum. Then, again, there are thousands of so-called Spiritualists whose ideas are exceedingly vague and uncertain; they look upon the spirit world as a vaporish kind of spookland, which amounts to a certain kind of nothingness, wherein formless, invisible spirits, who amount to little else than nothing, forever aimlessly float about, progressing toward nothingness.

Now you may each and all declare that you don't think so; but what the world wants is something definite, and there is nothing easier than to arrive at what you do want.

There is nothing indefinite in nature, neither in the spirit world nor in the earthly world, and one is as definite as the other, one is as real as the other, and I want those who do not think so to prove to the contrary, if they are able, and I will prove the opposite, for I am able.

Tell me, ye sages: What becomes of all the countless millions and billions of tons of matter that rise up from your earth at all times and seasons? You may reply that it remains a formless, conglomerate mass, but I assert to the contrary. You may say that it all returns back to the earth, but I say to the contrary. You may say, as you are in the habit of doing, that it is worked over and over again, but I say no, no, no, and reiterate, no! and just here is where you savants make your mistake.

A portion of the grosser elements are attracted and drawn back to earth, those that by the law of natural affinity belong to earth, but not the finer, the more sublimated, the spiritual; that is attracted and held by the spirit world. And now let me tell you another great fact: Your earth grows larger and lighter every year. Two or three millions of years ago your earth was not as large as it is to-day, and it was much heavier and coarser than at present; its mountains were higher and more abrupt; its surface more rocky, its volcanoes far more numerous and active, and many spurted forth boiling water well mixed with rock and sand and often much bituminous matter. Now, if your earth does not weigh nearly as much to-day as it did some millions of years ago, where is its lost surplus weight? Nothing is lost—nothing can be lost—but it has gone somewhere, it is going somewhere every day. Of course it will be eons of ages, to man, before it will all be spiritualized, but in the meantime what has become of this enormous bulk of matter that it has already lost? Let me tell you—let me whisper it softly in your ear: It has gone to form beautiful, exquisite, sublimated material, ethereal, spiritual spheres or zones, which lie all around the earth in different stratas, one above another; the first commencing just beyond the dense atmosphere of earth.

Now I want some of you savants to contradict me in a kind way, so that you may not raise my ire and indignation, for I am not yet beyond indignation and I cannot say when I shall be. I have not yet found any spirit who is, for if they were beyond feeling they would cease to feel love, in fact, cease to have any feelings whatever. Perhaps you may say that I cannot prove that the earth is lighter in weight and larger in circumference than it was some few millions of years ago; but I think I can.

A porous body is lighter than a solid one, and the

earth is more porous, by far, to-day, than it was a few million years ago. Sponge is lighter than rock, and the earth is far spongier than it once was. A thistle-down is lighter than a pebble of the same size. The earth is more downy, by far, than it once was. Anything which is pulverized occupies a larger area, or takes up more space than that which is compact and solid.

Can anyone deny that the earth has been pulverizing for millions of years? There was a time when the whole face of the earth was a vast body of rock and water, and, my friends, it was not nearly as large as it is at present, besides it had not on its whole surface so much as a particle of moss, and not a living thing within its waters for they were at the boiling point and could not sustain life. Life came later when they were cool enough; and moss could not grow upon the rocks because they were too hot, it could not form until they cooled a little, and at that time, my friends, the earth had not a spiritual sphere about it. The moon has no spiritual sphere at present, that is in store for it. But as soon as the germs of life could develop, the spiritual spheres began to form, yet this period is so remotely in the past that finite man can scarcely conceive of it, or infinite man with his present limitations; moreover, all planets which are nearest the sun are heavier and smaller than those farther away; those far on beyond the earth are larger and lighter even than the earth. These facts alone ought to be proof enough of the truth of my assertion.

Jupiter weighs far less than the earth according to its bulk, being a more perfect world and not a mass of fire as some may think. They are simply mistaken, that is all, and reason from wrong premises. A world cannot be made from fire, for fire is combustion, it destroys and scatters instead of coalescing and condensing.

No world is made of fire. Fire is simply an effect. Something is being consumed by the action, or driven apart, or changed into an elementary state; consequently one can see at a glance that the solid, compact earth cannot be made of fire, or fire-mist, but by the attraction and coalescing of atoms, which contain all the principles of earthly matter.

But, even at this, the earth is a secondary world, being a child of the sun, or a ring cast off from the sun, but the sun was first formed in the way above mentioned. Of

course I cannot enter into a very long dissertation in this short letter, but Professor Franz Petersilea has written it all out in his books. "Oceanides," one of his books, will tell you all about it in the most charming way possible. It only costs fifty cents. Get it and read it. It will also show you what a woman once suffered from the intemperance of her husband, and the abuse he heaped upon her. Get it, O, ye women who are supinely suffering under such horrors, as thousands of you are at the present day, although this happened many years ago.

But you, egotistical men. I warn you not to read it. Ye dames who are happy and have good husbands, or even passable ones, you need not get it. *It is not meant or written for you. But you, my poor, suffering sisters, tied to drunkenness and debauchery, squeeze out fifty cents and go buy it. It will do you good. It will show you the spirit world as it is—it will show you the happiness and joy that is yet in store for you. You can get it from the office of The Progressive Thinker, and every book purchased may the blessings of the angel world rest upon the purchaser. Read it and they will—be sure of that. The angels wrote it or caused it to be written, for a comfort and blessing to you, and they will comfort and bless all who read it if they read it in the right spirit, for in the spirit of love was it written. The one through whom it was written would give it without money and without price, but it has cost him a number of hundreds of dollars, which he earned in other ways, and he can illy afford to lose them, for it costs money to live in the material world; but this book was not written for the purpose of making money out of mediumship. He only desires to receive back that which the book cost him in actual cash, for, owing to the prejudice of the world against Spiritualism, he cannot earn the money he once could. But I am diverging from my subject, which I will continue in my next letter. Yours Truly, MADAM

LETTER NUMBER FOURTEEN.

Now the great laws of chemical affinity hold good here as on earth, and are far better understood.

Why do the waters of earth seek each other, and all seek a level? Chemical affinity. Why does the dry land hold itself together? Attraction of gravitation and chemical affinity; and these two great laws run through all things, and they are just as operative here in the spirit world, as they are on the earth. When the emanations or refined essences rise up, or are pushed up by the dense atmosphere, they do not return to earth, they are too sublimated; the earthly attraction of gravitation has no more power over them, but the great law of chemical affinity still holds good and they come under a still higher law of the attraction of gravitation—in other words they attract and gravitate together to form a sublimated spiritual world, more beautiful than tongue can tell or brush can paint. The ethereal waters seek each other, and their level, as on earth, the difference being that one is material, the other ethereal; one exists in the dense atmosphere, the other in the ethereal atmosphere or ether.

That which forms our land is also drawn together by the higher or more spiritual law of gravitation, or the attraction of gravitation and chemical affinity, and thus we have land, or ethereal land, hills, dales and mountains; by the same laws we have trees, vegetation, grass, flowers, shrubs; but fish, insect, and animal life are egos or entities as on earth, and are from the earth as are also the ethereal essences or emanations that rise up from the earth. These developed entities, or egos, which once dwelt within the ethereal atmosphere as germs, rise again as entities or egos into it, and are once more clothed, but this time in sublimated, ethereal matter, yet all things are, after all, egos, or entities, clothed in ethereal matter.

It is very strange to me that the learned men of earth should always be delving in coarse matter to find out what they want to know, just as though there were no atmosphere in which all life originates, or ethereal space wherein may be found all things and the cause of all things. Nothing originates within earthly matter, but all things originate within the atmosphere or ether.

A flower or plant of any kind does not draw its life from the earth, its roots simply find lodgment there to hold or sustain it in place, then the little rootlets seek water or moisture within the damp ground, but its life, its beauty, its color, are all drawn from the atmosphere, not from the earth. Plant a seed and cover it tightly away from the light, the sun, and the air, and see if it will develop into a tree, shrub or flower, or vegetation of any kind; and no seed can ever be formed without the ethereal germ; and all will come to know this sooner or later.

When one talks of life commencing and living within all matter, one is talking nonsense. Life exists in a germinal state within the atmosphere, and enters matter through the great laws of chemical affinity and the attraction of gravitation.

Now I do hope I have made myself clear, for I want to tell you more about this glorious world wherein I now dwell, and I don't want people to think that my sensitive's mind is unsound, as has been stated by many who desire to injure him. It is because his mind is sweet and sound and rises up to meet the beauty and grandeur of the spiritual, that we are able to write at all.

Lady — and I soon found that we could not return to earth any more in our material spiritual bodies, and so we concluded that, for a time at least, we would not visit earth, not until we understood the spiritual better and were better fitted to teach of things as they really were, or as we had found them; not until we had a work to do, a mission to perform; and that time has now come. But, while I am writing this letter, my sublimated material spiritual body is at rest in the spirit world, but my soul, my astral and thought bodies are here with this medium, or sensitive rather, for I like that word better, it better expresses the truth.

Now do not wonder at this which I tell you and think it not true. You do not think it at all strange that you go to sleep on earth; in fact you cannot exist without

sleep, but your soul doesn't sleep, the astral body doesn't sleep, and the thought body is as busy as ever.

"Well," you ask me, "what does sleep?" and I reply: Nothing sleeps. The body and material brain become weary and need replenishing, the soul takes the astral and thought bodies with it and goes a visiting, that is all, leaving the body quiescent, but the soul takes good care not to break the magnetic cord which binds it to the body, in other words it is bound to it by the great law of magnetic attraction, which it may not sever until the body becomes unfit for it to dwell in, then the cord is severed and the body no longer has the power of holding itself together through the law of magnetic attraction. The soul, clothed in its thought and astral bodies, now gravitates, through the law of magnetic attraction, to the spiritual realm.

You now ask me why the material body does not remember that which the soul has been busy in receiving? and I answer: The soul does not talk and think as the body does, it does not analyze and compare as the material brain does. It receives and stores up energy. Shall we call it soul-power? Shall we call it will, strength, energy, to run the machine? for the body is simply an engine or machine run by the will-power, energy and strength of the soul, and the soul must be replenished. Nothing can be continually exhausted without being replenished from some source, and the soul is fed and replenished from the great reservoir of soul, or over-soul. I do not mean by this, a God, or a God in the form of a person, but the Great Soul-Fountain of all that is or was or ever shall be. I cannot make it any clearer to you than this. But when the body is laid aside and we enter the spiritual, all things are changed in this respect. The soul still drinks at the great Soul-Fountain, but the spirit body has become so clear and refined that like a superfine sensitive plate it holds and remembers all things, for memory is simply spiritual photography—be sure and remember that—photography that never fades. The soul also remembers all that ever transpired to it while in the body of coarser material substance.

Now Lady —— and I visited a great many temples and halls of learning that we might acquire this knowledge, and we must also have a home of our own in this beautiful world, where we could rest, where we could enjoy home

just as you do on earth, where we could surround ourselves with beautiful things. Other people's homes were not ours and spiritual beings differ in their tastes just as you do on earth. Some seek one thing and some another. Some like one employment and some another. There is not in all the spheres one home exactly like another, and no two spirits are alike: They all differ just as you do. We do not care to be beggars or tramps, any more than you do, and by this I mean we did not care to intrude on the privacy of other spirits to their discomfort; we did not care to lie down in the open fields, or lanes, or by the public highways, for we surely have them here, and as all other spirits seemed to have homes we became aware of the necessity of having one also.

Although we found, as you do on earth, a natural spiritual world, we did not find homes already made for us, no more than you do on earth, unless some dearly loved one has already builded one for the one thus loved.

To be sure I could have entered the home of some of my relatives, but I did not wish to.

My earthly father and mother had been in the spheres for a great length of time. I was not fitted to dwell within their supernal heights, and to have a home of my own was the very most natural thing to do. I did not care to live all alone, neither did Lady —, so we concluded to build one together, which we did.

Professor Franz Petersilea has told you how we build our homes here, and I can add nothing more. He has told you the truth.

Our homes are first modeled within our minds, according to our tastes and desires; the thought is a thing and takes on or clothes itself with sublimated material substance, which it attracts according to the law of magnetic attraction and the spiritual attraction of gravitation, consequently we soon had a home according to our united desires. I will not weary you by describing it; enough to say it suited us to a charm and was as beautiful as a dream; for the so-called dreams of the imagination are spiritual realities; for we dreamed or imagined the home in our minds; and you do precisely the same thing on earth. You first dream or image your home in your mind, then you clothe it with stone, brick, or wood, as you please. We here clothe ours as we please, but do not use the coarser, more material brick, stone or wood; but, if we

think intently of a beautiful jewel, or any other substance, the thought has form and attracts through magnetic chemical affinity substantial matter according to the thought.

Now I read in the mind of the sensitive, and also in many other minds of earth, this: Rev. Minot Savage and Rev. Heber Newton have said, much to the delight of their people, that they think there must be homes and employments similar to those of earth within the heavens or heavenly spheres. If they call it heaven, what does it matter? It means the same thing; and when they uttered these thoughts, they uttered eternal verities or truths, and I have been trying to tell you how these homes are builded, how the halls and temples are erected, and how people follow the bent of their gifts and inclinations. It is useless to talk of homes, halls, and temples, without comprehending, in a measure, how they come to be; how they are built; what they rest upon, and by what they are surrounded; and this task seems to devolve on a band of spirits called together for the purpose. I belong to this band, so does Lady —, so does Franz Petersilea, and a great many others, and we have chosen this sensitive to give it to the world.

Of course there are other sensitives whom we use also, but this one is one of the best, and I implore you all to listen gravely and respectfully, at least.

No one can believe, unless that to be believed appeals to his reason and judgment, but all can listen with respect and then think out these problems for themselves, and we ever stand ready to help them when they call in all sincerity for us to do so.

There have been those who have said that if spirits builded their homes in the way we have told them we did, they, the spirits, must be insane. Now I shall ask those who have said this: How are the homes in the Spiritual World builded? Do the spirits cut down trees, have saw-mills and planing machines, and all the other paraphernalia that goes toward the building of an earthly home? Do they burn brick, make mortar and so forth? Do they quarry stone? No one can suppose that they do these things; the one who could would certainly be more insane than the spirits who give truthful information on the subject. The spirits certainly have employments, but hard manual labor is left on earth, and only appertains to

earth. We could not cut a tree if we wished. The tree is spiritual and cannot be hewn down—moreover, if we have homes here they must be built by ourselves, otherwise who would build them? Even if we entered a shining city already built, there must have been those who builded it. But enough. I have told you the truth.

Now everything that comes under the head of art, or construction, is constructed in the same way—the same principles hold good—but the natural spiritual world exists the same as your natural earth does. Of course the laws already mentioned bring into requisition all the power that resides within man, or spirit, and by this you see that our employments are as varied as those of earth, and even more so, for we have many things here not yet wrought out on earth, for everything you have there is given down to you, from the spheres, through the mind or by photographic impressions upon the mind by spirits.

Yours Truly,

MADAM

LETRER NUMBER FIFTEEN.

Those who have read what has been written in my former letters, cannot fail to see that this spiritual world is a type of the earthly world, exceedingly more refined and beautiful, where we have all that you have on earth on a higher, more exalted, heavenly plane; that we follow all the occupations that you follow on earth, and that, as a rule, we are much wiser than you are.

Of course, there are ignorant spirits here as there, but they do not remain so long. They cannot in the nature of things. I hope that I have proved to all reasoning minds that we live and move and have our being much as you do there; that we have homes, temples, halls, laboratories, conservatories, grand wisdom edifices, wireless telegraphy, boats of all kinds, photography, thought photography, hypnotic suggestion—that is the very thing that I am engaged in doing at this moment—music, theaters, psychical investigation societies for the purpose of investigating the powers of the soul; for, although we are spir-

its, we do not as yet understand all about the soul. We also study botany, natural history, astronomy; but our observatories are somewhat different from yours.

Professor Franz Petersilea has described some of our clock observatories very accurately; moreover, we study all about the manners and customs of the inhabitants of other planets and their fauna and flora, for no two planets are exactly alike, no more than two things or two persons are just alike. Coarse, hard manual labor is left behind with the body.

Now you ask me: Do the spirits eat? and my reply is, Yes, they do; but they do no coarse feeding. Nothing can live and be sustained without replenishment, for we are constantly throwing off substance, just as you are there, excepting that our substance is sublimated matter, while yours is coarse matter.

Now I am aware that many will laugh at my assertion. Let them, and let them contradict it if they will, and then tell us how the spiritual body is sustained, for it is composed of sublimated matter, just as sure as we live.

"Do you have all the organs there which belong to the body here?"

Yes, we do; we certainly do. Contradict it, ye wise ones, if you will, but if the life of the earthly body is the spirit thereof, and the spirit is in the form of the earthly body—which it certainly is—have we not organs similar to those of earth? Do we have hands and not a stomach? Do we have a head and not a heart? Do we have feet and not brains? Every organ of the body that you have, we have also, for it is the life or the spirit of those very organs that we take with us when the body dies.

Now if we have feet, it is that we may walk. If we have eyes, it is that we may see; if ears, that we may hear; if a brain, that we may think; a stomach, that we may digest food. Each and every organ fulfills its duty here as there, except the organs of reproduction. Reproduction belongs only to earth; still, we possess the organs, but they do not reproduce. Like the fruits of earth, all seed germs take root only in material substance. Now the question is: How and what do we eat? We eat everything that is good for food—that is, to feed the sublimated material body. Our food necessarily is sublimated material. We cannot take life of anykind, therefore we can not eat animal flesh. I would like to make this

world as clear to you as possible. If in your world peaches grow on trees, they do in our world, for the sublimated tree is here, or the spirit of the tree, filled with luscious peaches without stones, or pits, or much skin, for as I said, seed germs gravitate to the material earths, but the sublimated essences gravitate to this world. If you have grapes there, so do we here, plentifully, without the seed or skin. The skin of our fruit is soft, sweet and waxen, and the luscious fruit melts in the mouth without much mastication.

Vegetables grow here in our soil, but we do not cultivate them. The sweet, pure, refined essences of these things rise up from earth and gravitate to their proper places and appear very much as your vegetables do. We take them from our spiritual ground and eat them as they are, without cooking. We do no cooking. That necessity is done away with.

Do we sweep and dust and clean as you do on earth? No. This same question has been brought up in other minds before now. No; we are not obliged to sweep or dust. We have no material dust. Dust is coarse matter. But there are filthy spirits as well as filthy men and women. There are really spirits in the lower sphere who actually wallow in filth, but the filth is of the mind and, as I have before stated, thoughts are things and become objective, and gather about them sublimated matter corresponding to the thought, but when we think pure, sweet, clean thoughts, they gather clothing to correspond.

Now the question is, "If we eat, do other animals eat those lower in the scale than ourselves?" Yes, other animals eat; but not each other. They are a step higher in the scale of being. All herbivorous animals eat of the sweet, sublimated herbage and grass, the ethereal essence of such as you have on earth; also fish feed on the sublimated essences within the ethereal waters.

Now you say, "Well, the carnivorous animals; how is it with them?" Men of earth at the present day are extremely carnivorous. There is not a carnivorous animal on the earth that slays and eats equal to man and really there are but few carnivorous animals after all, and the greater part of these are not wholly so. The bear will sometimes kill a man in self-defense, or at least it thinks so, but it seldom eats him. The bear much prefers wild

berries, roots and nuts, to flesh. The lion will also kill a man, given a chance; but he thinks he is thereby protecting his mate and little ones. The lion in its natural state is not wholly carnivorous; it also eats tender shoots and green twigs.

Man is really more carnivorous than any other animal. There are more cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, fish and game slain and eaten by man than by all the carnivorous animals in the world.

Now if this carnivorous man, when he arrives here, ceases, from necessity, to slay and eat, it can readily be seen that the carnivorous animal can also, and it also can eat of the sublimated material essences to sustain its ethereal body.

You must all see how exquisitely beautiful and useful the spiritual spheres are. The more beautiful our thoughts, the more beautiful our surroundings. You can also see that reincarnation is not true, or at all necessary.

Lady — and I loved beautiful things, and we soon had a home corresponding to our thoughts—a home wherein we could entertain many guests, for we intended to give entertainments. We did not intend to lead the lives of recluses, but to be glad and merry. Company, merriment and gladness did not at all interfere with the attainment of wisdom or knowledge; quite the contrary, they were great aids in the quest. We found that spiritual beings were very social, and we intended to make the most of social life. All spirits who have gained wisdom or knowledge in any direction are eager to quickly impart it to others; for this is a great and beneficent natural law, and one of the happiest ways is in meeting together for the purpose of each imparting to the others whatever point in wisdom they have gained; be it ever so small, it matters not.

These social or home gatherings are by invitation. The public institutions are for all. For instance: We hear of the death on earth and the birth into spirit life of some great musical, or literary man or woman. Suppose, for instance, it is music in which he or she excelled, and we give an entertainment or reception to the new comer; consequently we invite as many of the most gifted and famous musical geniuses as is convenient for us to entertain, or as can be reached and can come; then we send an urgent request for the new-born spirit to come also, and

such seldom fail to respond. Now we do very much as you do on earth, bring into play the most beautiful thoughts and desires and good feelings possible, which clothes us in dazzling splendor and beauty. We appear clothed much as you do on earth.

A lady on earth thinks how she would like to be dressed. She then buys the material and employs a dressmaker; but we are not obliged to do all this. We think how we should like to be dressed—we desire to appear so and so—and our ethereal clothing forms about us according to our desires. The time at which the company is to arrive has been appointed and they are punctual.

Now the new-comer meets the very ones that he has so long worshiped, and longed to see and hear, and soon they are engaged in the art they all loved so well, and the grand old masters—who are now young, vigorous and beautiful, and have learned very much more than they knew on earth—are performing some of their grandest and most heavenly music, while the new-born is listening in an ecstasy of delight, and thinking how little he really knew, after all, about music.

There is something else I wish to impress forcibly on the minds of earth. Don't think we are forever in high flown ecstasy. We were made to be happy, laugh and be merry, and after we have the music we chat, laugh, joke, exchange ideas, or thoughts, poke fun, and have a gay and enjoyable time generally, in a refined and spiritual way, never descending to vulgarity. We leave that to the vicious and the vulgar. There is in another apartment a banquet spread, and the brilliancy and beauty of that spread is beyond anything on earth. We have what appears to be wine, yet is not like the wine of earth but a sparkling elixir of life that is a feeder of the spiritual life currents within us; we also have sparkling water. Our table is loaded with spiritual fruit, nuts, bread-fruit, and all the most dainty and delicate things imaginable that do not require cooking or the taking of life. Our table is decorated with flowers, besides other beautiful and sparkling decorations. The walls of the apartment are lined with exquisite paintings from the greatest masters of the art who have ever lived on earth, and a large number of little gems are set between. Now we take seats at this festive board and eat daintily. We talk and laugh

and are gay and happy. After supper we trip the light fantastic toe; we dance spiritual dances. Can one suppose that spirits never laugh, never dance, never make merry? Oh, you are mistaken.

Now I, before coming to this life, had become a very large, fat old lady, weighing more than two hundred pounds. Of course my dancing days were over, but my heart often danced, and when I saw the young and beautiful dance and make merry, I used to think sadly: "Can I never dance and be light-hearted more?" and I know that thousands of my earthly sisters often think the same. Cheer up, dear ones, your dancing days are not over, simply postponed for a short time. Soon you will be once more youthful, light, gay and happy beyond compare, and as beautiful as you can possibly desire. Now you must know that all these things exist here, else how could we educate our little ones—the babies and little children that come here at all times from earth? These little spirits must have their play, their games, as on earth; the young people must have amusement, they must, according to their nature, dance as on earth, and the old return again to their halcyon days.

Now all the teaching that our children have here is given in the form of play or amusement, and they seek it with avidity. No child is forced to do anything against its natural bent, and they should not be on earth.

Yours truly,

MADAM

LETTER NUMBER SIXTEEN.

No men or women should follow any calling that they do not like—that does not make them happy.

I know many hard-worked sewing women, on earth, who repine thus: "How I wish I were rich and could queen it in society. At my next reincarnation"—I am now speaking of those who believe in reincarnation—"I hope I shall be born into the family of a king, prince, or millionaire, that I may be a queen in society and a fashionable leader among the elite."

My poor darlings, you won't have to wait to be reincarnated, neither will it be at all necessary. You can be a queen in the spirit world just as soon as you are ready. You can be a leader among the elite just as soon as you are fitted to lead and have wisdom enough. It is knowledge that will make you happy here, not riches. I was once a needle-woman myself, in my earlier days on earth. Ah! I know just how you feel, and I will help all sewing-women; that is part of my mission.

I, at length, grew old and large, as I said before, but now I am youthful and light and, they tell me, very beautiful. I can trip the light fantastic toe with the best. I wanted to be a leader also, for, although of noble birth, my fortunes had fallen; but it is all right now. I became somewhat of a leader in thought, later in life, as well as an authoress. Ah! I made many mistakes and who does not? Our mistakes make us stronger in the end. By a mistake I mean that which we do not know to be such—that which we think is right at the time—that is mistake; but when one knows a thing to be wrong, that is evil, fraud, sin, that will have to be atoned for with pain and suffering; our mistakes, even, must be atoned for, but they do not bring the same remorse and suffering that wilful sin or evil does.

I forgot to tell you that my reception did not consist of great men alone, there was an equal number of great or gifted women present. I am a woman and I am determined to take the part of women. Do you think those men would have been very happy all alone by themselves? Why, they would need women there, if for no other reason but that they might worship them. Yet we did not worship them, we didn't think they were a bit better or more gifted than we were, and we were women just as much as we had been on earth, and they were men just the same as they had been.

I tell you, friends, we were even more womanly than we had been, and the men were more manly. Don't let that old, foolish idea get into your minds—that the spirits and angels are neither men nor women, but all as one sex. Nothing can be more untrue. The same law holds good here as on earth. We do not bear children, to be sure, but I never had a child when I was on earth, and there are thousands of other women who never bore children, but they are women for all that, just as much women as though they had borne children, and no woman bears children after a certain age. Is that any reason why she is not a woman, and just as much a woman as though she had?

Now you ask me: "Is there, then, love between the sexes?" and I answer most emphatically, yes! What ennobles a man or woman more than deep and constant love—eternal love, if you please? On earth it is the foundation of all things; without it nothing can be; without it there can be no men or women. Love is the creator of all things—sexual love, not platonic. How else could justice ever come to those who die young or in infancy? Are they never to know the joys of love? Out upon such nonsense! Are the unmarried and lonely never to know love and companionship of husband and wife? Are those who are most miserably mated to vicious, debauched and drunken husbands—or sometimes the reverse—are they never to know the joys of true love and companionship of a good, true husband or wife? Think again, my friends.

No; our spirit children grow up, they love, they mate and marry very much as you do, except that they are taught to whom they rightly belong and make no miserable mistakes.

A good and pure girl does not marry a vile man. Goodness is matched with goodness and purity with purity, and that is as it should be on earth.

Why, you ought to see some of the glorious weddings we have here. The act of a priest saying a few words over them does not marry them here.

Now, I don't want to be misconstrued. I don't want any body to think that this is not necessary on earth. No doubt it is, although it does not constitute true marriage; but, of course, as you are now, it is necessary, at least you think it is, and as one thinks so it is; but we do not marry that way here. A patriarch may say a few words of blessing over a young couple; but we celebrate marriage here as on earth, and our celebrations are often most grand and impressive. I hope to write you about one sometime, but I will add here that the sole end and aim of marriage is not propagation. It appears so sometimes on earth, but you will soon learn better when you get here. Husbands and wives on earth who have been married a great many years and have ceased to bear children, if they ever had any, find that their happiest time has been after they are too old to have children; they are more truly united, if there is any unity between them at all, than they were in their younger days; their love for each other is stronger; they grow into a oneness, or unity, that they knew nothing of at first; and if they are truly united they go on together in this life, happy and joyful.

Now, Professor Franz Petersilea has told me that he wrote, twenty years ago, about the employments in heaven. At that time no one seemed to accept it as true, not even Spiritualists. He sent the book, which he called "The Discovered Country"—for truly he felt that he had discovered a country new to him—by influencing his son, to a number of publishers, who, on glancing it over, considered that he was losing his mind, and returned it with most uncomplimentary remarks; but the son did not lose heart. He knew that the spirit of his father wrote it; he had evidence upon evidence of the fact, and he knew, also, that his father was not capable of falsehood, especially to the son he loved best of all the world; and now see how the world has moved on. Such men as Rev. M. J. Savage and Rev. Heber Newton, and many other divines, not only believe it but preach it from their pulpits; and who now thinks of calling them insane? No-

body. And now nearly all Spiritualists believe it. They are a little more chary about animal life, but let that pass at present, except a word or two.

That great and good man, Dr. J. M. Peebles says, as I now read in the mind of the medium, and as Professor Petersilea wrote twenty years ago: "The Spirit World is no shadowy realm but real and permanent. * * * There are forests, fields, flowers, sparkling fountains, flowing rivers, pleasant grottos, immense libraries, palatial mansions with gorgeous domes constellated and astral; cottages and princely palaces with tessellated floors, tapestried walls, diamond pointed ceiling and scenery of transcendent loveliness."

Now I advise every one who has read this in *The Progressive Thinker*, to copy it out in large, golden letters, and hang it in a conspicuous place in their very best room, and read it over thoughtfully every time the eye rests upon it. Professor Petersilea wrote the same thing twenty years ago, but no one believed him.

Now, Dearest Dr. Peebles, I once knew you when I was in the form. Perhaps you will remember me and guess who I am. I will whisper my name in your ear at home, but it will never do to write it. Those words that you uttered were the grandest truths you ever uttered; but, dear Doctor, just think for a moment. Would not those forests look a little lonely without a particle of animal life there? Animal life is higher up the scale than forest life. Would not those groves and meadows lack something if there was not a bird there to sing? Would not those waters appear void without the beautiful fish? Would not those cottages and homes look as though they lacked something without a domestic animal pet such as horse, dog, cow, cat, bird, especially the dear little humming-bird and butterfly; and all these things are higher than the groves, the waters, the mountains, the fields, and so forth. Why did nature, or spiritual law, leave out the higher, or the middle strata of life, and accept, or form the lowest and the highest, the highest being the spirit of man, or human spirit? Dear Doctor, remember that spirit is life and life is spirit, no matter what that life may be, or in what form it appears.

I now read in the mind of the medium: "But Dr. Peebles once said, or wrote, of a singing bird in the heavens, or spirit world."

Doctor, if one bird has been permitted to exist in the spheres, how can it be that all others are excluded? If one bird lives, all must, else it would be a miracle, and there are no miracles; and if one bird lives, all animal and insect life must live also, for natural law could not allow the birds to live and not other animal life as well, for a bird is but a flying animal. O, Doctor, the truth is grander than even you thought it to be—but to go on with my subject.

It is now conceded by nearly all Spiritualists, and taught by many divines, notably Rev. Savage and Rev. Newton, that there are employments in heaven much like those of earth; and this is true. Now if there are employments, you must see at once that there must be amusements as well; and this is true; but the cruel sports are all left below and will go out of date there after awhile. People don't go fishing here, for fun, with a cruel barbed hook for the poor fish to swallow and then writhe in agony until they die. Men don't go out, here, to shoot poor, little birds, and other small, harmless animals, for fun, and consider it fine sport; neither do they set hounds to chase poor little, defenseless rabbits and hares, that they may, at last, shoot cruel shot into their panting sides. Think of it, ye men who have immortal souls. Put a picture before your eyes of one poor, little, innocent hare, flying for its life before a pack of great baying hounds, and great men on foot and on horseback, flying after the hounds and rabbit that they may shoot the poor, little, terrified, defenseless mite. Look at yourselves, ye great, egotistical egos, and see how ridiculous you appear, and what horrible ogres you really are.

No; there is nothing of that kind here in the spirit world, but all innocent and harmless amusements and sports we have. Theaters abound in the spirit world, but representations of vice and crime are left out. Our theaters are great educators of the spirit people. Many who would not understand a scientific lecture, would enjoy and comprehend the same truths if given in a sparkling play; and, then, our youths and children need them, and they are enjoyed by both the learned and the unlearned, and, speaking in earthly parlance, by both young and old; then, we have great rejoicings and festivities of all kinds which are adapted to innocent minds and also wise ones.

If we have water we also have boats, but they are pleas-

ure boats. We do not have locomotives or cars; we do not need them. We do not have mills or factories; we do not need them. But concerts, theaters, lectures, balls, parties and receptions we do have in plenty, and a thousand other things that I cannot describe, for they transcend anything you have upon the earth, consequently I am not able to give it through the mind of a medium.

No need to be reincarnated, my dears. You will find all that you need without it.

All you on earth who have aspired to be actors and actresses, but owing to circumstances could not, will find ample opportunity here. All who have aspired to be singers and musicians, but were disappointed, will become such here. Why, you ought to hear some of our prima donnas; nothing like it was ever heard on earth—and operas glorious! Plenty of opportunity for Wagner and all other great operatic composers. If you want to follow the calling of a music teacher, such calling you may follow with profit and pleasure and then give pupils' concerts and other concerts, with grand Rubinstein often as leader, and as often Wagner, Mozart, and all the other mighty musicians. You may also lead, yourself, if you please and are qualified; and for lectures, teachers of all grades and descriptions, plenty of employment, here. No money in it, of course, but plenty of love, honor and respect—but for the old school of doctors there is no employment. You will have to make the most of your time on earth, for there is no sickness among the spirits except that of the mind. But the hypnotic suggester will have a good time and plenty to do. Better turn your minds in that direction, my good doctors, else you will not be wanted. And you, creed-bound, orthodox divines and Catholics, better come along with the rest or you will be left far behind.

Now, again, I read in the mind of the medium about an earthly teacher who adopted a little baby girl and taught her through what to her meant play or amusement; and she became one of the most learned of children. That is precisely what we do here, and the way we do it. Everything that a child or youth learns here is placed before it as pleasing amusement or play, or something that is delightful and beautiful; and that reminds me that you all ought to buy the book called, "Mary Ann Carew," written by herself through this medium. You will find it at the

office of The Progressive Thinker. This lady was the mother of Carlyle Petersilea. She passed into spirit life when he was but three years of age. She had little children in the spirit world and left two or three on earth. In that book she describes how children are educated—tells of her own and others. The book is an exquisite history of her own experience in the spirit world, and her maiden name on earth was, Mary Ann Carew. She was the first wife of Professor Franz Petersilea; a lovely and beautiful creature. I have often met this lady here, and know whereof I speak.

We have no prisons, no penitentiaries, no police courts, no courts of any kind. All you officers and keepers of those things, better turn your attention toward education, and ameliorating the condition of mankind, so that, after a little you may be able to turn your prisons, jails and penitentiaries into educational halls and institutions of learning; then you will not feel so strange when you get here, and will find plenty of employment.

All things of this nature that you commence on earth will reach up into the spheres and you can go right on with them, much to your delight.

Yours truly,

MADAM

LETTER NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

At this time I wish to write on the marriage question. The medium says, "O, Madam! Do not." But I am a woman and I will. When a woman says she will, she will; and when she says she won't, she won't; be sure of that. If I write at all I intend to write that which I wish to write. I am not writing to please the world, but to give to the world truthful information on subjects of paramount importance, and if marriage is not an all-important subject, surely, what is?

Now the medium says, "O, Madam! We shall be called free-lovers. We shall have it said of us that we exert a pernicious influence. It will not do to write on the marriage question at all, dear Madam."

Won't it? We shall see. It would take a great many egotistical egos to hinder me, I think.

As I said before, I am a woman, and when with you in the flesh, suffered the most horrible agonies and untold tortures from a so-called marriage, a marriage contracted in the first flush of my early girlhood, a marriage contracted when I was an innocent, unsophisticated child, ready and willing to trust the whole world, not understanding, in the least, the base wickedness, the two-faced falseness, the egotistical, dominant, domineering qualities that are possessed by a very large proportion of the male half of the world. Of course I mean the earthly world, for it is to those in the flesh I am writing.

If there can be anything more awful and pernicious than a base, false alliance between a man and a woman, I am yet to know it. It is one of the great, black, deadly nightmares under which the world is laboring at the present time, blindly, ignorantly stumbling on, not willing to wake up and understand truth as it is, although suffering in the nightmare's clutch, with faculties all benumbed.

I call upon your divorce courts to witness the truth of my statement, also the wretched, suffering wives who are not divorced. I am not talking to those who are reasonably well mated; not to those who might be much happier together if they but made the effort; not to those who might adapt themselves to each other if they would; not to those who desire to be re-united in the spirit world; no, not to any of these—all who wish to be reunited in the spirit world will, or may be, if they have not rendered it impossible by their own baseness—but to those who are irretrievably and entirely miserable; to those where there can be no union no matter what methods might be adopted.

Your world is reeling under this stupendous burden, calling loudly for help, for wisdom, for knowledge on this great and all-important subject; but if one dares to rise up and speak or write on the marriage question, the dogs are let loose and the hue and cry begins, "Free lover! Affinity hunter! Pernicious doctrine! Soul mates! Two halves that make one whole! O, horrible!"

Keep quiet. Hide your head. Let the dominant male tell you what you ought to write and say; just as Paul did in the days long gone by. Cover your heads, O, ye women! Be abased and shamed, and dare not to speak in public or in the church; suffer and be silent, O ye slaves and vassals! Creep home and ask the dominant male, if you desire to know anything, and he will tell you precisely what he wants to. It is his wishes and desires that you are to obey. Dare not to differ from him in anything, for is not his word law? Is he not the ruler of the world? And I answer sadly, He is at present. Not because he is worthy to be, but because he is the positive, dominant party; he, at present, represents positive brute force.

But changes are coming to you. Slowly and gradually the spiritual shall arise and Truth shall take woman by the hand and lead her forth from her bondage, for man, or the dominant, positive, egotistical ego has thus far made her a slave. If Truth points upward and says to her in her misery, "you are yet destined, in that higher world, to be united to the other half of yourself, to the one you failed to meet on earth, who will be your loving and joyful companion, the complement of your spirit and soul," we hear the cry, from the dominant male, of course, "seething passion!" Why, the seething passion is within the

one who cries; he is looking through his own passions. Pure, holy, soul love, does not abide with him; and he who cries "free love," is usually a free lover in secret, or worse. Love is not the word. The other word I will omit, but it begins with an L. The one who calls out, "affinity hunter," is usually he who leers at every woman he meets, and secretly follows a poor but pretty shop girl returning home from her work at ten o'clock in the evening, and insults her on the first dark corner.

Friends, I know whereof I speak. I was a shop girl, for a short time, myself, on earth; or if not a girl, a very young woman whom they called pretty, and scarcely a night passed as I hastened home from my toil, weary and well nigh heart-broken, timid and frightened, that some one of the male sex did not secretly follow and accost me at the first favorable opportunity where he thought he should not be noticed by others. With disgusted and averted face, my weary feet would quicken almost into a run and, with wildly fluttering heart, at length reach my own door or, rather, the door of the house wherein I had a poor little room. But it was a haven and home to me then, a refuge and rest, although a lonely one, from insult. And these are the very men who cry "free love" the loudest and most vehemently; and I now know that they were, the most of them, church members and followers after Paul, who had faithful wives at home from whom they expected and exacted obedience; and if these modest, shamefaced wives wanted to know anything, they must ask their husbands in all meekness, and these precious husbands would tell them what they pleased, always omitting the fact that they had followed a pretty shop-woman, hoping thereby to gain her favor; but before returning home to these meek wives, they usually gained favors in other directions. Perhaps from some poor victim of some other man's wiles.

Now any man who reads this, being perfectly innocent of anything of this nature, we do not mean you. You are at liberty to step one side; but all men who are guilty, I arraign you before a tribunal of justice, for, let me tell you, there is a strict law of justice and recompense for all deeds done in the body, or in the spirit, for that matter.

Thousands of wives, such as I have mentioned, come to the spirit world before their husbands. Shortly after arriving here they very naturally return and put themselves

en rapport with the husbands they have so lately left, when the entire secret lives of the husbands lie before them like an open book. How many poor wives who have loved their husbands devotedly, who have never wavered in their love and truthfulness to them, have I watched as they recoiled in horror upon reading page after page of the supposedly hidden vices; how many have I watched as they turned away disgusted and sorrowful, their wifely love dying within them at the sight of that which they had never before even suspected.

Now all you honorable gentlemen who have not had vices, nor have been untruthful nor disloyal to your wives, you are not meant, and the love of your wives when they return to you in spirit will suffer no diminution, they will be likely to remain near you, providing your love for them continues, and wait for you until you join them in the spirit world. But if you marry another woman in the earth life, as the most of you do, what then?

No man or woman is entitled to more than one husband or wife, for we are not polygamous here in the spirit world, that is, not the enlightened portion of it.

There are many men who have had two, or three, or even four wives, and some women have had as many husbands—I do not mean those who have been separated by divorce, but by so-called death—and you are told by some of your earthly savants that husbands and wives, together with their families, are reunited in the spiritual world. Now which husband and which wife is the one to whom they are reunited? These same savants, in the same breath, will tell you that they neither marry nor are given in marriage in the heavens, still they say that husbands and wives are reunited in the heavens or spirit world.

According to this there can be but a very small number thus reunited, for there are but very few men or women on earth who have not had more than one husband or wife. There are comparatively few aged couples who have lived together up to near the period of transition, very few indeed, and if you were here with me you would know it.

Now, as Mr. Ingersoll often said and still says: "Let us be reasonable." Perhaps one man and one woman in ten thousand has been fortunate enough to marry and live together up to near the departure of one another. If such

are reunited and only such, where does the law of justice come in?

These savants will also say that all become as one sex, that is, they do not retain manhood or womanhood but individualize into neither one thing nor the other. Then why should these comparatively few husbands and wives be reunited who have been fortunate enough to have had but one each? If they are neither male nor female, why should they reunite themselves? for by the time they reach the spirit world their children, if they have had any, are men and women themselves, with families of their own, probably many of them living to old age, and perhaps many of these same children will have had more than one husband or wife, and mayhap children by each.

Now if one speaks of an eternal soul companion, one and one only throughout eternity, these same unreasonable savants will cry out: "Pernicious doctrine! Untruthful doctrine! Seething passions! Free love! Unrest!" and so forth. But how the uniting of one man and one woman throughout eternity can be called free love and seething passion I fail to see. Quite the contrary, for unrest and seething passions are very apt to assail those who have not arrived at a point of development where they are capable of discovering the truth as it really is.

Men and women who are truly united in the earthly sphere will not be separated in the spirit world. All who love each other, desiring to remain together, surely will do so; but there is no law here that compels a man and woman to live together who do not wish to, and who do not love each other.

In writing of soul mates, I write of a higher, holier law than pertains to earth, a law that many on earth are not yet capable of understanding. This law does not yet apply to earth unless the parties are so far advanced in spiritual knowledge that they are able to understand.

This law has nothing to do with the baser passions, nothing to do with passional attraction between the sexes, nothing to do with seething passions of any kind, nothing to do with propagation, it is the great eternal, unchangeable law of soul mates, far, far above all earthly conditions or passions, for a man is but half a being, a woman the other half, and a soul is never complete until it is reunited to the other half of itself, until it has become absorbed once more into oneness, rounded out into perfec-

tion; and the only reason why this eternal oneness became separated was for the purpose of propagation, the propagation of mankind on earth, that children might have a father and a mother, and when this separated soul has performed its mission on earth it is again united into oneness in the heavens.

Now I, Madam —, have given you an eternal truth. Swedenborg also perceived it as have many others, and free love, seething passions, and so forth, have nothing to do with it. It does not matter whether the separated halves ever meet on earth or not; still they often do and are united in earthly marriage oftener, perhaps, than many suppose; and those thus married never feel unrest, never desire to be separated, never feel the slightest inclination to be united to any other; the thought would fill them with horror and aversion. So, my well-meaning but mistaken savants, do not worry about it. The law will take care of itself; and every soul that exists will have strict justice meted out to it by this great eternal law of soul mates; not one will escape; not one can escape; not one will desire to escape. It is not material body mates, but eternal soul mates. Material bodies mate in the material regardless of soul. This is all right but fleeting. Souls mate in the spirit and soul world. This is eternal and lasting, as souls are immortal and eternal.

There are other points that I should like to touch upon that all ought to know.

You are told that husbands and wives are re-united in the spirit world together with their children.

O, friends! Think a little deeper. Think out the problem for yourselves and you will soon see that this cannot be so. That they can see each other, can visit each other is true, but that they are again united as before is not true, and I will not make a statement that I cannot prove, absolutely prove through the common reasoning power of mankind. It does not require very deep reasoning either.

A young couple on earth marry. They have a family of children. Perhaps the first child dies in infancy. It may be the second or third. It may be one, or two, or three. The mother and the rest of the family weep and say, "We shall meet our darling again in heaven, or the spirit world." Time goes on. Many other children are born to them. A part, or perhaps most of them,

live to become men and women. They marry and have children of their own. We will say the father and mother live to old age. They are grand-parents. Many of their grand-children die in infancy or perhaps as youths or maidens, for people are dying at all ages. Well, it may be the first couple mentioned live to be seventy years of age. Their little one, or more, died fifty years ago. That little one would, if it had lived on earth, have been fifty years old; in all probability a grand-parent. Now what does one suppose that child has been doing in the spirit world all those fifty years? Would one think it still a little babe, waiting to be reunited to its father and mother? Such thought would be folly. That child or children has long years ago grown to maturity and as progress is much more rapid in the spheres than on earth, that child has long ago become a bright and shining angel, far far beyond its earthly parents in wisdom and glory; it has long since been united to its own other self, and together they are many spheres beyond the earthly sphere, and unless they were to make themselves known to their parents the parents would not recognize them. They may visit those parents, they may act as guardian spirits, but that is all. They are not united as before.

We will say the parents live on earth until old age. Perhaps the father dies first, or it may be the mother. A bright and shining angel, filled with wisdom, comes to that mother; it says to her, "I was once, on earth, your little child. Fifty years ago you called me by such a name. Do you remember?" The mother gazes at the angel but can trace no resemblance between the glorious being and the little puny, dying babe of long ago. That angel may love and assist the parents in their onward progress, but they can never be reunited as before.

Then what can be said of those who have had two or even three husbands or wives on earth and children by them all, many of them having died? The first and second wife or husband are in spirit life; or, it may be a husband dies while living with his last wife with whom he has lived a great many years longer than with his first wife. The wife left on earth marries again, the wife in the spirit world has been here perhaps thirty or forty years, more or less as the case may be. What has she been doing all this time? Waiting to be reunited to her former husband, who in the meantime has been married

to another woman who has also borne him a family of children?

Friends, you cannot fail to see the absurdity of all this. Families cannot be united in the heavens as formerly. Shall that husband wait for his last wife who has married again, or shall he be reunited to the first one who died so many years ago?

Now these are not idle questions, dear friends, but of paramount importance, especially when the wise savants of earth are teaching that families are reunited in heaven.

Then, what shall be said of the thousands upon thousands of divorced men and women who have had families, or a number of children, and the divorced ones are married again and also have other children? What shall be said of the polygamous nations, those men who have had many wives? David and Solomon as examples. Are these men to be reunited to their numerous wives and heaven knows how many children?

No, no, friends. Not so. Think more deeply.

Professor Franz Petersilea, on coming to the spirit world, determined to inform his son just how these things were, and his actual experience is narrated in the book called "The Discovered Country," also his first wife wrote her experience in a book called "Mary Ann Carew." These are truthful biographies of the spirits who wrote them, and they will show that it is impossible for families to be reunited in heaven just as they were united on earth.

Yours sincerely,

MADAM

LETTER NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

We are very sorry that some think these messages are works of the imagination—the imagination of the medium—for such is not the case. Because we are giving many things through this sensitive that we have not been able to give through some others, is no evidence that they are works of the imagination, in other words, fiction, not true.

Spiritualists, of all others, should be the last to accuse an honorable and high-minded person, such as our medium is, of trying to palm off fiction for truth. It is very true that we have inspired the medium to write stories for publication that were not strictly true in detail. We did this in order to show truthful principles, thinking such tales would be more readable and interesting to the general public, and that we could accomplish more in that way than by long, dry dissertations; and we find that we were right. Thousands have been brought to know the truth, who would never have learned it in any other way; especially have these stories reached women, youths and maidens, together with children, who never would have read dry, philosophic, scientific essays, written altogether by old men, as set in their way of thinking as the everlasting hills, and as dry and pedantic as an arid desert without a drop of water wherewith to cool the parched tongue—or mind, rather.

One man wrote to the medium that after reading one of the so-called philosophers, he felt so muddled in his ideas, and so feverish in his head, that he usually was obliged to douse it in cold water to gain his equilibrium once more. But whenever we have written stories we have named them such, that none might be deceived.

When writing these messages, and two of the books, we have said they were true, and we hope to be believed.

Because some truths which we have given, apparently conflict with those given by some other spirits, is no reason that what we give is false and that which they give is true, or that we are lying and wicked spirits while the others cannot make a mistake. Mediums differ in their powers. Some are lucid and some obtuse. Some are willing to accept new ideas and impressions, while others are dogmatic and set in preconceived notions. Yet we desire that all should be harmonious in the spiritual vineyard, and a truth that we cannot give through one we try to give through another. By doing so we are able to reach all classes of minds, the young, the old, the frivolous, the thoughtful. Like the parable of old, we go forth to sow the seed of truth, and some little seed will find its way into some mind and take root and grow. But in order to do this we must use all kinds of sowers or mediums, each one being adapted to a particular kind of work; one being able to reach one class of minds and another another. So, mediums, one and all, let us give you a little advice. Dwell together in brotherly and sisterly love and do not try one to injure another; for how can you say that the Lord has not called that other into his vineyard to work as well as yourself? By the Lord we mean the voice of the spirit, or spirits and angels, and nothing more was meant in the olden time.

Now, if we write through this medium of eternal soul mates, it is because we are able to do so, and might not be able to give this great, eternal truth through another; yet through that other we might be able to give something that we could not through this one. Therefore, "Judge not, that ye be not judged. What measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Again, we are able to write through this medium, of our life here, and give you a thousand and one details concerning it. Through another we might not be able to give one, and yet be able to give many things concerning earth life that would be much to the advantage of the dwellers within the material. Take heed that ye call not each other falsifiers, for one has one gift and another another, each one according to his gift.

Now, in this message we intend to write of soul mates. Not material body mates; not mates of anykind on a pas-sional plane; not affinities even; for many affinities who are not soul mates.

When we say soul mates, we mean soul, pure, divine fire; for of this the soul is composed; the spark from the eternal ocean of divine life, the little globe of divine fire, the germ which is breathed in by man, and from thence enters his blood, and after other processes which need not be enumerated here, at length becomes a living human being or I may say two living human beings, to be better comprehended, but not by the same parents. This germ, or spark, or translucent globe of pure soul fire is positive and negative in its nature, male and female. The divine life is not male, or he, but male and female, he and she, and the he and she are one in the divine life.

Now in its first, or perfect state, this globe contains the male and the female in one, otherwise there would be no equilibrium in nature, otherwise all might happen to be males or females, or a few males and the rest females, or a few females and the remainder males, or there might be a large preponderance of one sex over the other. But nature does nothing haphazard like this. No, the spark, or globe of divine fire, is male and female, positive and negative.

Now, when man breathes in this globe, or germ, by a natural process which we may not speak of here, it, during the process, separates; the positive or negative half, as the case may be, becoming a spermatozoa; the other half is thrown back into the ether or air to be inhaled by some other male and incarnated as soon as may be; the half thus thrown out, or exhaled, is not now a perfect globe; being but the half, it takes on an oblong form, consequently remains close to earth, thereby becoming incarnated more quickly than a perfect or whole spark or germ. Now these are born into earth life male and female, by different parents, that is, one father and mother begets the male and another father and mother begets the female; one is a boy, the other a girl, but in the soul germ, or divine globe of fire, they were one, and as angels, or perfected souls, they will be one again. It is of this we write and not of earthly passion or of seething passions of any kind but of the divine, immortal soul, pure and holy.

Of course we do not expect all will understand this, and there are those who may twist or distort our meaning through malice or envy, and call our inoffensive medium a free-lover or affinity-hunter, and so on ad nauseam; that won't change the great, divine, eternal law one iota, for

it is unalterable, unchangeable. Not a creature ever born on earth could change it if it would; but of course our medium is at present dwelling within the material, and exquisitely sensitive, otherwise we should not be able to tell of these things, and to be called a free-lover or affinity-hunter hurts; moreover, he has a precious wife of his own whom he believes to be his own true other half, and whom we know to be such, consequently he could not look on another woman except as a friend or sister. The thought, even, would be horrible to him. So lay aside your fears, friends, for no harm will ever come to the world through this man—but, to go on:

Now it does not matter whether the two halves meet on earth or not, for, as has been said by another writer in *The Progressive Thinker*, any other half can be got along with very comfortably by trying to adapt themselves to each other, that is, the other writer said that there might be a number of women from which a man might choose a wife and either one of them would make a suitable companion for him if they tried to overlook each other's faults and strove to make each other happy. Perhaps these are not his exact words. The medium cannot remember, but this is the meaning, and it is true.

The law of soul mates does not pertain to earth at all. It does not matter whether they ever meet on earth or not. The separation of the positive and negative portions of the divine fire globe, or germ, is for the purpose of propagation, that children may have a father and mother for the short period of earthly life; and the yet shorter period of the few years that propagation is possible for this does not average twenty years in the lives of any couple—and whether they meet or not is unimportant considering the eons of ages of immortality and eternity. A husband and wife who dearly loved each other on earth might, even in the spheres, go on for a great length of time together, but the separation would inevitably come if they were not soul mates. Earthly marriages are for time. Soul mates are for eternity. Earthly marriages are for earth and should be kept inviolate, the husband as pure and true as the wife; otherwise, no matter how soon they are dissolved, the sooner the better. No pure wife should live with an impure husband, and vice versa, and each husband and wife should live true and pure to one another, seeking no affinities, nor even

soul mates, for this is not of earth but for the heavens and for those of earth who may be unmarried and far enough progressed to understand the law, and for him or her who cannot understand it it is not, until the time comes when they can or do, for that time will surely come sooner or later.

Now the knowledge of this great law would not be given to earth if the time had not come when for the good of the world it must be, and we must give it through the mediums who are best adapted for the purpose.

"Why do you give it now?" do you ask?

If you were here, as we are, you would not ask. If you were to look upon the terrible misery of a great portion of humanity, you would not ask. If you could look upon the hopeless, loveless lives of millions of women, you would not ask. If you could look upon the reckless intemperance and debauchery of millions of men, you would not ask.

We as spiritual beings do not confine our gaze to a few Spiritualists or a clique or sect of anykind, or to a few staid, country-bred people, but to the teeming, swarming millions of people inhabiting the great cities of the earthly globe. Where would be the justice and recompense to those vast multitudes who have never known love or companionship, if there were not a great natural law that would eventually right all wrongs? for Nature loves every soul alike; there is not one that shall not be garnered up; there is not one that shall not at length have home, love and happiness; not one that shall be forgotten or left alone.

We do not write for the happy, or particularly for the respectable, or to please this, that or the other one, or to make money for the medium, or that he may gain popularity or become a leader of any sect, church or creed—not even the creed of the Spiritualists—not even of the sect it will soon become—but for the great suffering world; the great wicked world; the gaunt and famished men and women; the despairing and the hopeless; the miserable lonely seamstresses in garrets; the poor, wretched washer-women with debauched and drunken husbands; the hopeless, sad-eyed prostitutes, the victims of man's lust and treachery, whose wrongs can never be righted on earth; and to all those who are more sinned against than sinning; to the lonely ones on deserts and

prairies, and to all souls on earth whose misery seems greater than they can bear; to such we bring the glad tidings. Cheer up, dear ones. Heaven, home and love are all in store for you. The miseries of earth are but for a day. The joys of heaven for all time and eternity.

This from the band of spiritual beings who are often attracted to the one who has been kind enough to write for them this, their message. I stepped one side that they might write. Yours truly,

MADAM

LETTER NUMBER NINETEEN.

It has been said of late that many scientific men have come to the conclusion that life exists within every particle of matter of which the earth is composed; but this is not true, as we here in spirit life know full well.

Franz Petersilea wrote the truth, as it really is in his book, "The Discovered Country;" it is also given in his three other published books. I wish here, now, to add my testimony to the truth of what he wrote, and the entire band of spirits—of which I am a member, as is also Franz Petersilea—also desire to add their testimony. It is an error, it surely is a mistaken idea. We, or the band of messengers to which I belong, want to set the world right on all important subjects, and this is one of the most important.

As we have said again and again in these letters, all life, whatsoever its kind, exists in germinal points, or life germs, or soul germs—all meaning the same thing—and these germs are forever within the ethereal atmosphere. Of course the ethereal atmosphere permeates the earth's atmosphere. These divine or pure germs are not, properly speaking, spirit but soul. Soul is life and life is soul, but as has been written, an atom is composed of a point of pure spirit or magnetism which draws to itself, and with which it covers itself, an equal amount of matter.

Now if your microscopes were powerful enough with

which to examine an atom, it would be found in form like an egg, an egg so minute that it is not visible to the naked eye nor as yet through a microscope, but that counts for nothing. It is distinctly visible to the eyes of spiritual beings who are wise enough to think about the subject at all. The matter surrounds the spirit, or magnetism, and together they form the atom, but the germ of life—the soul-germ—is not there; that remains and resides within the ether, waiting until conditions are right for it to enter earthly substance wherein it develops into that which it is designed to be.

My friends, matter, spirit, and soul form all the universes that exist forever and forever; but matter and spirit are merely the clothing for the soul, or the life. Spirit is not life, neither is matter. Life is not, at first, within either until it enters, or is attracted, when the proper time comes for it to do so.

Now if these wise men will examine the truth in this light, it will shine brightly upon them. Why ignore such a great, universal truth, when it is so plain and simple? The writer of this wants no credit. You can have it all. It is only simple truth we want to give you. Matter, Spirit and Soul. If soul originated within matter, as these savants teach, man could not be immortal, for matter would return to its own, neither could he be immortal if there were nothing but spirit, for spirit is simply the clothing of the soul.

When one is in the body of flesh, one is soul, spirit and matter; spirit and matter being the clothing of the soul. As this soul germ develops, it throws off matter but takes spirit along with it into the spiritual realm, and the spiritual realm is composed of the spirits of all things that have held life, or a living germ, consequently life is immortal. It never had a beginning, it can never have an end, but it possesses the power of development. If the soul germ, having no beginning nor ending, enters matter and spirit for the purpose of development, simply casting aside its outer coverings as it grows, why, immortality is a self-evident fact; it needs no other demonstration.

But life is complex, beginning with the simplest forms and ending with the greatest and grandest; but if man came up through the tadpole and so forth, he would return to the tadpole and so on—I am here speaking of the

soul or life germ—he would surely go back from whence he came; but, not coming from these but from the pure fountain of life, or the fountain of soul germs which do not originate either within matter or spirit, he returns to that from which he was taken, as a developed entity, or soul.

O, how pure and simple and clear this is to one who understands! My soul, your soul, or the soul of Charles Darwin, never crept up through a long chain of animal life—never, never, dear friends—but the soul of Charles Darwin was the undeveloped soul germ of Charles Darwin from all time, patiently waiting its development, not yet conscious, or, rather, not yet self-conscious, that was to come with his development. It was the same with me. It was the same with you. One species of animal life does not merge or run into another. All are distinct. A star-fish is a star-fish from all time. A clam, a clam. A violet never becomes a rose, and a lily is a lily from all time. A sheep never becomes a bear or a lion, nor a forest deer a clucking hen, or vice versa. All are separate and distinct, and so are the nations of earth. The black, the white, the red, and the copper colored, for all are true to their own soul germ life. Your soul or mine never resided within the monkey or gorilla, but we came pure from the great eternal fountain of life, a little germ or spark of that life, a distinct drop or germ from that divine source. Some call it God. Some, Infinite Intelligence. The source of all life is certainly infinitely intelligent, for the fountain of life is all intelligence, is pure intelligence.

If a man is intelligent he came from an intelligent source or he could not be intelligent; he is simply a spark of intelligence developed or progressed, and the stream cannot rise above its fountain.

Now we do not tell you there is a personal God as he has been understood, in time past or time present, by many, or that Infinite Intelligence is in the form of a man or God somewhere, for such is not the case, that is, if such is the case we here in spirit life do not know it, and we have never seen such a God, but we do know of angels that are called God-angels. There are spirits, angels, arch-angels and god-angels. The god-angels are supposed, by us, to be all-wise, all-good, all-beneficent. They are, to us, bright and shining as your sun is to you

of earth—so bright we cannot look at them for they blind and dazzle our sight. But I cannot tell you of them for, of course, I am far below their altitude. They, also, are in circles or bands, which leads us to suppose that that which is called God, or Infinite Intelligence, runs in infinite circles of intelligence. Matter runs in infinite circles from infinite atoms to infinite worlds. Spirit runs in infinite circles from the heart of the atom to the heart of infinity, and soul is in circles from the living germ of the moss to that of man, angel, arch-angel and God-angel. Farther than this I am not able to tell you. But do not sneer at Infinite Intelligence, for you are, or will be, infinitely intelligent yourself, whoever you may be, having sprung from the eternal source of infinite intelligence.

We, in spirit life, have been listening intently to the contradictory opinions of those who believe in Infinite Intelligence, and those who do not; but how you can rid yourselves of Infinite Intelligence we fail to see. You certainly all think that you are to become infinitely intelligent, and as there has been intelligence from all time and will be to all eternity and all time and space are filled by it, how can infinite intelligence be ignored? Why, it needs no proof. It is self-evident for intelligence itself is infinite or there could be no immortality. It seems to us that this must be clear, even to a little child. It is simply the great male God, Yahveh, that should be annihilated or forced into oblivion, the horrible, Jewish Jehovah. It seems to us that when we can conceive of Infinite Intelligence we are becoming as broad as eternity, and we certainly cannot get outside of eternity. We may let Infinite Intelligence sleep, but it is only sleep, it will waken up again; it is not dead for it is a living, speaking intelligence.

We do not write this article for the purpose of siding with one clique or another, but we write that which is eternally true as far as we here in spirit life are able to understand it. A certain amount of intelligence dwells within all things that have **life**. The least life has the least little spark, while the greatest amount that you are cognizant of dwells within mankind. And thus it is from the atom to the angel and the God-angel.

But there are other worlds that hold beings who are as far beyond man in intelligence as he is beyond the least mite of intelligence that exists on your earth.

It has been a great error to call all below man, instinct, and has led to great misunderstanding and entanglement. Friends, give up the idea of instinct, together with your Jewish Yahveh, or Jehovah, or God. Give them both up. That which you have called instinct is simply lesser intelligence. That which you have called God is a magnified, cruel Jew, of the male gender. Let these foolish notions go and grasp Infinite Intelligence. Let your male Jehovah go and grasp male and female in one, or at oneness. Infinite Intelligence is both male and female, for both are intelligent, one as intelligent as the other.

Yours truly,

MADAM

LETTER NUMBER TWENTY.

It is often said by those of earth that it is useless for people to speculate about how it may be in the spirit world, they had better turn their attention toward improving the condition of those who live upon the earth. If what we have to tell you was mere speculation on the part of the medium, the foregoing remarks would be just, but speculation has nothing to do with these letters or messages, neither are they the vagaries of an uncurbed imagination, and those who make such remarks are dealing unjustly with spiritual things and are sending forth unjust thoughts toward the medium. We know very well that many of these persons do not intend to be unjust, but because this particular power does not belong to them, they immediately come to the conclusion that it must be speculative or imaginary on the part of our sensitive. We pray you not to put stumbling blocks in our way but listen to what we have to say.

That we are not able to give through all mediums what we can through this one, is true, but that fact counts for nothing. No two mediums are alike. Their powers differ. Probably there is not another sensitive upon the earth through whom we can give precisely the same things that we can through this one; but because of this fact what we are able to give through this one should not

be despised or called untruthful, or mere speculation, or the vagaries of an uncurbed imagination.

Spiritualists, of all others, should not be unjust toward each other. We find it impossible through this one to tell you just how you should arrange your earthly affairs; through another we are able to give you a great deal of information on such points; and thus all differ. It is well for the world that they do—well for the earthly world and well for the spiritual world. We should have little encouragement if one medium was precisely like another.

Suppose there could not be found upon your earth any flowers but daisies and these all precisely alike? Natural laws do not work thus: quite the contrary for no two things upon the earth, or within the heavens, are precisely alike. The gifts and powers of no two men are precisely alike. What is utterly impossible for one is accomplished with ease by another. So wonder not at what we are able to tell you through this particular medium and say that those of earth cannot know how it is within the spiritual world, for it can be known; therefore we admonish you, listen gravely to what we are able to tell you about it, and do not grieve the heart of our sensitive and throw a wet blanket on our endeavors to do so. So do not call us liars and deceivers because we are able to tell you something that you may not already know, for if there is nothing more to tell than what you already know, progression is at an end, and it is this very progress that you as Spiritualists are all talking so much about.

Another thing we wish to say, Do not suppose that Charles Darwin, Robert Ingersoll, Helena Blavatsky, and a great many others whom you have called great, think and teach precisely what they did when within their earthly forms, for each and all of such personages have found many things different from what they had thought them to be when they dwelt with you in the flesh. They now desire to tell you how they have found it, and this sensitive is one of the best that they can find through whom to tell you.

Robert G. Ingersoll wishes to tell you that he was wrong—that he made a mistake when on earth. We beg of you to allow him to do so.

You say, as Spiritualists, that you believe that spirits communicate with the people of earth; then why dash

cold water in the face of such, when they try to do so, by saying you do not believe it to be the spirit of Robert G. Ingersoll.

Charles Darwin found on coming here that he had made mistakes—that in many things he had been right, but in some others wrong. He, also, desires to rectify such mistakes. Do not render it impossible for him to do so by holding doggedly to the errors that he so much desires to eradicate. He wants to tell you of involution, which should go hand in hand with evolution, but his earthly followers will have none of it, which grieves him sorely. Do not push the returning spirit from you, we beg. If you do there can be no progress.

Madam Blavatsky also wishes to tell you that although she was right in many things, in some others she was mistaken—the most important of all being reincarnation—and she now begs that you will not continue in this error, for she has found it to be utterly without foundation in truth. Why not allow us to return and rectify the mistakes we made when in the body of flesh? There is not a man or woman living on the earth to-day who, when they get here, will not discover that they have been mistaken in many things, and their first and greatest desire will be to rectify these mistakes if possible. Why render it impossible for them to do so? No matter how great you now consider them to have been, they were but fallible men and women, liable to be mistaken in many things, and because they are good and great, is the reason why they wish to correct the mistakes they made.

A great musician dwells in a world of rhythm and harmony; his soul vibrates in a different key from that of ordinary men—different from that of those who do not dwell in this exalted region. Those who do not understand music have not the slightest idea of its deep spiritual significance; they are not in harmony or sympathy with the soul of the master of music. When one has become a master in music, he has mastered it, consequently his soul dwells above and beyond that which he has mastered; and when a musician has mastered all that earth can give, he dwells in the region of music belonging to the spiritual and the angelic.

We wrote you, at one time, that if one could wholly comprehend, understand and define God, he would have mastered God, consequently would be above and beyond

him—would have become the master of God. One can readily see the absurdity of such a proposition.

No mortal, spirit or angel, can comprehend, understand or define that which is called God. As it is in music, while on earth, many of the great minds can master or understand the natural laws pertaining to earth and thereafter rise into the spiritual, for all that can be thoroughly mastered the soul rises above and is ready to grapple with spiritual and angelic laws; but none can master or grapple with God or the infinite, for in order to do this they must have reached the infinite or become one with that which they call God.

This great truth must be evident to any mind.

How utterly witless it is for the clergy to tell people all about God, just what he wants them to do, and so on and so forth, as though they fully understood all about God. Really, one might think they were a little superior to God, knowing better than God what they needed, so that by constant prayer and teasing God would, at length, be brought to understand all about it, and give them what they so much desired. When one desires any gift whatever, one should struggle with all one's might to obtain it, and when obtained one's soul rises up and beyond it ready to conquer other and greater things.

Dear friends, never allow yourselves to stand still, thinking you know it all or that it is all exactly as you happen to think it is, for if you could change your soul to that of another man or woman, things might look entirely different to you. One should put one's self in an attitude, if possible, to look on all sides of a question, take up every point and thread in it, and even after this, one will eventually find one's self wrong in many things pertaining to it. Do not be too positive about anything. Leave the mind open and free to accept any new truth that may be given from above. The truth is only new to the one on whom it dawns. All truths have always existed, it is that one's mind has become developed enough to perceive them that they appear new.

Now when a soul dwells in the region of pure rhythm and harmony, as does those of most great musicians, and as we said before has become the master of what earth can give, that soul then enters the realm of the spiritual and angelic and we are able to do through such an one much that we could not do through one who had not.

This message has been given by the band of spiritual messengers, but the direct controlling power is your most humble and obedient servant, MADAM

LETTER NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

All worlds in space move in strict time, perfect rhythm and heavenly harmony. Each moves within its own measure. The music of the spheres is not a mere figure of speech, but they throb in unison, they move in time, their rhythm is perfect, and their harmony according to the great harmonies of heaven. The more you know about this world the better able you will be to make the earthly world correspond to it. The more you know about us, and our lives here, the nearer you will try to make your own lives like ours.

Every truth given by us to the world below makes that world better.

War is hell, and not fire and brimstone. The Christians, at the present time, are making a horrible hell, warring and slaughtering the Chinese. It is not the slain Chinamen who are in hell, but the surviving Christians. The Chinamen love their country and whether in or out of the body they will try to save it from the marauding Christian. Thousands of the Chinese have been sent to this world before they ought to have come, and every one has his face turned toward his struggling countrymen yet left on the earth, and they have but one thought—to help those that are left—to help them to free their land from the “accursed foreign devils;” and until this has been accomplished their attention to this life cannot be gained. The Christians will not gain their point but will, eventually, be overthrown. The whole spirit world is against them, and Christianity is tottering to its fall. The Christians are the most warlike people on the face of the earth, consequently the most hellish. They preach and believe in hell, therefore hell is projected from them. They are continually shedding the blood of their brother man, and

rioting in it, but every slain man turns again, in spirit, to rend and destroy the Christian.

Now, when it is fully understood that a man is like that in which he believes, he will try to believe or think that which is good. If a man believes in a hell and a devil he becomes a devil and lives in hell; he thinks it is his brother man who is going to live in hell, forgetting that as a man thinketh so is he, and his brother may not think hell, may not believe in the devil, consequently he cannot reside in hell or associate with his Satanic Majesty.

The Christian nations are busy to-day cunningly inventing hellish machines and warships wherewith to slay their brothers. It is a mystery how such nations can be called Christian. Christ said, "if thy brother offend thee forgive him seventy times seven times. If he strike thee on one cheek, turn the other also. If he take away thy cloak, give him thy coat." To call these warring nations Christian is a misnomer; they cannot rightfully bear the name of Christ.

Buddhists live up to the teachings of Christ far nearer than the so-called Christian nations do.

Recall your missionaries. China doesn't want them. The Chinese could bear the name of Christian more truthfully than those who are slaughtering them. "Vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord of hosts." The true meaning of that saying is this: The Lord of hosts is the principle which governs them. If they are governed by the principles of war, hate and slaughter, those principles will turn again and rend them, for they are the principles of vengeance, or revenge, and nothing that is revengeful can be Christ-like or truly spiritual, and when the war spirit governs a nation, by war, or the same principle, shall it be laid low; and those nations that have warred the most vengefully shall be warred upon with more vengeance than any others and shall be conquered and laid waste, for a great natural law or principle can never work otherwise.

I hear some of you ask: "Madam, cannot the spirits do something to hinder these horrible and most atrocious massacres? Why do not the spirits, if they are as powerful as you say, put a stop to all war of whatever kind?"

Dear, unsophisticated reader, this is precisely what we are trying to do; but so long as the world will have a jealous and wrathful God, who delights in war, and who will

put himself on the side of those who are the strongest and most warlike; who, for prayers and humble petitions will lend a willing ear and help the allied powers of the world to slay, and drown, and impale upon their bayonets his weaker and more helpless children, just so long the horrors of war will continue.

Can anyone conceive of a God in the form of a woman, listening and helping to slay her little weaklings? Did you ever hear of a mother who could be induced through petitions and prayers to aid in dashing out the brains of her most helpless children—to aid delightedly in impaling her helpless babes on the points of bayonets—in driving her elder children, the youths and maidens into the waters that she might delight in their drowning cries and gloat over their dead bodies which blocked navigation and rotted on the shores?

No; you cannot conceive of a God in the form of a woman committing such horrible, unnatural crimes. This God who aids and listens to the prayers of the strongest is a male—a great big man who must be worshiped and cajoled—who has no wife to intercede in behalf of her children and her little ones, her weak ones—he is Yahveh, or Jehovah, the jealous, the wrathful, the vain, the revengeful. He is a bachelor. He never had a wife that we know of or ever heard of; but he is most licentious and incestuous.

This is your God, O ye Christian nations of the earth! Do you wonder that you are filled with drunkenness, debauchery, revenge, incest, murder, and all kinds of unnameable crimes? Do you wonder that war and rapine follow in your tracks? Is it a matter of surprise that you invent hellish machines, bursting bombs, and gatling guns, that you may slaughter your thousands and tens of thousands—aye, millions—of your God's weaker ones, and then praise and thank the bloody monster because he has taken your part and helped you to do it?

Sing his praises in the thousands of costly temples erected for the purpose of falling down cajoling, and worshiping him. Tell him how good, loving and kind he is; how beautiful, glorious, and altogether lovely; how full of justice and mercy; thank him because he has robbed his weak, but peaceful and industrious children of their rightful heritage; praise him because he has taken their cities and villages away from them and given them to

you; praise him because he has incited you to tie together the long and beautiful hair of his weak women, his old men, his young maidens and youths, his little children, and cast them into the deep waters, there to strangle, struggle and drown; that beautiful, lovely God, sitting on his great white throne, that holy of holies; that all-wise, beneficent God!

How can such a God's throne be white? On the contrary it is reeking with blood—the blood of his helpless little ones. Pools, streams and rivers of blood are pouring from it in all directions; and this God is a raging devil, delighting and feeding on the blood of the slain; a beast with ten horns and a tongue of fire, whilst fire and brimstone are belched forth from his eyes and nostrils in the form of powder and smoke, and he tears and pushes with his horns—which are the Christian nations of the earth—and then with what a horrible grin of satisfaction he listens to their sycophantic praise and worship, and you ask me: “Madam, why don't the spirits do something to stop all this dreadful carnage?”

My dears, I will tell you why. The world, excepting a few Spiritualists, has not been thinking of or listening to the spirits of just men and women made perfect, or far more perfect and wise than those who worship Yahveh, or Jehovah, or God—it matters little which you call him; on the contrary they have been listening to this imaginary God, worse, far worse than any pagan God; in fact he is the small God of the pagans enlarged to an enormous size; and the many Gods of some of the pagan nations are joined together as one. All the vices and bloodthirsty wickedness of the many Gods are combined in the Christian's God. You have been listening to this God and not to the spirits, angels, or heavenly messengers.

If we cannot be heard we can do no good. If a deaf ear is turned to us and the people run after the idol Yahveh, our pleadings and teachings will not reach the souls of mankind.

When we speak of Yahveh we do not in anyway refer to Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus has nothing to do with the Christian nations of the earth to-day. They know not Jesus, neither do they follow any part of his teachings. His gentle, loving spirit finds no place among them.

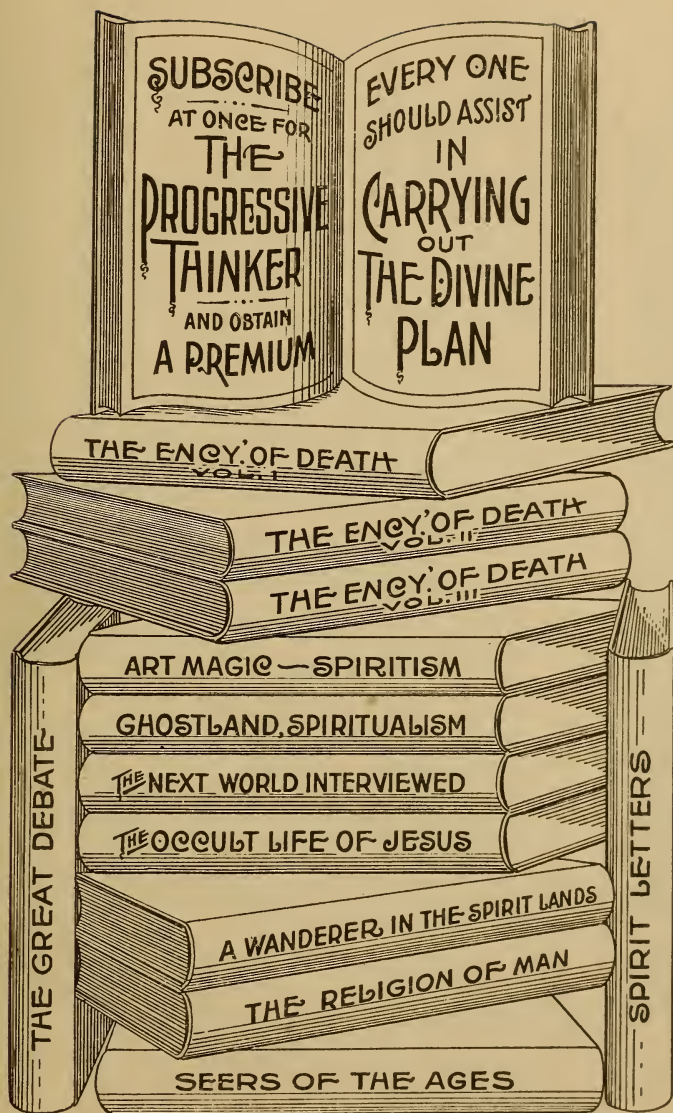
You ask: “Madam, what can be done?” My sisters, rise up and destroy Yahveh—demolish him root and

branch. Write against him, fight against him, if need be, but do not fight each other. You have a perfect right to hew down and destroy an idol. An idol has neither sense nor feeling: Hew this grinning, bloody monster down. Purge your souls of this horrid idol. Believe not in him at all, neither worship him in any way, for no such creature exists except in the imagination. And when you have destroyed him, listen to the voice of the angels, and if you must have an idol, or a God, let it be male and female in unity or oneness; let the mother God gather her children, all of them without distinction of color or race, unto her loving bosom, shielding and caring for them equally alike; let the generous and loving father God provide for and guard his helpless little ones, or weaker children, as well as his strong ones; let this noble, good and wise God provide schools, colleges and educational halls for his children.

When he or she has done all the good and wise things possible, then you may praise him or her, a little if you must; but a good, noble and all-wise God does not care to be praised. The good he or she has accomplished is praise enough of itself. It brings its own reward.

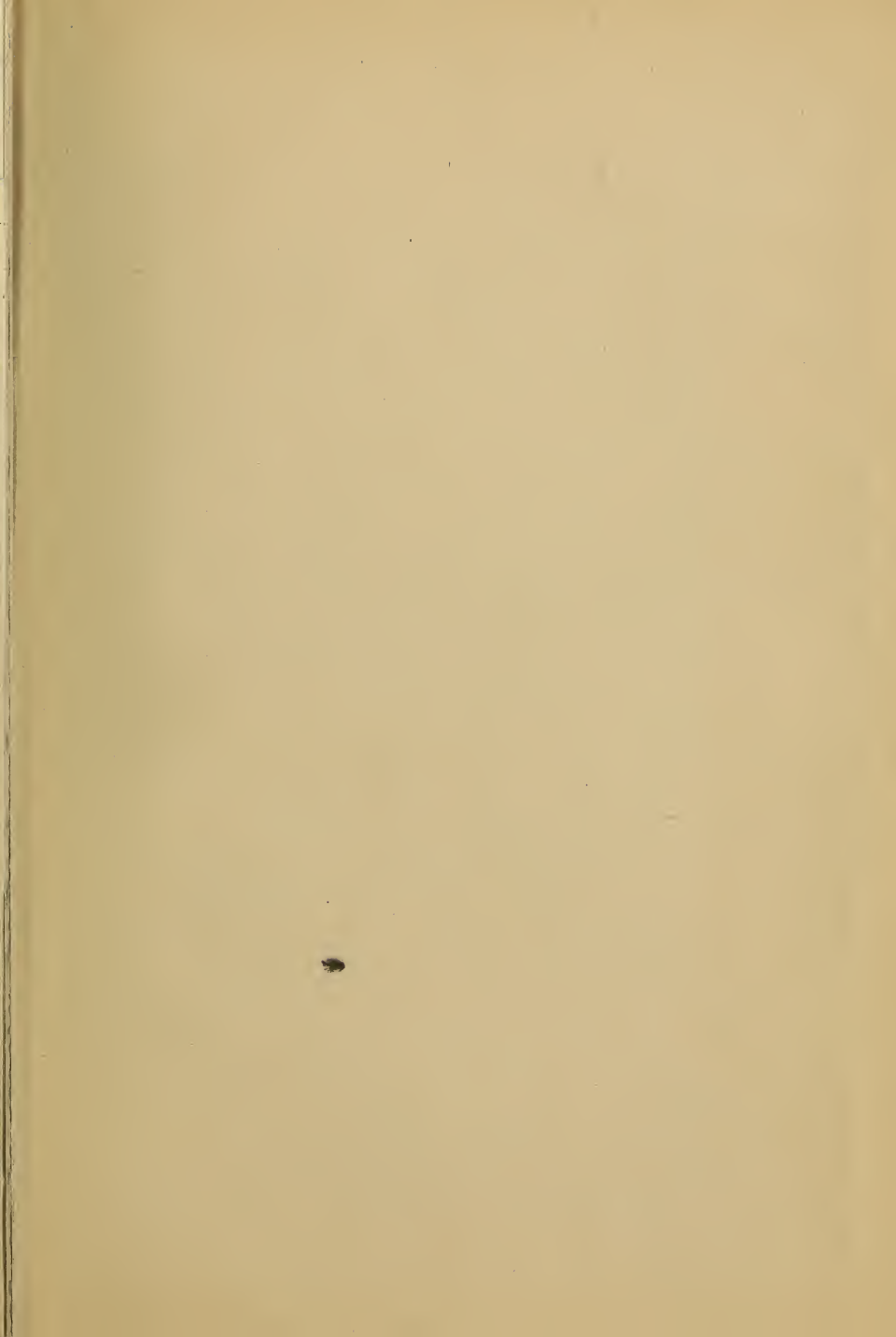
The God within you is yourself, and as you are so is your God. Yours for the Right.

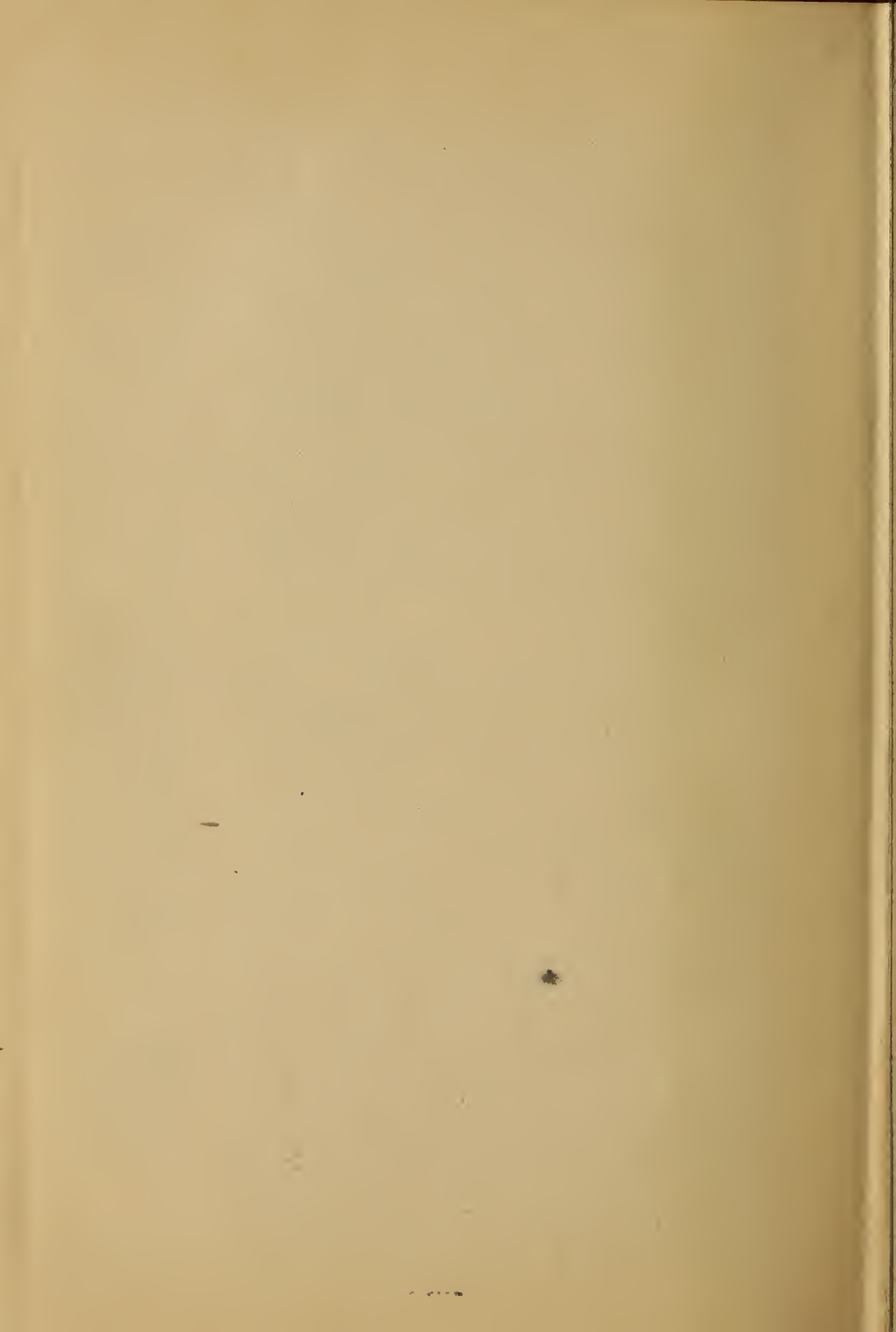
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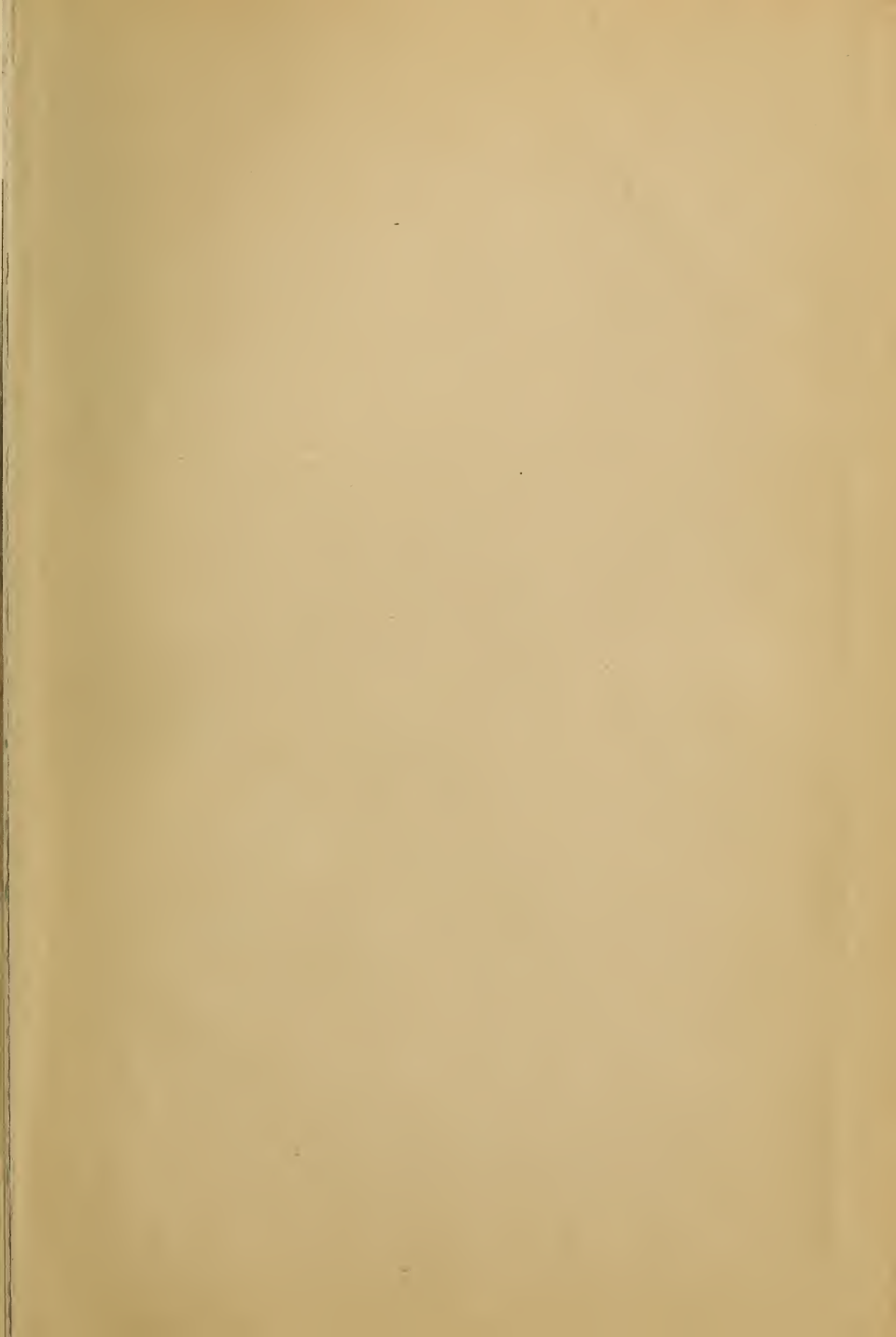




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